







# ADVENTUROUS LIVES.

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## CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	PAGE
VILLE-HARDOUIN - - - - -	1
JOINVILLE - - - - -	21
RUBRUQUIS - - - - -	42
C MARCO POLO - - - - -	63
MANDEVILLE - - - - -	86
A WANDERING JEW - - - - -	108
A TRAVELLED MOOR - - - - -	129
A LEARNED AMBASSADOR - - - - -	148
THE LAST OF THE VALOIS - - - - -	185
A FREE-LANCE - - - - -	208
A BUCCANEER - - - - -	224
WILLIAM DAMPIER - - - - -	244
SOME EMINENT PIRATES - - - - -	263
BARENTZ AND HEEMSKEROK - - - - -	282
A FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN - - - - -	302
A SAINT OF THE REVOLUTION - - - - -	320



## ADVENTUROUS LIVES.



### VILLÉ-HARDOUIN.

THE spirit of travel—that true Wander-Geist which drives the being possessed by it to wander “up and down on the earth and to and fro in it”—is a modern spirit altogether, dating from the invention of the picturesque. Until the romantic school persuaded mankind to look upon nature with a loving eye, the beauties of lofty mountains crowned with streaming glaciers and dark pine forests, of mighty cliffs, wild fells, and roaring torrents remained unrecognised. Persons who wrote more than a hundred years ago reserved their raptures for golden corn-fields, teeming orchards, and purple vineyards, regarded the grander bulwarks of nature, such as the Alps, with horror and disgust, and viewed Switzerland less as a storehouse of the picturesque than as an impediment to the traveller seeking Rome or

Venice. Nothing is more common than to find the finest passes of the Alps and the grandest scenery in the Highlands described as "awful solitudes," frightful mountains, and savage wastes.

Wandering, in those days, was regarded as a disagreeable necessity. By Moses, himself a traveller, due emphasis is laid upon that part of the curse of Cain which condemns him to become a wanderer and a vagabond. Ishmael, the typical Arab, was driven to a nomad existence, simply because Sarah had a temper of her own. Ulysses, that much-enduring man, saw men and cities because he could not help himself. He, like Achilles, tried hard enough to escape the Trojan war, but fate was too strong for him. It is true that he became restless after his return to Ithaca, and grew dissatisfied with that dreary island—rather a paltry kingdom to settle down in, after the realms he had seen, and plundered. Penelope, too, had not grown younger, and the suitors were all killed off, so that Ithaca was a dullish spot for a hero, who must have felt that after all the Great Trojan Marauding Company (Unlimited) had been rather a failure than otherwise. Julius Cæsar saw a great deal of the world, mainly because Rome had become too hot to hold him, and it was principally owing to the great Roman's embarrassed circumstances that Gaul was conquered, and Britannia brought under the shadow

of the Eagle's wing. When the barbarians got their turn, they showed little reluctance to abandon the picturesque scenery of their native land, and went south—not to admire the Appenines or the Bay of Naples, but for what they could get. Equally were the hardy Norsemen impelled to man their ships by a desire for the *æres alienum*—the raven being an acquisitive bird, and not simply a curious one. It is not probable that Rollo visited the valley of the Seine with the view of improving his mind by foreign travel, but far more likely that the mead was running short at home, and that the Viking had received a hint in the nature of that famous dish—served up by borderers' wives when their lords showed a lack of enterprise—known as spur stew. Duke William most assuredly did not collect his out-at-elbows army, in order to show them the view from Snowdon or Richmond Hill. A more matter-of-fact and prosy filibustering expedition never started than that led to success by the tanner's grandson.

Before history was understood, a certain halo of romance hung over the crusades, but this vanishes entirely on a close examination of contemporary writers. The devotional element may, perhaps, have counted for something among the early promoters of these expeditions; but the crusades were really “floated” and organised by the noble army

of barons and men-at-arms out of work, who had waxed weary of breaking each other's heads, just to keep their hands in, and were only too glad of an opportunity of making an onslaught on the East, then reputed to be filled with fabulous treasures. The "meaner sort" were delighted to go anywhere out of the miserable world they lived in. So far as they were concerned, the right of private war and a few other privileges enjoyed by their feudal lords had gone far to make Europe uninhabitable; and the poor wretches were naturally anxious to exchange the part of the anvil for that of the hammer. The beavers had a hard time of it during the middle ages, when the nobler beasts of prey did pretty much as they liked in the world. Peaceful industry was a losing game. Towns and villages were incessantly being stormed by somebody, who, of course, exercised all the rights of a conqueror.

Many adventurous spirits grew tired of this state of things, and thus it happened that the crusades received much popular support. Taken altogether, the armies partook of a curiously Adulamite character. Monarchs out of luck, bankrupt barons, and penniless squires rushed to the front, followed by crowds of burnt-out yeomen, ruined traders, and by those professional brigands who found business slack in consequence of their having "cleaned out" everybody in their part of the

country. In the East there was something to be got. The hope of ultimate salvation was sweetened by the immediate prospect of plunder, principalities, and power for the big fish, with prize-money galore, and a life of riot and violence for the lesser wanderers. These very mixed motives led the mail-clad barbarians of the West to make a tremendous onslaught on the comparatively civilised Moslems, then pressing hard upon the confines of the effete Byzantine empire. At first the Greeks were not disinclined to welcome their deliverers; but, not less cunning than cowardly, the degenerate Byzantines soon discovered that foes may be more endurable than powerful and rapacious friends, and, after a short acquaintance with the Western Crusaders, heartily wished their allies at the bottom of the Bosphorus. It was true that the extending horns of the Crescent threatened to envelop the city of Constantine in time; but this danger was yet afar off, while the crusading nuisance was present and oppressive in the extreme. Terms could be made with the Mohammedans, who had got almost everything they wanted; but nothing could be done with the Crusaders, whose appetite for pay, plunder, and the good things of this life was insatiable.

Before the time of Ville-Hardouin the Crusaders had undergone some terrible reverses. Thanks to their own atrocious conduct and the bad faith of the



Greeks, the adventurers of Western Europe had been considerably thinned. More than this, they endeared themselves so much to the inhabitants of the countries through which they passed, that these populations rose against them and smote them hip and thigh. The grandees for the most part escaped pretty well, but the rank and file suffered severely. Shortly before the advent of our hero things had gone much against the warriors of the Cross. Philip Augustus of France and Richard of England had been stirred into action by the direful news that the Saracen had seized upon Jerusalem. This intelligence had given a tremendous shock to European public opinion, such as it then was. At least one Pope died of it, and the English king being in want of a fight, and the French king meaning to make a raid on his rival's dominions if he could get the chance, went on the expedition. Richard was a born troubadour and crusader. His mother Eleanor of Aquitaine — the golden-footed dame — had founded the courts of love in gay Guienne, and had distinguished herself in a previous crusade, wherein she, with her light brigade of dames and demoiselles, had acquired a certain celebrity, or notoriety. Richard and the French king quarrelled, of course; Philip Augustus went home to take advantage of Richard's absence, and the crusade was a complete failure. Under these doleful circumstances an en-

tirely new crusade was preached, but Philip Augustus had had enough of one venture, and, like a wise monarch, thought it a capital opportunity to ship off some of his great and exceedingly troublesome vassals. Among these tremendous personages—the “uncrowned monarchs” of the Christian world—two tall heads towered above the rest: those of Baldwin, Count of Flanders, and Thibaut, Count of Champagne. The latter great feudatory had recently come into his property at an early age—his brother Henry, who had gone on the previous abortive expedition, having walked out of a window into eternity. Chief-constable of Champagne, and counsellor of its ruler, was the Sire Geoffrey de Ville-Hardouin, no inconsiderable person, and, moreover, the author of one of the earliest prose books written in the *Langue d’Oil*, or modern French. It is, however, an injustice to this noble gentleman to say that the work was written by him. Noblemen of the period disdained the use of the pen, justly esteeming the sword their proper weapon. Throughout the pages of the narrative of the “Siege of Constantinople” occurs the name of the author—who dictated the narrative to a clerk or some such base creature, and always speaks of himself Cæsarwise, or in the third person. His story commences with the preaching of the crusade referred to. “Know,” he says “that in the year of the incarnation of our Lord

one thousand one hundred and ninety-eight," at which date Ville-Hardouin was about thirty-one years of age, "at the time of Pope Innocent III., of Philip Augustus, King of France, and of Richard, King of England, there was in France a holy man named Foulques, surnamed of Nueilly, because he was curé of that place, which is a village between Lagny-sur-Marne and Paris." This Foulques "commenced to speak the word of God in France and other countries around; and our Lord performed many miracles through him." The preaching of Foulques led to his being appointed by the Pope to preach the new crusade, in conjunction with the Cardinal of Capua. Pardons and indulgences were granted those who took the cross, and on Foulques making his appearance at a tournament at the Chateau of Escriz, Thibaut, or Tybalt, Count of Champagne and Brie; Louis, Count of Blois and Chartres, two great barons; Simon de Montfort and Renaud de Montmirail, together with many other nobles eager for Oriental kingdoms, joined the crusade. This example was followed in the year 1200 by Baldwin, Count of Flanders, and his wife Mary, the sister of Thibaut of Champagne. In spite of some rather effervescent enthusiasm, the affair was beginning to hang fire, when, in 1201, Ville-Hardouin went with other envoys to arrange with the Republic of Venice for the transport of the troops by sea.

The Doge, Henry Dandolo, had once suffered from the tender mercies of a Greek emperor, who had handed him over to the tormentors, to be blinded. Dandolo having succeeded in escaping with his eyesight only partially damaged, now enjoyed a dignity second to that of no secular prince in Christendom, and recollecting his wrongs, was not likely to miss a chance of paying off the Greeks in their own coin, especially as a claimant to the Imperial throne had presented himself at Venice.

Before starting on this memorable mission, Ville-Hardouin set his house in order, made some heavy settlements on his family and on the Church, and set out eastwards in search of greater fortune.

Although a certain enthusiasm was exhibited at Venice, the keen Italians were not taken at a disadvantage, when the business came to a bargain. The Republic undertook to furnish ships for four thousand five hundred horses and thirty-three thousand five hundred men, in consideration of ninety-five thousand marks of silver, well and duly paid. Another difficulty was to find a leader for the expedition. Ultimately, the Marquis of Montferrat accepted the post of commander-in-chief, and one of the most successful speculations of the middle ages was fairly launched. Over the Mont Cenis, and by other routes, the pilgrims made their way to Venice, whence, having undertaken to capture, en route, the

town of Zara for their allies, they set sail. Some few of the Crusaders entertained a species of reluctance to drawing first blood in a Christian city ; but, as the reduction of Zara had been made a condition by the Venetians, there was no escape from the unpleasant duty. Ville-Hardouin's account of Zara, a trumpery town in Dalmatia, is deeply interesting as showing what sort of place was considered in his day as a strongly fortified, nay, almost impregnable, city, handsome and rich into the bargain. The marshal, as he loves to describe himself, had seen the great cities of France and the greater city of Venice, and yet confesses his wonder at the splendour of Zara, now known only to mankind by the manufacture of maraschino. After a number of serious quarrels between the Crusaders themselves and their allies, the Venetians, the town was assaulted, and surrendered at discretion. Having got his city, the doge, not caring to risk his ships in stormy weather, suggested that the Crusaders should rest and be thankful, and that, as Zara was a very rich place, well supplied with everything, the city should be divided into two parts, between the French and the Venetians. This having been settled, "Ostel," saith Ville-Hardouin, "was given to each man according to his rank," and the army entered in and dwelt there, but not in peace ; for three days after the occupation of Zara, the French

and Venetians came to blows : a general *mêlée* took place, many were killed, and more wounded, and it was only by the strenuous exertions of the chiefs that something like order was restored.

Shortly after this affair a turn was given to the projects of the Crusaders by the arrival of an embassy from Alexis Comnenus, son of the Emperor Isaac Comnenus, who had been dethroned and imprisoned by his brother, another Alexis. The young prince offered almost any price to the Crusaders, if they would restore his father to the throne ; and also impressed upon them the necessity of rescuing a daughter of France, Agnes, sister of Philip Augustus, from the clutches of the usurper. He had already explained his case to his sister Irene, wife of Philip of Suabia, and had tried many of the Crusaders individually. The last great attempt was successful. After long debate the chiefs agreed to support the Greek prince, who, in addition to offers of a more mundane kind, had undertaken to bring the empire under the sway of Rome, and thus remove the stain of schism from the Christian Church. The dissentients represented the enterprise as extravagant and impracticable ; but they were ultimately overruled, and the great French barons signed and sealed the treaty.

At last the army—having suffered much by the defection of many impatient spirits—set sail from

Zara, on the 7th April, 1203. After delaying a short while at Durazzo, the Crusaders reached Corfu, where the malcontents wanted to remain. It is a peculiar feature of these expeditions that the filibusters were always wanting to stop everywhere for a year or two, and required very little persuasion to "take root" in a promising spot. After many delays they again set sail, and the sight of the whole fleet sailing on a summer sea roused Ville-Hardouin to enthusiasm. "And bears witness Geoffrey Marshal of Champagne, who dictated this work, and lies not one word to his knowledge, and who was of all the councils, that never was seen anything so beautiful. It seemed as if the whole world were to be conquered, and so far as one could see, was nothing to be seen but sails and ships, so that the hearts of men rejoiced exceedingly."

After many more delays and stoppages at Negropont and elsewhere, the Crusaders entered the Hellespont, and landed at Abydos, where, being well received by the inhabitants, care was taken that "they did not lose the value of a penny," a statement probably worth about as much as the sum indicated. On arriving at Chalcedon, the adventurers were amazed at the luxury and splendour of the East. It is easy to imagine the feelings of the Western barbarians, at the sight of a civilised coun-

try. In their own land, the northern French and Flemish had been accustomed to see nothing beyond gloomy castles, small towns—built mostly of wood—and here and there a Gothic church. The environs of Constantinople, which contained within its walls upwards of a million of inhabitants, were covered with palaces, churches, and vast monasteries, decorated with all the meretricious allurements of Byzantine art. Hardly less remarkable, and not less appetising to the hungry band of Crusaders, were the evidences of incessant and thriving industry.

Without following the Sire de Ville-Hardouin through all the assaults and intrigues which finally led to the foundation of the Latin empire, I cannot pass over in silence the sense of rugged faith and straightforward honesty which signalised this worthy gentleman. Although prepared to sink, burn, destroy, or capture everything he could lay his hands on, the excellent marshal never fails to record his disgust at the cruelty and faithlessness of the Greeks among themselves, nor does he forget to record the misgivings felt by the Crusaders on first looking at the chances of taking Constantinople. These people, who had never seen anything like a great city, excepting Venice, were thunderstruck at the formidable aspect of the town they proposed to conquer. Perfectly fortified by land and sea, strengthened by formidable towers, and containing a hundred thou-



sand fighting men, Constantinople must have appeared a hard nut to crack to the French and Venetians, who, together, did not number forty thousand souls.

It was nevertheless decided to assault the town at once, the Venetians taking charge of the attack from the water, and the French assaulting from the land side. Oddly enough the attack from the water succeeded admirably, while the task imposed upon the French warriors proved too much for them, possibly from the length of the land fortifications—three leagues. It appears, however, that the Venetians enjoyed greater facilities in working their siege engines from their ships than could be got on land, where the troops were worried by constant sorties. On the ships was fixed a quantity of ladders, and also a large number of mangonels and other ancient stone-hurling artillery, and the Venetians, says Ville-Hardouin “ordered their assault right well.” On land matters went badly, the besiegers were besieged in their own camp, were short of food, and “could not seek forage more than four bowshots from the camp.” Several desperate encounters took place, to the great irritation of the French, who at length determined on a grand assault led by the great chiefs of the army; but, to the discomfiture of these warriors, the wall was not defended by the wretched Greeks, but “strongly

manned by English and Danes," says Ville-Hardouin. These northern warriors probably formed part of the famous Varangian Guard—a band of foreign mercenaries in the pay of the Greek Emperors, who, like their Mahomedan successors, preferred to entrust their personal safety to Varangians, Janissaries, or Mamelukes rather than to place confidence in their own countrymen. The northmen were armed with axes, which they used to such purpose that, although at one moment some fifteen of the assaulting party obtained a lodgment on the battlements, they were ultimately hurled back in disorder.

Meanwhile the Venetians were making their way.

"Then you should have seen the mangonels and other machines of war, adjusted on the poops of the vessels, throwing great stones into the town, and the number of cross-bow bolts and arrows flying in the air, while those within defended themselves generously. From outside, the ladders, mounted on the ships, approached so closely to the walls that in many places the soldiers were fighting hand to hand, exchanging sword and lance thrusts, the cries being so great that it seemed as if earth and sea were about to melt together." This attack was successful. Twenty-five towers were taken, and the city was at the mercy of the crusading army. Disasters now brought about a revolution within the city. The

usurper fled, the former emperor was reinstated, and the object of young Alexis was achieved. Ville-Hardouin took an important part in arranging a treaty between the Crusaders and the restored emperor. The Christian heroes did not forget to ask enough. They insisted that the emperor should pay them two hundred thousand silver marks—an enormous sum at that period—should furnish the army with food during a year, maintain five hundred chevaliers in the Holy Land, serve either in person or by his son in the crusade, and finally bring the Byzantine Empire under the spiritual jurisdiction of Rome. The terms were agreed to ; but young Alexis, having got all he wanted, soon became anxious to get rid of his father's deliverers. But there was a financial difficulty. Only a few instalments of the sum promised had been paid up, and the Crusaders declined to depart for the Holy Land until the whole bill was "settled." Ultimately it was decided that the chiefs should wait for a year in the neighbourhood of Constantinople.

It would be tedious to follow the domestic revolutions among the Greeks. The young Alex after trying his best to shuffle off the Crusaders, v had settled down by no means quietly in his neighbourhood, was killed off himself by an usurper named Murtzuphle, who at the first gleam of success,

thought himself equal to the task of sweeping the Crusaders out of the country. Their number was now reduced to twenty thousand, and many croakers were found in the camp; but the impetuosity of Baldwin, Count of Flanders, prevailed, the city became the prey of its friends, and Baldwin was made the first Latin Emperor of Constantinople. The town was sacked. Express orders were given that the inhabitants were neither to be murdered nor outraged, and were obeyed as such orders generally are. Every kind of license prevailed in the city. St. Sophia was pillaged and profaned. The wretched Greeks sought in vain to protect their families from the fury of the soldiery, and wandered about the environs of Constantinople in the most wretched condition. An unheard-of amount of plunder gratified the conquerors. The French, after paying fifty thousand marks they owed to the Venetians, found themselves in the possession of four hundred thousand marks and an empire.

Baldwin—one of the unlucky wights of history—was not destined to enjoy his victory. His wife, the sister of Tybalt of Champagne, Ville-Hardouin's daughter, died of joy at hearing that her husband had become Emperor of the East. A general outbreak occurred in the provinces of Greece proper. Theodore Lascaris, the native claimant to the Imperial throne, attracted the bulk of the Imperial

forces to pursue him into Asia, while the European provinces burst into revolution, and the Bulgarians let loose their savage hordes upon the empire. Ville-Hardouin had been despatched to keep these barbarians in check, and the warlike Baldwin, ignoring all the entreaties of the venerable doge, insisted on hurrying to his assistance. After an unsuccessful attack upon Adrianople, it was decided to risk a battle in the field. Ville-Hardouin being left to guard the camp with a portion of the army, the Emperor Baldwin gave battle, but was entirely outmanœuvred by the enemy, who, making a running fight of it, succeeded in outflanking him. The Christian army was scattered, and the emperor taken prisoner. Ville-Hardouin, however, held his ~~own~~. Baldwin was a prisoner, the Count of Blois killed, and the main body of the army scattered, but the tough old Constable of Champagne—"ferré sur les quatre pattes"—kept his troops together, rallied the scattered fragments of the host, and made good his retreat to Constantinople.

The fate of the Emperor Baldwin was both melancholy and curious. A prisoner at Ternova, the principal residence of John, King of the Bulgarians, he was treated fairly for a while, but was ultimately thrown into a dungeon. Under these unhappy circumstances, deliverance was offered from an unhopèd-for quarter. The Queen of the Bulgarians—a native

of Tartary—having seen him at his arrival, had taken an exceeding interest in him. This was natural enough. Baldwin was only thirty-five years old, and was in every respect a gallant cavalier.

Handsome, brave, and calm under misfortune, he attracted the affection of a woman whose only previous idea of a man was a Tartar. Under the pretext of charity, she often visited Baldwin in his dungeon, and lost little time in revealing to him the affection he had inspired. Finally, she proposed to fly with him to Constantinople. Why he refused is not very clear. Perhaps it was because he had made a vow of chastity on the death of Marie of Champagne, perhaps because the Tartar queen was ill-favoured; but at any rate, he “refused the proposition with horror.” He might at least have been civil. He soon experienced the consequences of his rudeness, and found out to his cost, that—

‘Heaven knows no rage like love to hatred turned,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.”

The queen did what women have always done in these cases, since the days of Potiphar’s wife. She told her husband that Baldwin had proposed to elope with her, and make her Empress of Constantinople. King John, of Bulgaria, said little, but thought the more, and a few days later—on the occasion of a great feast—had the emperor brought before him, sabred in his presence, and thrown out as a “dish

for dogs." Thus perished Baldwin, sometime Count of Flanders, and Emperor of Constantinople, through his dislike for the Mongolian style of beauty.

He was succeeded by his brother Henry, who married the daughter of the Marquis of Montferrat—subsequently King of Thessalonica. The brave constable received the bride on her arrival, and presented her to the bridegroom. All difficulties between the Crusaders themselves being now arranged by the absorption and partition of the Eastern Empire, the Greek claimant having been driven off, and the Bulgarians finally scattered, our old friend, Ville-Hardouin, received his share of the spoil. Equally dear to the young emperor and to the King of Thessalonica, he received from the one the marshalate of Reamania, and from the other the city and territory of Messinople, among which vast domains he took up his residence, having, like a gallant warrior, found the principality he had all along been fighting for. The doughty marshal died about the year 1213, before the splendour of the Latin Empire had grown dim. His nephew, Geoffrey, who conquered the Morea, left descendants, who maintained their position till the final downfall of the Greek Empire, when the last representative of the family became absorbed in the Royal House of Savoy.

## JOINVILLE.

JEAN, Sire de Joinville, may be justly styled an "old crusader," not because he lived a long time ago, but because he lived for the ninety-five years between 1224 and 1319. Nothing can be more absurd than the custom of speaking of the "old Romans," "old Greeks," "fine old Egyptians," "glorious old Goths," etc. They were not old. They lived when the world was younger than it is now, and the chances of reaching a ripe old age were much reduced by periodical visitations of the plague and other epidemics, and by the fashion then prevailing, of settling all disputes by arguments drawn from the armourer's workshop. Those who cared for a valiant reputation—the only distinction worth having in the middle ages—ran very little risk of being the occasion of debate between centenarianists and anti-centenarianists. By means fair or foul, by lance or sword in a fair stricken field, by headsman's axe, or the assassin's knife, the life of a gentleman of the thirteenth century was tolerably certain to be



brought to a close, long before nature gave indications of decay. They were busy days, those of the thirteenth century. The middle ages were drawing to an end, and the feudal fabric was showing signs of wear. Crusades were not yet gone out of fashion, but had, since the foundation of the Latin Empire, been directed into a new channel.

The orthodox and brutal soldiers of Northern France had in previous expeditions become acquainted with the sunny lands of Languedoc and Provence, where flourished the olive and the vine, the arts of rhetoric, cookery, poetry, and music, and, in short, all that yet remained to mankind of that civilisation which in Gaul long survived its extinction in Rome. Owing to their commercial activity, the people of the south were rather rich than warlike, elegant than vigorous, witty than earnest. With acquisitive eye the hungry Northmen noted these things, and craving for the wealth of Avignon and Arles, Marseilles and Toulouse, viewed their inhabitants with aversion. They were an abominable race, eaters of garlic, figs and oil, dancers of Oriental dances, and dark of skin, resembling rather the accursed Moors and Jews than orthodox Christians, who, rejoicing in the possession of a white skin—not often clean, by the way—passed their existence in hunting, fighting, and drinking the “red wine through the helmet barred,” and exulted in their ignorance of the ignoble arts of

reading and writing. To destroy the fairest part of France was not an easy task. Languedoc and Provence were immensely rich, and riches connoted power then as now. A cry of heresy was raised, coupled with accusations of sorcery. This was sufficient in the case of the Albigenses, as it was two hundred years later, in the case of Bluebeard—otherwise Gilles de Laval, Maréchal de Retz—who would probably have escaped punishment for his crimes, had not the charge of sorcery been cleverly introduced into the indictment. How St. Dominic and Simon de Montfort organised and carried out the crusade against the Albigenses is a matter of history. Thorough as were the leaders, they were excelled by their followers, one of whom, the Abbot of Citeaux, distinguished himself at the storming of Beziers—where a slight difficulty arose in distinguishing the heretics from the orthodox—by solving the problem thus : “Kill them all ; God will know His own.”

This perpetual fighting strengthened the French kings. Philip Augustus crushed one great feudator, the Count of Flanders, at the battle of Bouvines, and his successor, Louis the Eighth, found the world very ready to accept him ; but being married to a lady—Blanche of Castile—who loved in about equal proportions power, piety, and pleasure, he did about the best thing he could under the circumstances—he

died. He was but a limp monarch, this King Louis, the eighth of that name. He was the same who assisted the barons against King John, and was obliged ultimately to make an ignominious retreat from English ground ; but he left a son whose name was destined to cast a setting gleam of faith and glory on the era of the crusades.

St. Louis—for the facts of whose life and expeditions the Sire de Joinville is the best authority—was not only the most pious but by far the most just and conscientious prince of his time. In the thirteenth, and for that matter, in other and later centuries, it has not been uncommon for frightful cruelty, treachery, and brutality to co-exist with excessive superstition ; the Bluebeard just cited being a remarkable instance of this truth. St. Louis, however, was above all things a just and pious prince, and loved nothing better than to dispense justice in the open air, under a tree, from an actual and literal King's Bench.

In the time intervening between the taking of Constantinople by Baldwin, Count of Flanders, first Emperor of the Latins, and the majority of St. Louis, the Latin Empire had begun the process known as "going to the bad." While various denominations of Christians had been cutting each other's throats in the West, the Mongol invasion under Chinghiz Khan, had fallen like an avalanche

upon the East. Greeks and Saracens were alike terrified by the flat-nosed, pig-eyed race, whose greatest pride was to reduce the haunts of civilisation to a "tabula rasa," to demolish everything, and bring back the country to what they considered its natural and proper aspect—a level plain, marked only, as in the plain of Baghdad, with pyramids of skulls. Hungary was ravaged, Damascus laid desolate, Arabia wasted, and Jerusalem taken. A general howl of despair proceeded from the East, and the King of France was implored to take up the quarrel, not only by the Eastern Christians, but by the Mohammedan princes, among whom was the celebrated Old Man of the Mountain. While the East was thus appealing in despair to the West, the French king and his barons were fighting pleasantly among themselves, to pass the time, the barons getting very much the worst of it, but distracting the mind of the king from the crusade. Among all this fighting there was much fiddling and dancing, and it was on the occasion of a grand court held by Louis the Ninth, at Saumur, that Joinville made his first appearance in public. "And I bear witness that this was the best ordered court I ever saw. The king was dressed in a blue coat of Indian samite, and a surcoat and mantle of scarlet samite furred with ermine, with a cotton hat on his head, which became him ill, as he was then a young man.

Near the king, and at his table, sat the Count of Poitiers, whom he had newly made a Knight of St. John ; next to whom came the Count Jean de Dreux, also a newly-made knight ; the Count de la Marche, and the good Count Peter of Brittany. Before the table of the king, opposite the Count de Dreux, dined Monseigneur the King of Navarre, in a coat and mantle of samite, richly adorned with a belt, clasp, and hat of gold ; and I carved before him. Before the king, the Count of Artois, his brother, served, and the good Count John of Soissons carved. To guard the table were Monseigneur Imbert de Beaujeu, since Constable of France, Monseigneur Enguerrand de Coucy, and Monseigneur Archambaud de Bourbon. Behind these three barons were at least thirty of their chevaliers, in coats of silken cloth, to guard them ; and behind these a great quantity of sergeants, dressed with the arms of the Count of Poitiers applied upon taffety. The king gave this fête in the market-place of Saumur, said to have been built by the great King Henry the Second, of England, on purpose for giving his great fêtes. This market-place is built like the cloisters of the white monks, but I think none are so large by a great deal. And I will tell you why it seems so to me ; for at the wall where the king dined, and was surrounded by chevaliers and sergeants, who took up a great space, were dining at

one table, twenty bishops or archbishops, and moreover, on this side sat the Queen Blanche, his mother, at the end where the king was not. And to serve the Queen were the Count of Boulogne, who afterwards was King of Portugal, and the good Count of St. Paul, and a German, of the age of eighteen years, who was said to be the son of St. Elizabeth of Thuringia, wherefore it was said that the Queen Blanche kissed him on the forehead, from devotion, because she thought that his mother had often kissed him there."

After these junketings came a quarrel with the Count de la Marche—one of the guests at the king's table, and the crusade would possibly have ended in talk, but for a severe illness falling upon the king, on recovering from which he took the cross—an example at once followed by the great French nobles.

"At Easter," saith Joinville, "in the year of grace 1248, I summoned my men and liegemen to Joinville, and on the eve of the said Easter, when all these people whom I had summoned had arrived, was born my son Jean, Sire d'Ancerville, of my first wife, who was sister to the Count of Grandpré." Joinville had been obliged to take this first wife of his, somewhat against the grain. He was affianced to her at the age of seven years, but on approaching man's estate, either fell in love with the daughter

of the Count de Bar, or probably thought the latter lady a better match than Alaïs de Grandpré, who brought him but three hundred livres dowry; but his suzerain, Tybalt, Count of Champagne, intervened, and compelled him to keep the engagement. Apparently he never quite forgave his first wife for "standing in his way," for on quitting France he says spitefully, "and I would never turn my eyes towards Joinville for fear that my heart should be touched on account of the fine castle I was leaving behind, and my two children." Of Dame Alaïs not one word.

Meanwhile, the king called his barons to Paris, and caused them to swear that they would keep faith and loyalty to his children, if anything occurred to him on the voyage.

"He wished me to do this also," says Joinville, "but I would take no oath: for I was not his man." This may sound oddly enough in modern ears, but Joinville not only maintained his dignity, but observed law and custom in this refusal, as he was, at the period referred to, the "man" or vassal of the Count of Champagne. Subsequently, however, he became liegeman of the king, in right of a fief granted during the crusade. Immediately after this audience, an incident occurred which throws a light upon the police discipline of mediæval Paris, and supplies an excellent contrast to the tactics of the

last of the Horatii : “ As I was coming away I found upon a cart three dead men, whom a clerk had killed, and I was told they were being taken to the king. When I heard that, I sent an esquire of mine after them, to know what had happened. And my esquire whom I sent told me that the king, when he came out of his chapel, went to the steps to see the bodies, and inquired of the Provost of Paris how it happened. And the provost told him that the dead were three of his sergeants of the Châtelet, who had been going through deserted streets to plunder people. ‘ And they found,’ said he to the king, ‘ the clerk that you see here, and robbed him of all his clothes. The clerk went in his shirt to his lodging, and took his cross-bow and sent a boy for his cutlass. When he saw them, he cried after them, and told them that there they should die. The clerk bent his bow, shot and struck one in the heart ; the two others took flight, and the clerk took the cutlass the boy was holding for him, and pursued them, thanks to the moon, which was bright and clear. One of them thought to escape through a hedge into a garden, and the clerk struck him with the cutlass, and cut his leg off, so that it only hangs on by the boot as you see. The clerk then took up the pursuit of the other, who tried to get into a strange house, where the people were still up, but the clerk struck him with the cutlass in the middle



of the head, so that he split it down to the teeth, as you can see,' quoth the provost. 'Sire,' said he again, 'the clerk declared what he had done to the neighbours in the street, and then went off and put himself in your prison, and I bring him. Sire, you will do your will upon him. Behold him.' 'Sir clerk,' said the king, 'you have missed being a priest by your prowess, and for your prowess I take you into my service, and you shall come with me beyond sea. And I treat you thus, because I wish my people to see that I will not sustain them in any of their rascalities.' When the people who were assembled there heard these words, they cried aloud to our Lord, and prayed that God would give the king a healthy and long life, and would bring him back in joy and safety."

Descending the Saône in boats to Lyons, Joinville and his shipmates dropped slowly down the Rhone to Roche-de-Marseille, where, in the month of August, 1248, the whole expedition took shipping for the East. Judging from the nature of the preparations for this expedition, St. Louis intended far greater things than a mere raid on the followers of Mahomet. Clearly recognising the strategical value of Egypt, the French king had planned the subjugation and colonisation of the valley of the Nile, as a base of operations for conquering and permanently occupying the Holy Land, and having no port of his

own on the Mediterranean, actually constructed one at Aigues-Mortes, in order to open direct water communication with Alexandria.

On making his first sea voyage, Joinville fails not to record his impressions, and improve the occasion. After a variety of religious exercises, the "master mariner cried to his sailors, 'Make sail in God's name.' And thus did they. And in a little time the wind caught the sails, and carried us out of sight of land, so that we saw nothing but sky and water, and each day the wind carried us farther from the land where we were born. And hereupon I disclose to you that he is a rash fool who dares to put himself in such peril with the chattels of others, or in mortal sin, for when you go to sleep in the evening you know not if you will find yourself at the bottom of the sea in the morning."

Joinville's party suffered no misadventure, but encountered a mighty marvel. They found a round mountain opposite the coast of Barbary, and after sailing all night and making, as they thought, fifty leagues, found themselves the next day opposite the same mountain. This having happened two or three times, the mariners were amazed, and declared the ships in great peril, for they were opposite the Saracen country of Barbary. But a priest came to the rescue, and declaring that he had never known a Saturday procession (of the host) to fail, induced

them to make a procession round the two masts of the ship ; " As for me I was carried round, for I was grievously ill," said Joinville. " We never saw the mountain again, and arrived at Cyprus on the third Saturday."

Finding the king already at Cyprus, at that time a fertile and flourishing island, Joinville expresses his wonder at the immense stores accumulated there. " The king's cellars were such as his people had made in the middle of the fields and on the sea-shore, vast heaps of wine barrels that they had bought for two years before the king came, and they had piled them one on the other so that when looked at in front they appeared like barns. The wheat and barley were piled in great heaps in the midst of the fields, and when I looked at them they seemed to me as mountains ; for the rain which had long poured upon the corn had made the upper layer sprout, so that nothing was seen but green grass. Whereat it happened that when they were wanted in Egypt the crusts with the green grass were knocked off, and the wheat and the barley were found as fresh as if they had been newly thrashed."

At Cyprus the Crusaders exhibited their usual tendency to dally for a while, and pending the final start for Egypt, Joinville found himself sorely in want of ready money. " I, who had only a

thousand livres of income from land, charged myself when I went beyond sea with ten of my knights and two knights-bannerets, and it thus occurred that when I arrived at Cyprus and had paid for my ship, there remained to me but two hundred and forty livres Tournois. Whereat sundry of my knights advised me that if I did not provide myself with money they would leave me. But God, who never failed me, provided in such manner that the king, who was at Nicosia, sent for me and took me into his pay, and put eight hundred livres in my coffers, and then I had more money than I wanted."

The gallant chevalier made good use of money when he had it. On the Empress of Constantinople arriving minus her wardrobe, who but Joinville sent the imperial lady of a very shadowy empire, "cloth to make a vestment, and fur of minever therewith, and linsey-woolsey and taffety to line the robe." This deed was discovered by that excellent knight Philippe de Nanteuil, who scrupled not to tell the king that "he and the other barons were put to great shame by this clothing I had sent to the empress, forasmuch as they had not thought of it before." This lady succeeded in obtaining many promises of help to maintain her in the empire which had not long before attracted a "claimant" of an extraordinary kind. Twenty years after the death of the Emperor Baldwin, an old man presented himself in

Flanders, and asserted his right as count of that great fief. He declared that far from having been slain by the King of the Bulgarians, he, like the immortal Jack Robinson, had "never died at all," and that as Count of Flanders and Emperor of Constantinople he intended to have his own again. His daughter Jeanne, Countess of Flanders, whose husband was obligingly kept in prison by the French king, conducted herself in very unfilial fashion, and refused to recognise the ancient gentleman, but the people accepted him with joy, and raised such a turmoil that the countess was obliged to flee into France to Louis the Eighth, who brought her back with an army. Either the claimant's memory had broken down during his captivity, or he was actually a pretender, for he failed to answer certain questions, was declared an impostor, and was done to death by the order of the countess, whom the great body of the Flemish people regarded as a parricide.

To this famous lady, who, not content with real power, demanded the outward signs of it at the coronation of Louis the Ninth, the cause of "women's rights" owes almost as much as to Eleanor of Guyenne and Blanche of Castile, who, together, succeeded in raising woman from the degradation into which she had fallen during the dark ages.

To Cyprus came strange stories of the East. Fabulous wealth was attributed to the Soldan of

Iconium, to the King of Armenia, and to the Soldan of Babylon. The first of these liked to see his barbaric gold in bulk, and had "caused to be melted a large quantity of his gold in the earthen winepots, used beyond sea, which hold, each of them, a hundred and fifty or two hundred gallons of wine. The pots were then broken, and the masses of gold are seen openly by all comers, who touch or look on them at will."

On leaving Cyprus the fleet was scattered by a storm, so that barely a third of the army assisted at the first landing. The Saracen army was prepared to give the invaders a warm reception. Drawn up on the shore, the unbelievers made a gallant show, and with their trumpets and cymbals filled the air with awful sounds. After a tedious debarkation Joinville touched ground before "at least six thousand cavalry. So soon as they saw us landed, they came spurring towards us. When we saw them coming we stuck the points of our shields in the sand, and the butt of our lances also in the sand, with the points towards them, but the moment they saw these about to pierce their bodies they turned about and fled." The Saracens contented themselves with skirmishing about, without seriously impeding the debarkation, and having announced to the soldan three times "by carrier pigeons" that the king had landed, quietly retreated

from Damietta, after having set it on fire, and the Crusaders entered into the city and dwelt there. After a desperate squabble over the division of "loot," the expedition began to show signs of disintegration. The king, with all his justice and piety, was a poor and blundering soldier. Irritated at his inaction, his followers attempted various feats in a spasmodic kind of way, the Saracens meanwhile laying siege to the camp—into which they penetrated nightly, after the manner of Ulysses and Diomed, and brought off many heads, for which the soldan paid one golden bezant apiece. After the arrival of the Count of Poitiers with reinforcements, the councils of the Crusaders became even madder than before. The chief blunderer appears to have been the Count of Artois, who, when it was debated in council whether the army should march to Alexandria, or to Babylon (Cairo), insisted, in the teeth of the majority of the barons, who wished to attack Alexandria, on proceeding direct to Babylon, as that was the principal place of the whole kingdom of Egypt, and wound up with a thoroughly French bit of rhetoric, "he who wishes to kill the serpent at once must crush his head." Unluckily, King Louis was carried away by this flashy peroration, and decided to march to Babylon.

At this point of his narrative Joinville gives a highly interesting account of the Nile—"We must

first speak of that river which runs through Egypt from the terrestrial Paradise. This stream is different from all other rivers, for the more the others run down hill the more little rivers and rivulets run into them, but into this stream runs not one ; on the contrary, it comes into Egypt in one channel, and leaves it by seven, which spread in Egypt. After the day of St. Remy the seven rivers overflow the country and cover the plains, and when they retire the labourers go each to work in his land with a plough without wheels, and plant wheat, barley, rice, and cummin, which thrive exceedingly. And I know not whence this crop come, save of the will of God, for if it were not so, nothing would grow in the country; on account of the great heat of the sun, which would burn up everything. The stream is always thick, and those who wish to drink it fetch water towards the evening, and crush in it four almonds or four beans, and the next day it is as good as can be. Before the flood enters Egypt, people accustomed to it spread their nets in the evening, and in the morning find them full of productions which they sell by weight, such as ginger, rhubarb, wood-of-aloes, and cinnamon. And it is said that these things come from the terrestrial Paradise, where the wind blows down the forest trees, and such of them as fall into the river are sold to us by the merchants of this country. The



water of the stream is of such nature that when we hung it up to the ropes of our tents, in the white earthen pots made in the country, it became in the heat of the day as cold as water from a fountain. They say in the country that the Soldan of Babylon had many times tried to find out whence the river came, and had sent out people who carried a species of loaves called biscuits, because they are twice baked, and lived upon this bread till they came back to the soldan. And they recounted how they had ascended the river till they came to a rising ground of pointed rocks, whither no man could climb. From this hill fell the stream, and it seemed to them that there was a great abundance of trees on the mountain above; and they said that they had found many marvellously strange wild beasts—lions, serpents, and elephants, who came down to the banks to look at them as they went up the stream."

From this account it is pretty clear that Joinville had never read Ptolemy, and for a very good reason. Like many more knights, he was a valiant Christian gentleman, but, like "Sir William of Deloraine, good at need," was innocent of literary acquirements, and dictated his famous volume—most probably to his chaplain.

The branches of the Nile gave a world of trouble to the Crusaders, who toiled at making causeways over them for the passage of their army, and built

wonderful edifices called "cats' castles" to protect their men while at work; for the enemy, without giving battle, clung to them like a swarm of wasps. All the resources of mediæval military engineering were called into operation on both sides, for the "cats' castles" were no sooner built than they were smashed by huge stones propelled by mangonels, while other not less destructive engines hurled masses of Greek fire on edifices and on men, who, unable either to extinguish this dire combustible or get out of their armour quickly, were actually roasted in their panoply. This Greek fire sorely vexed the soul of Joinville, who describes it thus—"The nature of the Greek fire is this: it appeared in front as big as a hogshead of verjuice, and the tail of fire which came out of it was as large as a great lance. It made such a noise in coming that it seemed as it were the thunder of heaven, and it looked like a dragon flying in the air."

Frightful disasters now overwhelmed the army of the cross. The rashness of the Count of Artois caused not only his own death, but irreparable loss to the army. Finally disease broke out, and the Crusaders were consumed by a disorder which from its action on the gums appears to have been a kind of scurvy. St. Louis, after being taken prisoner by the enemy returned to Europe to find his country laid waste by the rebellion of the Pastoureaux,

one of those sanguinary upheavals of the unhappy lower classes against their lords which, under the name of *Jacqueries*, indicated that some day a dreadful reckoning would be exacted by Jacques Bonhomme.

Twenty years after the disastrous expedition to Egypt, the French king undertook that final crusade which ended in his death before Tunis, and summoned his barons to attend him. Joinville was summoned, and, although ill of a quartan ague, hurried to Paris, where this truly "old soldier" proved equal to the occasion. The Sire de Joinville had had enough of crusading, and had seen a convenient vision, in which the king appeared kneeling at the altar, being clothed by the prelates in a gown made of the red serge of Rheims. Consulting his chaplain on the subject, that learned authority agreed with his master that the Rheims serge gown was an infallible sign that the new crusade would be a failure. Next day the king, his three sons, and many great barons took the cross; but despite the entreaties of the king and of Joinville's own seigneur, Tybalt of Champagne, the dreamer held his own, urging that while he had been beyond sea his vassals had suffered so much that they and he would feel the effect always, "that the sergeants of France and of the King of Navarre had destroyed and impoverished his people, and that his presence was in-

dispensable to them and to his children." Still the king persevered, only to encounter a more emphatic refusal. "Sire," said the keen-witted knight, "if I wished to work the will of God, I should stay here to aid and defend my people, for if I carried my body to a crusade, seeing clearly that it would be to the injury and loss of my people, I should act against God, who gave His body to save His people."

This neat hint produced no effect on St. Louis, who, although so ill that he could neither ride nor walk, was infatuated with the expedition destined to end in his death and the destruction of his army. Far wiser than he, Joinville lived to see his dead master canonised, and to dictate, at the desire of the king's daughter, a volume which retains its charm even unto this day.

## RUBRUQUIS.

A BROAD line separates the travelled monk from the travelled soldier. The latter either, as in the case of Ville-Hardouin, regards the accidental distribution of land and water, gold and power, as the mere *mise en scène* of the drama in which the author plays the principal part ; or, like Joinville, falls in love with a Christian hero and soldier-priest, and finds, in the blunders and misfortunes of his master, opportunities for revealing the various traits of a noble character. Ville-Hardouin, soldier and statesman, looks on the world as the theatre of great exploits, and scorns to confess any personal weakness. Joinville, on the contrary, is content to play second fiddle, and offers infinite amusement by the candid revelation of his own shortcomings, and keen admiration by his modesty in relating his gallant exploits. Rubruquis differs immensely from both of these noble gentlemen. A monk of the Minorite order, of doubtful nationality—it is by no means clear whether he was an Englishman, Frenchman, or Fleming ; albeit the unlatinised name Ruysbroeck favours the

latter hypothesis—Friar William de Rubruquis does not dictate a volume with the object of immortalising himself and the other authors of a great filibustering expedition, nor does he compose a biography at the bidding of a king's daughter, but simply writes a report, a regular official report of a diplomatic mission to Presbyter Johannes, or Prester John, undertaken by command of St. Louis himself.

Prester John is one of those phantom potentates whose career drives the honest historian to despair. He appears to have been everywhere by turns and nowhere long. He was a Christian monarch, separated from the rest of the known world by a barrier of unbelievers, but the exact spot where his mysterious rule prevailed seems to have varied according to the taste and the fancy of the traveller. Colonel Yule, with great justice, considers the belief in the existence of an imaginary Christian prince ruling over a great portion of Central Asia, as the result of the confused state of geographical knowledge in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, about which period the mythical domain of the Presbyter seems to have shifted from Abyssinia to Central Asia, or India. At a later date Prester John was again relegated to his Ethiopian kingdom, and his location there received the sanction of Scaliger and other writers of almost equal reputation. Whatever may

have been the cause of his earlier or later location in Abyssinia, there is ample evidence that during the crusading period the monarch of shifting identity was assigned to the East; but even this was a doubtful term, in an age when Cairo was always spoken of as Babylon. In Tartary, in China, or in India the variable monarch is found by turns. At one time he is conquering Tartar tribes in the heart of Asia; at another he is fighting with Chinghiz Khan, is defeated and killed by that potentate on the great plain of Tenduc; and at another is found, according to Carpini, in Greater India, where he comes forth to meet the Mongol army, and routs the barbarians in this wise. "This Prester John caused a number of hollow copper figures to be made, resembling men, which were stuffed with combustibles and set upon horses, each having a man behind on the horse with a pair of bellows to stir up the fire. At the first onset of the battle these mounted figures were sent forward to the charge; the men who rode behind them set fire to the combustibles and then blew strongly with the bellows, immediately the Mongol men and horses were burnt with wild-fire and the air was darkened with smoke. Then the Indians fell upon the Mongols, who were thrown into confusion by this new mode of warfare, and routed them with great slaughter." Whether the mysterious combustibles

referred to by Carpini were gunpowder or not is an open question, the interesting part of Carpini's narrative being the acknowledgment of the existence of a Christian prince, somewhere in those remote regions loosely called India.

In tracing the origin of the Prester John myth to its origin, Colonel Yule mentions an exceedingly plausible suggestion that the title of Presbyter Johannes was connected with the legends of the immortality of John the Apostle, and the belief, referred to by some of the fathers, that he would be the forerunner of our Lord's second coming, as John the Baptist had been of His first. When the conquests of the Mongols drew the anxious attention of Europe to the East, and by breaking up the barriers opposed by petty sultanates, threw Asia open to Frankish travellers, the minds of these early pioneers were fully impressed with the necessity of finding Prester John—the Christian ruler of the far East. No adequate representative was found, but it was only natural that some representative should be; in point of fact several were pressed into the service. No real tradition existed among the Eastern Christians of any such personage, but the persistent demand produced a supply, and the honour of identification with Prester John hovered over many an Eastern diadem. Even Chinghiz Khan himself was for a while identified with the mysterious Christian



monarch, concerning whose wealth and power the most extravagant accounts were circulated. Without attempting to investigate the pretensions of the various claimants to the misty realms and ignis fatuus crown of Prester John, I may mention that the first distinct attempt to identify the legend with an actual living person was made by the Syrian Bishop of Gabala, who, coming in 1145 to lay various grievances before the Pope, reported that, not long before, a certain John, inhabiting the extreme East, king and Nestorian priest, claiming descent from the three wise kings, had made war on the "Samiard" kings of the Medes and Persians, and had taken Ecbatana, their capital. This Prester John has been identified by Dr. Gustavus Oppert with the founder of Kara Khitai, which existed as a great empire in Asia during the last two-thirds of the twelfth century, and the same learned author discovers the Prester John of Carpini to have been Sultan Jalaluddin of 'Khwarism. The great conquerors and rulers of the East were not Christian monarchs, but either Mohammedans or idolaters, and the slight realistic explanation of the whole story is found in the career of a certain chief of the Keraites, one Aung, or Ung Khan, whose far from successful career was brought to a sanguinary conclusion by Chinghiz Khan. This Aung Khan is stated by Rubruquis to have been originally a Nes-

torian Christian, but to have subsequently abandoned his religion. That his tribe continued to profess Christianity down to the time of Chinghiz is attested by Oriental historians, who fail, however, to mention this act of apostasy. I am thus driven to regard Prester John as a mythical person altogether, and to consider the identification of Aung Khan with Prester John by Rubruquis and Marco Polo, as an instance of the readiness with which the greatest historians and most veracious \*travellers snatch at the slightest evidence in support of a preconceived idea.

Worthy Friar Ruysbroeck was not the first either of his race or of his cloth to penetrate into Tartary, having been preceded by several years by Plano Carpini and other monks; and all of these were again outdone by a certain Englishman, who, during the invasion of Hungary, served as an interpreter to the Tartars, and was finally captured by the Prince of Dalmatia. Being questioned by the Duke of Austria and other princes, he obliged them with a wonderful account of the Tartars, and a still more entertaining autobiographical sketch. He had been perpetually banished from England on account of certain notorious crimes by him done and committed, and further reported that "presently after the time of his banishment, namely, about the thirtieth year of his age, having lost all that he had in the city of

Acon (Acre) at dice, even in the midst of winter, being compelled by ignominious hunger, wearing nothing about him but a shirt of sacke, a paire of shoes, and a haire cappe onely, being shaven like a foole, and uttering an uncouth noise as if he had bene dumbe, he tooke his journey ; and so traveiling many countreyes, and finding in divers places friendly entertainment, he prolonged his life in this maner for a season, albeit every day, by rashnesse of speech and inconstancie of heart, he endangered himselfe to the devill. At length, by reason of extreme travail and continuall change of aire and of meates in ~~Caldes~~ <sup>Caldes</sup>, he fell into a grievous sicknesse, insomuche that he was wearie of his life. Not being able, therefore, to go brckward or forward, and staying there awhile to refreshe himselfe, he began (being somewhat learned) to commend to writing those words which he had heard spoken, and within a short space so aptly to pronounce, and to utter them himselfe, that he was reputed for a native member of that country, and by the same dexteritie he attained to many languages. This man the Tartars having intelligence of by their spies, drew perforce into their societie, and being admonished by an oracle or vision, to challenge dominion over the whole earth, they allured him by many rewards to their faithfull service, by reason that they wanted interpreters." After delivering this confession and a sort of short

lecture on Tartary, this very queer fish lapses into utter night. What became, I wonder, of our English brother six hundred years ago? Was he, after entertaining his captors with instructive discourse, flayed alive after the pleasant custom of the time, was he burned as a sorcerer, roasted as an infidel, or rewarded as a man of parts?

Returning to Rubruquis, I find that his journey fell out in this wise. St. Louis, at the conclusion of the disastrous crusade wherein he was taken prisoner, received an embassy from Erkaltay, a Mongol prince, who was attacking the Syrian Saracens on the east, while the Christian king was harassing them on the west. Various accounts have been given of the objects of this embassy; and it appears more than probable that the Mongols, whose indifference to creeds during this part of their history is well ascertained, gave the French king to understand either that they already were, or were about to become, Christians. King Louis at once sent an embassy to Erkaltay, with a pious letter and a piece of the wood of the true cross. The result of this mission has not transpired. At the same time it was decided to send a mission to a Tartar prince named Sartach, located somewhere between the Volga and the Don, and Rubruquis, who was at the head of the party, was specially instructed to find out the real religion of the barbarian

leader. Commanded to take written notes of all that he saw, the friar obeyed his orders with great conscientiousness, albeit the date of his journey is set down by himself as 1253, when King Louis was still a prisoner, and Friar William only twenty-three years of age. Most probably the real date was about two years later.

Rubruquis traversed the Black Sea in the month of May, and gives a lively, if confused, account of the cities of the Euxine. Geography is clearly not the strong point of the worthy friar, who was a far better observer of men and manners than of watersheds and plateaux. Arriving at length at the city of Soldaia—the modern Soudak, a port in the South-east Crimea—Rubruquis, who had from the first given out at the Church of Santa Sophia, that he was “not any man’s messenger, but a traveller unto the infidels, according to the rule of our order,” found that his secret was already exploded, and his embassy to Sartach noised abroad. Nathless, his company was welcomed by the magnates of Soldaia, who “received us with gladness, and gave us entertainment in the Cathedral Church—the bishop whereof knew Sartach,” and apparently treated brother Rubruquis to a fancy sketch of that monarch; “he told me many things concerning the said Sartach, which afterwards I found to be nothing so.” Advised to use oxen for draught, the little party

set forth from Soldaia about the Kalends of June "with four covered carts of our own, and with two other which we borrowed of them, wherein we carried our bedding, to rest upon in the night, and they allowed us five horses to ride upon." Two months' travel brought the friar and his four followers to Sartach, and during nearly the whole of this period they were travelling among the Tartars: "amongst whom being entered, methought I was come into a New World, whose life and manners I will describe unto your highness as well as I can." "The Tartars," saith Rubruquis, "have in no place any settled city to abide in, neither know they of that celestial city to come. They have divided all Scythia among themselves, which stretcheth from the river Danube, even unto the rising of the sun." He then proceeds to describe the movable wicker and felt tents, concerning which we have had such ample particulars since the campaign of Khiva. The tents of Rubruquis's time must have been larger than most of those at present in use—"the said houses they make so large that they contain thirty foot in breadth. For measuring the breadth between the wheel-ruts of one of their carts, I found it to be twenty feet over, and when the house was upon the cart, it stretched over the wheels on each side five feet at least. I told two-and-twenty oxen in one team, drawing a house upon a cart, eleven in one order, according to the

breadth of the cart, and eleven more before them : the axletree of the cart was of a huge bigness, like unto the mast of a ship." These houses were highly ornamented—the felt coverings being painted with vines, trees, birds, and beasts. Smaller carts were occupied by certain great basket chests, "like little houses," covered with felt and "rubbed with tallow or sheep's milk, to keep the rain from soaking through." The matrons made themselves "most beautiful carts. Duke Baatu hath sixteen wives, every one of which hath one great house, beside other little houses, which they place behind the great one—being, as it were, chambers for their maidens to dwell in." After this follows a vivid description of a Tartar encampment, with the rows of houses dismounted from the carts, the principal wife of the chief being lodged in the west frontier, and the last wife on the east, the courts of these ladies being separated from each other by the space of a stone's cast.

The good friar was much exercised by the "superstitious idolatry" of the nomad tribes. They carried their household gods with them, and these were "puppets made of felt," one of which was called the master's brother, and was suspended over his head ; and the other, called the mistress's brother, suspended over the wife's head. Several other puppets were

supposed to preside over the maidens, and their important function of milking the kine.

The Tartars appear to have been, in Rubruquis's time, of a specially gay and festive turn. After sprinkling part of their drink on the household gods, they poured, by the hand of a servant, who was sent out of the house for that purpose, a libation, which was accompanied by a genuflexion, towards the South in honour of fire, towards the East in honour of the air, then to the West for the honour of water, and lastly to the North in behalf of the dead. "When the master holdeth a cup in his hand to drink, before he tasteth thereof, he poureth a part upon the ground. If he drinketh sitting on horseback he poureth out part thereof on the neck or mane of his horse." These libations concluded, drinking set in with tremendous severity. Rice, millet, and honey, supplied the Tartars in winter with an excellent drink, and they also had plenty of wine brought to them from afar. "And it standeth always within the entrance of the door, and next with it stands a minstrel with his fiddle. I saw there no such citherns and viols as ours commonly be, but many other musical instruments which are not used among us. And when the master of the house begins to drink, one of his servants crieth out with a loud voice 'Ha!' and the minstrel plays upon his fiddle. And when the master hath drunk, then



cries out his servant as before, and the minstrel stayeth his music. Then drink they all round, both men and women, and," adds the friar, "sometimes they carouse for the victory very filthily and drunkenly. Also when they will provoke any man they pull him by the ears to the drink, and so lug and draw him strongly to stretch out his throat."

The favourite summer drink of the Tartars was cosmos (koumiss), a mysterious preparation of mares' milk. "Having gotten a good quantity of this milk together (being as sweet as cow's milk) while it is new, they pour it into a great bladder or bag, and they beat the said bag with a piece of wood made for the purpose, having a club at the lower end like a man's head, which is hollow within, and so soon as they beat upon it it begins to boil like new wine and to be sour and sharp of taste, and they beat it in that manner until butter come thereof. Then taste they thereof, and being indifferently sharp, they drink it, for it biteth a man's tongue when it is drunk. After a man hath taken a draught thereof it leaveth behind it a taste like almond-milk, and goeth down very pleasantly, intoxicating weak brains." Cara cosmos, that is to say, black cosmos, "for great lords to drink," was a more perfect preparation of the same kind, the beating being continued till a "marvellous sweet and wholesome liquor" was produced.

Rubruquis goes on to describe minutely the clothing and appearance of the Tartars, but is very outspoken concerning the fair sex : " These gentlewomen are exceeding fat, and the lesser their noses be the fairer they are esteemed ; and they daub over their sweet faces with grease too shamefully." At times the good friar's objection to the Mongol type leads him into personality. At his interview with Scacatai, the first Tartar leader whom he encountered, the wife of the chief sate by him, " who (as I verily think) had cut and pared her nose between the eyes, that she might seem to be more flat and saddle-nosed, for she had left herself no nose at all in that place, having anointed the very same place with a black ointment and her eyebrows also, which sight seemed most ugly in our eyes." Perhaps the lady failed to find favour in the sight of the friar on account of his rage at the freedom of Tartar manners. No sooner had he entered their territory, three days' journey from the shore of the Black Sea, than the natives flocked about the little band of monks, and " began impudently to beg our victuals from us. And we gave them some of our biscuit and wine which we had brought with us from the town of Soldaia. And having drunk off one flagon of our wine they demanded another, saying that a man goeth not into the house with one foot. Howbeit we gave them no

more," adds brother William, who now found himself embarrassed by constant demands for presents. Scacatai, the husband of the beauty described in the uncomplimentary sentence quoted above, was sorely taken aback when he found the offerings of the monks consisted only of wine and biscuits, and doubtless considered the excuse of the holy men "that it was against their profession to possess gold, or silver, or precious garments" as a mean and shabby evasion. Nevertheless he deigned to accept their modest present and immediately distributed the same among his men.

Having obtained a guide from Scacatai, the little embassy set forward on its toilsome march. Crossing the Crimea to the north, "we came unto the extremity of that province (the isthmus of Perekop) which is fortified with a ditch from one sea to another," whence they bent their course eastward, having, says Rubruquis, "a sea (the Sea of Azof) on the south side of us and a waste desert on the north." Alluding to the country then called Russia, and sorely harried by the Tartars, the chronicler alludes, *en passant*, to Prussia, "of late wholly conquered and subdued by the Dutch Knights of the Order of St. Mary's Hospital at Jerusalem," and complains of the troublesome habits of the Tartars, who infested him by begging and stealing, and disgusted him by their manners, or

rather by their want of them. Ascending the Tanais (Don) for awhile, till the stream was "even as broad as the river of Seine at Paris," they were ferried over, and were much gratified by the present of a "great fresh turbot." Leaving the Don, they travelled over a goodly country towards the river of Etilia or Volga, "the mightiest river that ever I saw," and finally reached the camp of Sartach within three days' journey of the Volga, whereupon the usual "trouble" arose touching presents. He who had the office of entertaining ambassadors was exceeding wroth, when he found no presents forthcoming. Nevertheless on the feast of St. Peter ad Vincula, wearing full canonicals, bearing on "a fair cushion" a Bible presented to them by St. Louis, and a most beautiful Psalter given by "the Queen's grace," with missal, cross, and censer, the diplomatic friars, singing *Salve Regina*, entered the presence of the barbarian chief and delivered their letters, which they had taken the precaution to have translated, at the city of Acre, into the Arabic and Syrian tongues. Our monk was by no means pleased with the general demeanour of Sartach, and saith, "Whether he believes in Christ or no, I know not. This I am sure of, he will not be called a Christian. Yea, rather he seemeth unto me to deride and scoff at Christians." This was a serious blow, and was made all the heavier by Sar-

tach shirking all responsibility, and sending on the embassy to his father, Baatu, without whose advice he declined to act. This great chief held his court beyond the Volga, and the travellers were amazed at the sight of that mighty stream which "runneth into a certain lake or sea, which, of late, they called the Hircan (Caspian) Sea." Wonderful stories of the far north reached the embassy, and it is interesting to observe how these "tall" stories have almost invariably a substratum of truth. The dogs used for draught in Northern Siberia are thus described: "There be dogs of such an huge stature that they are able in fight to match bulls, to master lions, and to draw in carts like oxen." Descending the Volga in a barque, the party at length found Baatu keeping his horda or court on the eastern bank of the great river. Rubruquis expresses his horror at finding these people "most wicked Saracens, more earnestly professing the damnable religion of Mahomet than any other nation whatsoever," and marvels, considering that it was thirty days' journey over a desert to Derbend on the Persian border, "what devil carried the religion of Mahomet thither."

Baatu, when he heard that the embassy had been sent under the impression that he was a Christian, at once referred the ambassadors to Mangu Khan, the fourth sovereign of the dynasty of Chinghiz.

For five weeks they rode on with Baatu on the banks of the Volga, when there came unto them a certain rich Moat (qy. Mogul or Mongol), saying, "I am the man that must conduct you to Mangu Khan, and we have thither a journey of four months long to travel, and there is such extreme cold in those parts that stones and trees do even rive asunder in regard thereof." Attired to that end in rams-skins with wool thereon, they set forth on a four months' journey to the court of the Great Mogul. Riding due eastward the friars, twelve days' journey from Etilia (Volga), found a mighty river called Jagac, doubtless the Ural River, whence it would seem that their course lay due east along the forty-eighth parallel of north latitude. They were not ill provided with horses, and rode over a champaign country at a very fair pace, "going daily as far as from Paris to Orleans." Rubruquis himself was always provided with a strong horse, "because I was very corpulent and heavy, but whether he ambled a gentle pace or no I durst make no question. Neither yet durst I complain, although he trotted full sore." Striking at length a range of mountains, the party deflected southwards for about eight days, and on the seventh saw huge high mountains (probably the Thian Shan). The voyagers were entertained at Kenchut, perhaps Khidjend, a village on the Jaxartes, and heard of

the great river "which descended from the mountains and watered the whole region, according as the inhabitants would give it passage by making divers channels and sluices. Neither did this river exonerate itself into any sea, but was swallowed up by an hideous gulf into the bowels of the earth, and it caused many fens or lakes." This river was probably the Oxus, but Rubruquis does his best to bewilder his reader when he designates the neighbouring mountains the Caucasus. Bending now eastward, the monks embarked on the river and entered a beautiful plain, having the high mountains (Thian Shan) on the right, and a certain sea or lake, fifteen days' journey in circuit (probably Lake Issikul, or Lake Balkach), on the left, and encountered another great sea, which "seemed as tempestuous as ocean."

At last, after getting his toes frozen, Rubruquis arrived at the head-quarters of Mangu Khan, near Caracorum, a town situated between the Altai and Kentai ranges south of Lake Baikal. Here he was well received, but came to grief through the conduct of his interpreter. Rubruquis, on being asked by the Tartar ladies what he would drink, whether wine or caracina (a drink made of rice), or caracosus (made from cows' milk), or mead (made from honey), replied, like a prudent man, that the friars were not men who took pleasure in drink. This prudence

was not imitated by the interpreter, who "stood by the butler," and was quickly drunk, and, as the friar thought, so was Mangu Khan also.

All the friars obtained at this strange audience was a permission to hang about the court or go on to Caracorum for a couple of months, and then to go about their business. Visiting Caracorum, the monks were surprised at finding a large number, not only of Christians, but of Europeans among the inhabitants. The most notable of these was one Master William Bouchier, of Paris, goldsmith and artificer to the Great Khan, who in the entrance of the palace had made a certain silver tree, with spreading branches and golden serpents twined about them and the body of the tree, to the great glory of the Khan and the profit of himself.

Returning from the Tartar court, Rubruquis again met Baatu and Sartach, but instead of adhering to his original route, he elected to come home by way of Derbend, the iron gate of Alexander, and through the domain of the Soldan of Iconium, who behaved very well, and helped him on to Cyprus.

This visit to Cyprus was the only serious mistake made by the worthy friar. It was, however, sufficient to deprive him of all reward for his labours, for "at Nicosia," saith he, "I found our provincial, who the same day carried me with him to Antioch." This was a dreadful interruption. Poor brother



William on his way to the court of the French king, where he hoped to receive some little honour, was sternly taken in hand by the provincial of his order, who, probably thinking a trip to Caracorum and back was enough gadding to last the holy man for his lifetime, summarily sent him back to his cell, commanding him to make his report in writing, a resolution which, although hard on Rubruquis, has had the effect of immortalising him, and preserving his singularly truthful and temperate narrative for the amusement of posterity.

## MARCO POLO.

“OUR Mr. Marco,” junior partner in the great house of Polo Brothers, of Venice, Constantinople, and Soldaia, trading to the East in jewels, cloth of silver and gold, spicery, rare woods and gums—the greatest of all commercial travellers—was endowed with characteristics peculiarly his own. Like other early travellers, he wandered in the hope of making something by his journey, and made it; but he had few feelings in common with the brave and astute Ville Hardouin, with the gallant and outspoken Joinville, or with that stout friar William de Rubruquis. The soldiers would have looked down upon the noble Venetian as a “huckster,” and the envoy of St. Louis would have lifted his hands in horror at the idea of a Christian gentleman dwelling for the best part of his life among infidel Tartars, adopting their dress, manners, customs, and language, and serving that prototype of antichrist, the chief of the Mongol race, in the capacity of envoy and ambassador to other idolatrous monarchs, more pestilent, if possible, than himself. Nevertheless the

Venetian merchant saw more of the world than any of his contemporaries; wrote, or rather dictated, a book; and performed the far more difficult operation of making an immense fortune. His book, although describing travels more extended than those of his predecessor Rubruquis, lacks many of the qualities which distinguish the report of the patient friar, who paints a single expedition with singular power, and exhibits rare good sense in the selection of stories and illustrations connected with his embassy. It is true that the narrative of Rubruquis was written by himself, in a language with which he was familiar, in the calm solitude of a monastic cell, while the book of Ser Marco Polo was dictated during an imprisonment at Genoa, under the disadvantage of being severely "interviewed" by the curious inhabitants. It has, indeed, been affirmed that the interviewing referred to, and the intolerable infliction of telling the same stories over and over again, begot in the busy brain of Ser Marco the idea of putting his travels on paper, and thus getting rid of the nuisance for good and all. Be this as it may, a certain Rusticiano of Pisa, a Genoese or Tuscan fellow-prisoner, undertook to write down the book from dictation. When it is remembered that the dialects of Venice, Genoa, and Tuscany are exceedingly dissimilar, little wonder will be excited at the work having been produced

in French, a language spoken and written by both author and amanuensis with equal inaccuracy. Why it was not writ either in Latin or corrected into "very choice Italian" may excite some astonishment; but the best authorities, Colonel Yule and M. Pauthier, are agreed that, if not the original notes, the whole work was written at first in a barbarous dialect of the French then spoken. Thanks to this, to a certain want of arrangement, and a general doubt as to when the author is speaking from personal observation and when from hearsay, the famous book of Marco Polo lacks entirely the clearness and coherence of earlier records of travel. In quantity of matter, however, and in vivid description of the empire of Cathay (China), then under the sway of Kublai Khan, Marco Polo stands unrivalled. He was the first traveller to cross the entire breadth of Asia, naming and describing kingdom after kingdom as he passed through the deserts of Persia, the lofty plateaux of the Pamir—the roof of the world—the wild mountain regions of Khotan and Kashgar, and the brilliant court at Cambaluc (Peking). He first revealed to incredulous Europe the wealth and vastness of China, and the marvel of the Indian seas, studded with islands full of wealth and wonders. First among Europeans he visited and described India, Cochin China, the islands of Sumatra, Java,

Borneo, Ceylon, and Madagascar, and pointed out to sceptical Italy that towards sunrise were lands and nations, rulers and cities, compared with which Europe was a dreary waste, inhabited by barbarians wanting almost every comfort and refinement of life.

Ser Marco • Polo was bred for business. The family of Polo hailed originally from the opposite side of the Adriatic, and are said to have left Sebenico in Dalmatia to settle in Venice, sometime during the first half of the eleventh century. There they speedily acquired rank, for proofs have at last been found which set at rest the disputed question of Marco's personal claims to nobility. The grandfather of the great traveller, one Andrea Polo, had three sons, Marco, Maffeo, and Nicolo the father of Marco the younger. They were all—after the manner of noble Venetians of the time—engaged in commerce, and were apparently bound together by a species of partnership which was not entirely dissolved by the long absence of the two younger brothers in the east. Marco the elder was undoubtedly at one time established in Constantinople, and had also a branch house of business at Soldaia (Soudak) in the Crimea. Marco the younger was born in 1254—the year of Rubruquis's mission to the east—and was therefore six years of age when the wanderings of the Poli commenced. In 1260,

according to Colonel Yule, Christendom had recovered from the alarm into which it had been thrown by the Tartar cataclysm. Albeit in Asia and Eastern Europe scarcely a dog might bark, without Mongol leave, from the borders of Poland and the coast of Cilicia to the Amur and the Yellow Sea, and the vast empire of Chinghiz nominally owned a supreme head in the Great Khan, practically it was splitting up into several great monarchies, under the descendants of the four sons of Chinghiz. Personally the Tartars had become objects rather of curiosity than terror, and at the Venetian trading ports on the Crimean coast the Italians had abundant opportunities of becoming familiar with the rulers of Asia. At this period two of the Polo family—Nicolo and Maffeo—were at Constantinople, Nicolo having left his wife and child behind him at Venice. While at Constantinople they learned that a new and distant, but promising market for costly wares was to be found upon the banks of the Volga, among the Tartars of the west, who, after laying waste a great part of Europe and Asia, had settled down quietly and built cities, notably Sarai and Bolghar, near that great river. The brothers started at once on a trading venture to the Crimea, and, taking with them a store of jewels, crossed the Black Sea to Soldaia. Having stayed awhile at Soldaia, they

resolved to push into the interior of the country, and travelled—apparently by the route followed by Rubruquis—across the Crimean peninsula, over the isthmus of Perekop, and by the Sea of Azof and the Don, to the Volga, till they reached the court of Barca Khan, a most liberal and courteous prince, who received the Venetians with great honour, accepted the jewels they presented to him, and caused them to receive “at least twice the value of their offering.” At the court of this prince the Poli remained for a year, when war broke out between Barca and Alau (Hulákú, founder of the Mongol dynasty in Persia).

In the end Barca was defeated, but the country between the brothers and the Crimea remained in a disturbed condition, so that “no one could travel without peril of being taken,” wherefore they determined to go forward. Quitting Bolghar, a city which stood on the left bank of the Volga, some ninety miles below Kazan, the travellers proceeded to a city called Ucaca, near the modern Saratov, and then, passing the Volga (styled by Polo the Tigris—from a belief that that river flowed down from Paradise and burrowed under the Caspian Sea), journeyed over a desert for “seventeen days.” This must mean one stretch of desert, as the whole journey from the Volga, across the Ural and Emba rivers, around the northern end of Lake Aral, and

across the country between the Jaxartes (Sir Daria) to Bokhara, could not have been effected under sixty days. At Bokhara the brothers found themselves so "fixed that they could neither go further forward nor yet turn back again." Time in the middle ages was not estimated at the same value as now, and the Poli made "a halt" for three years in the city of Bokhara. Whilst they were sojourning there came envoys from Hulákú—Lord of the Levant—to the Great Khan of all the Tartars, and the envoys, when they beheld the brethren, were "amazed," and entreated them to travel with them to the court of the Great Khan, who, they were assured, would be right glad to see them, and would treat them with great honour and liberality. And it came to pass that they went. They were well received at the court of "Cablay Kaan," who was greatly pleased with his visitors, and their discourse in the Tartar language, "which they knew right well;" and who, having a great respect for the Pope—mainly, perhaps, on account of the facility with which that spiritual potentate could organise Crusades, and hurl Europe against the East—determined to send the two brothers on an embassy to Clement the Fourth. They undertook this mission in conjunction with one Cogatal—a "baron" of the Tartar Empire; and letters were indited to the Pope, in which the Holy Father was prayed to send



presently unto the Khan a hundred Christians, intelligent men, acquainted with the Seven Arts, well qualified to enter into controversy, and able clearly to prove, by force of argument, to idolaters and other kinds of folk, that the law of Christ was best, and that all other religions were false and nought; and that if they would prove this, he and all under him would become Christians, and the Church's liegemen. Finally, he charged his envoys to bring back to him some oil of the lamp which burns on the sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem. And being furnished with a tablet of gold, commanding all men to furnish them with what they might require, the two brothers set out and arrived at Layas (Ayas) in Lesser Armenia, in the space of three years, their progress having been much arrested by snow, heavy rains, and great torrénts.

On arriving at Acon (Acre) in the year 1269, they found that the Pope was dead, and as the new Pope was over-long in making, thought it might be well to run over to Venice, and visit their households. Here Messer Nicolo found his wife dead, and his son grown to a promising lad of fifteen. For a couple of years the two brothers remained in Venice, waiting until a Pope should be made, but, growing at length impatient, they left Venice, accompanied by Marco, and going to Acre, asked the permission of the legate Tebaldo di Vicenza to

obtain oil from the Holy Sepulchre, and having obtained it, started to return to the Khan, when tidings arrived at Acre that the Cardinals had at length elected as Pope no other than the legate Tebaldo himself (Gregory the Tenth). The new Pope sent messages to recall the brothers, who were then furnished with papal letters, and received the Pope's benediction. Moreover two friars of the order of preachers were associated with them in the embassy. On regaining Layas, however, tidings arrived that Bundúkdár, Soldan of Babylon (Cairo), had invaded Armenia with a great host of Saracens, and when the preaching friars heard this, "they were greatly frightened, and said that go they never would." So they made over their credentials and documents to the Poli, and departed in company with the Master of the Temple.

Meanwhile, Marco, his father, and uncle, struck into Central Asia. Starting from Ayas—the ancient Ægæ, the chief port of Cilician Armenia, on the Gulf of Scanderoon—at which there was then a great trade in spicery and cloths of silk and gold, the Venetians traversed Lesser Hermenia (Armenia) and entered "the province of Turcomania." The inhabitants are described as "worshippers of Mahomet, a rude people, with an uncouth language of their own." Subject to these rude warriors were the degenerate Armenians and Greeks, who occupied

themselves with trade and handicrafts, weaving "the finest and handsomest carpets in the world, and also a great quantity of fine and rich silks, of cramoisy and other colours." Under the title of Turcomania, Marco Polo includes a great part of Asia Minor, then subject to the Sultan of Iconium or Conia. Entering now into Greater Hermenia—celebrated for baths and buckram, probably a very different material from that which now bears the name—our travellers pushed onwards. Polo merely halts for an instant to speak of Georgiania—a country towards the north—where there is a "fountain from which oil springs in great abundance, insomuch that a hundred shiploads might be taken from it at one time. This oil is not good to use with food, but is good to burn, and is also used to anoint camels that have the mange."

Pausing to describe the Iron Gate of Alexander at Derbend—not far from Tiflis, on the Caucasus, where the remains of enormous fortifications yet remain—and a convent of nuns, with a miraculous lake, wherein fish were only found during Lent, Marco next speaks of the Sea of Ghel (the Caspian), and hurries on to talk of the kingdom of Mosul, and Bandas (Baghdad) its capital, and the ancient seat of the Kalifat—whence in the middle ages came the rich silk and gold brocades called Baldachini. From their use in the state canopies and umbrellas of

Italian dignitaries, the word *Baldacchino* has come to mean a canopy, even when made of metal or stone. It is a true curiosity of nomenclature, that the town wherein dwelt the high priest of Mahomet should give a name to the canopy over a Christian altar !

Apropos of Baghdad, Polo fails not to tell the story of the last of the Khalifs—since put into verse by Longfellow—who being renowned for his avarice, was after his capture taunted by Hulákú, his Mongol conqueror, for keeping his treasure locked up, instead of spending a part of it on thews and sinews to defend the rest. “The Calif wist not what to answer, and said never a word. So the Prince continued, ‘Now, then, Calif, since I see what a love thou hast borne thy treasure, I will c’en give it thee to eat!’ So he shut the Calif up in the Treasure Tower, and bade that neither meat nor drink should be given to him, saying, ‘Now, Calif, eat of thy treasure as much as thou wilt, since thou art so fond of it; for never shalt thou have aught else to eat.’ So the Calif lingered in the tower four days, and then died like a dog.” This story, which varies in some important particulars from the version given by Moslem historians, is followed by an astounding account of a Christian miracle—a mountain moved from its place by a one-eyed cobbler, who had half-blinded himself because he had once been

tempted into admiration of the shapely extremities of a lady who came to be measured for a pair of boots. This is followed by the history of the later career of the three magi, and the traveller then pulls up at the city of Kerman—reached from Armenia viâ Tabreez. Kerman was celebrated for its turquoises, its steel, and “ondanique,” “hundwánéy,” or Indian steel. This is made without passing through the intermediate stage of “blistering,” and was doubtless believed in the middle ages, as it still is in India, to be made direct from a peculiar ore, akin to, but not identical with, that of iron. Colonel Yule says : “ An old Indian officer told me of the reply of a native friend to whom he had tried to explain the conversion of iron into steel—‘ What ! you would have me believe that if I put an ass into the furnace it will come forth a horse ! ’ ”

The Poli appear to have found time while at Kerman to make an excursion to Hormuz, then an important city on the Persian Gulf. Crossing a magnificent plain full of fine streams of water, date-palms, and other fruit trees, they reached the famous entrepôt of the East, whither “ came merchants from India, with ships loaded with spicery and precious stones, cloths of silk and gold, elephants’ teeth, and many other wares which they sell to the merchants of Hormuz, and which these in turn carry all over the world to dispose of again.” Turning

northwards from Kermian, the embassy proceeded on its way through a desert to Cabinan, and through the desert of Khorassan and over the mountains to Balkh, described as a noble city and a great. Ascending the course of the Oxus, the Venetians pushed through Khunduz to Badakhshan, where, owing to the illness of young Marco, they tarried the space of a year, acquiring meanwhile much valuable and, as it has since been shown, correct information touching the incursions made into India by the Mongols up to that date. Marco gives an account of the Balas ruby mines, describing the ruler of the district as restricting the output in order to keep up prices; waxes eloquent over the beauty of the fine fertile hill country, with abundance of grass, water and trees; and bears testimony to the excellent qualities of the mountain air, which finally restored him to health. Polo now found himself in that heart of Central Asia, which at the present moment excites the curiosity of geographers and the anxiety of statesmen. Pursuing the great river of Badakhshan—meaning the Panja or upper course of the Oxus—the Venetians rode for twelve days, till they reached Vökhan (Wakhan), and found there many beasts, and among others the wild sheep, since called *Ovis Poli*. “This plain is called Pamer (Pamir), and you ride across it for twelve days together, finding nothing but a desert without habita-

tions or any green thing, so that travellers are obliged to carry with them whatever they have need of. The region is so lofty and cold that you do not even see any birds flying." Recent explorations of the Pamir, or rather Pamirs, are adverse to the idea of its being a vast table-land. The officers sent home by that route from Kashgar, by Mr. Forsyth, reported the tract of country as being broken up into a system of deep valleys, and varied somewhat from the report of Lieutenant Wood, touching the lake variously called Victoria, Sikandara, or Sirikol. Nevertheless the Venetian cannot be accused of much exaggeration when he remarks that the Pamir is "said to be the highest place in the world. And when you have got to this height, you find a great lake between two mountains, and out of it a fine river running through a plain clothed with the finest pasture in the world, insomuch that a lean beast there will fatten to your heart's content in ten days."

Captain John Wood, in his interesting account of the Upper Waters of the Oxus, warmly applauds the description given by Marco Polo, as correct in all its leading points. The native expression, Bami-Dúniyah, the roof of the world, explains Marco's "'tis said to be the highest place in the world," and his account of the lake is exact.

According to Captain Wood, "This lake lies in

the form of a crescent, about fourteen miles long from east to west by an average breadth of one mile. On three sides it is bordered by swelling hills, about five hundred feet high, whilst along its southern banks they rise into mountains three thousand five hundred feet above the lake, or nineteen thousand feet above the sea, and covered with perpetual snow, from which never-failing source the lake is supplied." Measured by the temperature of boiling water, the exact height of the lake above the sea is fifteen thousand six hundred feet, or sixty-two feet lower than the summit of Mont Blanc. This "roof of the world" would appear to be the highest table-land in Asia, and probably in any part of our globe. From Pamir the ground sinks in every direction except to the south-east—where similar plateaux extend along the northern face of the Himalaya into Tibet. Whether the Pamir be or be not justly entitled the water-shed of Central Asia, there is no doubt that the mountains which encircle Lake Sir-i-kol give rise to many great rivers, such as the Yarkand river, the Sirr or Kokan river, and the Kunar. The inhabitants of the surrounding country claim descent from the ancient Greeks—the chiefs of Badakhshan, Wakhan, Darwaz and Chitral tracing their ancestry direct to Alexander the Great, otherwise Hazrat Zekunder, whom the Mohammedans have canonised.



Leaving the Pamir on the south, the Poli traversed the savage regions of Belor and reached Kashgar, then, as now, a place of great trade, and travelled on viâ Yarkand to Khotan, and then, striking to the north, traversed the southern slope of the Thian Shan range, and crossing the desert of Gobi—invested with many supernatural terrors—they came to Sha-chew, or the “City of the Sands,” where they found, as at many other points of their journey, a mixed population of idolaters, Mahomedans, and Nestorian Christians, who appear to have been tolerated, after a fashion, by most of the early Mongol rulers.

Marco Polo's remarks, however, on the manners of the Tartars coincide so closely with those of Rubruquis that I shall pass them over with a mere acknowledgment of their general exactitude. On leaving the City of the Sands the Poli entered the province of Tangut, now considered as part of China Proper. At this point the young Venetian undertakes to explain the true nature of the fabled salamander. In the province of Chingintalas, according to Marco, “is a mountain in which are excellent veins of steel and ondanique. And you must know that in the same mountain there is a vein of the substance from which salamander (asbestos) is made. For the real truth is that the salamander is no beast, as they allege in our part of

the world, but is a substance found in the earth." After showing his good sense in repudiating the fabled lizard, our traveller shows the curious fetters which enclosed thought in his day by saying: "Everybody must be aware that it can be no animal's nature to live in fire, seeing that every animal is composed of all the four elements." These four elements, earth, water, air, and fire, became a sore stumbling-block in the way of philosophic inquiry, at the period when astrology and alchemy were gradually displaced by astronomy and chemistry.

Through strange lands teeming with wonders, journeyed the three Poli for three years and a half, and came at length to the great Khan Kublai, who was then sojourning at Kemenfu (Kaipingfu), a new city founded some four years before the accession of Kublai. It became the favourite residence of that great monarch, and from 1264 was styled Shangtu or "Upper Court." This is the Chandu of Marco Polo and the Xanadu of Coleridge—

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure dome decree.

The travellers were well received by the Khan, who, on hearing through his messengers—regular posts were then established in Tartary—of the advent of the Venetians, sent people a journey of full forty days to meet them and entertain them on the road. At the audience which was at once granted

them the Poli presented the credentials and letters which they had received from the Pope, and the oil from the Holy Sepulchre, at which the Khan "was very glad, for he set great store thereby." Marco himself, on being presented, was graciously received by the Khan; and making wondrous progress in learning the customs of the Tartars, their language, their manner of writing, and their practice in war, was held in such esteem by the emperor that he sent him "on an ambassage of his to a country which was a good six months' journey distant."

The young gallant (*jeune Bachelor*) executed his commission well, and displayed true Italian acuteness, for "he had taken note on several occasions that when the prince's ambassadors returned from different parts of the world, they were able to tell him about nothing except the business on which they had gone, and that the prince in consequence held them for no better than fools and dolts, and would say, 'I had far liever hearken about the strange things and the manners of the different countries you have seen, than merely be told of the business you went upon.' Marco therefore, as he went and returned, took pains to learn about all kinds of different matters in the countries which he visited, in order to be able to tell about them to the Great Khan."

The system adopted by young Polo of combining the functions of an ambassador with those of a "special correspondent," explains much of what would otherwise be puzzling in a singularly matter-of-fact book. Marco, not content with describing what he saw—generally very clearly—interlards his narrative with many marvellous stories introduced with the orthodox "I heard," or "it was told to me." During the long time—some eighteen years—that he remained in the service of Kublai, he was sent on missions to many parts of India, China and Cochin China, and evidently employed much diligence in picking up news to interest his exceedingly royal and liberal master. To this avidity for narrative we are indebted for many of the tales which have thrown discredit on an otherwise veracious narrative.

When Marco Polo discourses on the personal appearance of the Great Khan; the number of his wives and children; the curious system of competitive examination in beauty, undergone by ladies aspiring to the honour of dwelling in the imperial harem; the general rule of the country; paper money, messengers and posts; the employment of the cheetah in hunting; the wondrous cities of Cambaluc, Curacoron, and Kinsay; and the black stones (coal) that are dug in Cathay, and used for fuel, he is almost invariably accurate. Touching the latter

item, his accuracy is extraordinary. He says of these "black stones," "if you supply the fire with them at night, and see that they are well kindled, you will find them still alight in the morning," an exact description of the anthracite coal which abounds in Szechuen and Yunnan. In the observations gathered during his Indian and Cambodian journeyings, he is not less accurate, within the limit of his personal experience, and gives graphic descriptions of the oil-head (spermaceti whale producing ambergris), the camelopard and other curious animals, but no sooner does he commence with "I was told," than some stupendous monster turns up, such as the two-footed serpent—supposed by some to be the alligator, and by others the boa.

Basking in the smiles of the Great Khan, the Poli waxed mighty in Cathay, but after the space of seventeen years, "they began among themselves to think of returning to their own country." In justice to the Poli, it must be said that their desire to depart was not influenced by sentimental conditions. The Khan was getting old, and in the east, foreigners were peculiarly liable to forfeiture of their goods on the death of the reigning sovereign, and the successful Poli were not without enemies. Wherefore they applied to him for leave to go, "but he had such a partiality for them, and liked so much to have them about him, that nothing on

earth would persuade him to let them go." Fortune, however, favoured the Venetians, for it came to pass that Bolgana (Bolghan), wife of Argon, Lord of the Levant, died, after requesting in her will that no lady should succeed her as Argon's wife, save one of her own family. Wherefore Argon sent ambassadors to the court of the Great Khan, to bring back a bride of the family of Queen Bolgana. This request was at once entertained by the Khan, who sent for a lady whose name was Cocachin—a maiden of seventeen, a very beautiful and charming person.

Meanwhile Ser Marco had returned from India, whither he had been on an embassy, and advised the bridal ambassadors to request of the Khan that they might be allowed to take home the lady by sea, and that the three Latins, on account of their "great knowledge and experience of the Indian seas," might be suffered to accompany them. With sore reluctance the Khan consented, and having charged his faithful servants with messages to many Christian kings, suffered them to depart with a great retinue in thirteen ships. After a voyage of eighteen months in the Indian seas, and losing six hundred of their following, they arrived in port (probably Ormuz), and finding that Argon was dead, quietly handed over the lady Cocachin to his son, after the Tartar fashion. Having performed their duty, the envoys travelled on by Trebizond, Constantinople, and

Negropont, to Venice, where they arrived in the year 1295.

On their arrival they found the elder Marco dead, and everybody else indisposed to recognise them ; but when they gave a superb banquet, appeared magnificently attired, and exhibited great store of jewels, they were immediately acknowledged as true Amphytrions. The adventures of Marco junior, however, were not yet over. Taken prisoner in the great sea fight of Curzola, between the Venetians and the Genoese, he was detained for four years. On returning to Venice he married, had two daughters, and, about the age of three-score and ten, was finally gathered to his fathers. His declining years, however, although sweetened by family ties and abundant wealth, were not without the inevitable drop of bitterness.

Like many other great men, he lived long enough to acknowledge that no man is a prophet in his own country. In the domains of Kublai Khan he had filled the rôle of ambassador to the most powerful monarch of the known world. He made treaties, and conducted princesses to their future homes. His life was full of power, gold, and glory, but when he made the mistake of going home, he sank, despite the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind, into an ordinary Venetian citizen. His enemies rejoiced that he had written a book, and every trumpery

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paddler in the lagoons had his little joke against Marco Millione—for so they named him, because he truthfully spake of millions when recounting the teeming population of China. The Venetians, who had never seen a million of men, declined to believe in anything beyond their narrow experience, and nicknamed him Marco Millione, and his house the *Corto Millione*, a name which abode long after the generation of Poli had passed away. Nay, worse than this, they perpetuated his memory in masquerades as a comic character, who fastened on people and told them ludicrous and impossible stories. Thus through the long decadence of the City of the Sea, was her greatest traveller—at once a merchant, statesman, and diplomatist—depicted to a ribald crowd as a garrulous button-holder and mendacious buffoon.



## MANDEVILLE.

INASMUCH as Sir John Mandeville—albeit, not excessively scrupulous as to his facts—exhibits a tincture of science from which other mediæval travellers are remarkably free, it may be well, before following the worthy knight on his wanderings, to put ourselves in his place, by recalling, as clearly as may be, the idea of the configuration of the earth which was accepted as accurate in his day. In the year of grace, 1878, it may be affirmed that any average child of twelve years of age, who has been to school at all, has clearer ideas of the solar system than the hardy voyagers who, in quest of pleasure or profit, traversed the Mediterranean in the middle ages. The idea of the earth as a mere satellite of the sun, had, it is true, occurred to Pythagoras, as forming part of a Cosmic universe, in which planets revolve around a central fire, or sun; and the sphericity of our world had been taught by Thales of Miletus, and, at a later date, by Aristotle and his followers, until what is called the Ptolemaic system was generally accepted by geographers. This scheme of the

universe flattered the vanity of mankind, by making the earth the centre, around which revolved the sun, moon, and planets. Towards the sixth century, however, the sphericity of the earth fell into disfavour, and, in the general darkness which shrouded the human mind from the fifth to the twelfth century, the theory originally propounded by Xenophanes—that the earth is a high mountain, with stars floating round its summit, was very generally accepted. Sunrise and sunset were explained by the enormous elevation of the centre of the world, which was supposed to cut off the rays of the revolving sun. The evident convexity of surface was ascribed to the lower position of the warmer countries, and this hypothesis was supported by the bold assertion that the rivers which ran southward were infinitely more rapid in their course than those which—owing to trifling inequalities of surface—ran in the opposite direction. Far away to the north, beyond the country of the Hyperboreans and Paradise itself, was the land of darkness and perpetual night, wherein no man might abide; while to the south lay a fiery tract equally uninhabitable by human beings. Stated roughly, then, the mediæval world was a huge mass—square or round—deflecting somewhat to the south, and consisting of the ancient Roman Empire, the empire of Alexander, the realms of the unconquered Scythians, and

India. This world was surrounded by the ocean, beyond which lay, according to Cosmas Indicopleustes, the regions inhabited by men before the flood.

This same Cosmas, who died about 550 A.D., may be fairly considered the best and clearest exponent of the astronomy and geography of the dark ages. In early life a merchant, trading from Alexandria to India, he probably saw a great deal of the world, and becoming in later life a monk at Alexandria, he penned the famous volume which bears his name. His work is of a distinctly controversial character, having been written to confute those philosophers who wickedly persisted in reasserting the doctrines of ancient pagans, who had declared the earth to be a sphere, and insisted on the existence of antipodes. With that intense bitterness which is even more conspicuous in scientific than in theological controversy, Cosmas pulverises his adversaries by argument and sarcasm, and, after going to the length of making a picture of four men trying to stand on a globe, about a foot in diameter, dismisses the antipodists with immeasurable contempt. He then proceeds to show that inasmuch as of the four elements—earth, water, air, and fire—earth is by far the heaviest, the earth must naturally be the centre and base of the universe, for “if there were anything beyond the earth it would naturally fall.”

The earth is therefore pictured as an oblong mountain, around which, at a considerable distance below the summit, the sun performs its daily revolution—the portion of the hill above the sun being the land of darkness. The base of the vast elevation is washed by the circumambient ocean, of which the known seas were supposed—accurately except in the case of the Caspian—to be inlets or gulfs. At the extremity of ocean, “the inferior parts of heaven descend upon it and the upper part is a vault.”

This scheme of the universe looks very well in elevation, or section, but when reduced to a ground-plan or map produces the oddest effect. The earliest mediæval map of the world presents many extraordinary features. It is oblong in form, being longest from east to west. Around the four sides of the parallelogram is a broad margin occupied by the ocean, which in four places penetrates far into the terrestrial portion. These inlets are the Sinus Romanus or Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, and the Caspian Sea. As there were four elements and four gulfs, so also were there four great rivers rising in the terrestrial paradise, a region depicted in a sort of supplementary parallelogram beyond the ocean to the eastward. These rivers were supposed to flow under the ocean, and to reappear in the known world at indeterminate spots. On the north side of the parallelogram, is the

“transoceanic land inhabited by man before the flood,” and on the southern side is a similar tract, simply designated “terra ultra oceanum.”

This theory of rivers lasted, with slight modifications, to Mandeville's time, and is thus set forth by that worthy knight: “Of Paradise I cannot speak properly, for I was not there. It is far beyond (the realms of Prester John), and I repent not going there, but I was not worthy. But as I have heard say of wise men beyond, I shall tell you with good will. Terrestrial Paradise, as wise men say, is the highest place of the earth; and it is so high that it nearly touches the circle of the moon there, as the moon makes her turn; for it is so high that the flood of Noah might not come to it, that would have covered all the earth of the world all about, and above, and beneath, except Paradise. And this Paradise is enclosed all about with a wall, and men know not whereof it is; for the wall is covered all over with moss as it seems; and it seems not that the wall is natural stone. And that wall stretches from the south to the north, and it has but one entry, which is closed with burning fire, so that no man that is mortal dare enter. And in the highest place of Paradise, exactly in the middle, is a well that casts out the four streams which run by divers lands, of which the first is called Pison or Ganges, that runs throughout India. And the

other is called Nile or Gyson, which goes through Ethiopia, and after through Egypt, and the other is called Tigris, which runs by Assyria, and by Armenia the Great ; and the other is called Euphrates, which runs through Media, Armenia, and Persia. And men there beyond say that all the sweet waters of the world, above and beneath, take their beginning from the well of Paradise, and out of that well all waters come and go."

It is worthy of remark, that, between the time of Cosmas and that of Mandeville, the position of the terrestrial paradise had shifted somewhat. It was still held to be in the East, but was no longer beyond ocean, and the rivers flowed downwards from a high place instead of tunnelling under the ocean, "for," says the knight, "many great lords have assayed with great will many times to pass those rivers towards Paradise with full great companies ; but they might not speed in their voyage ; and many died for weariness of rowing against the strong waves ; and many of them became blind and many deaf, for the noise of the water, and some perished and were lost in the waves." The terrestrial paradise, indeed, presented enormous difficulties to mediæval geographers. At times it appears to have been located in Central Asia ; occasionally it occupies Central Africa ; and always presents the awkward problem of a water-shed from which flowed

not only the Tigris, Euphrates, and Ganges, rivers bending southwards, but the Nile, which flowed northward from that portion of the earth which was assumed to lie lowest down. Apart, however, from the location of the terrestrial paradise and the difficulty of reconciling the theory of four rivers with the facts of geography, mediæval map-makers appear to have done well according to their lights, for—puerile as their conceptions may appear to any young gentleman of the nineteenth century, who has struggled successfully through an examination in astronomy and physical geography—it may yet be well to reflect for a moment whether mediæval cartographers were not truly philosophical, in reasoning from the facts already observed by travellers. The size and shape of the earth were necessarily unknown to the ancients, and, as increased knowledge dawned upon the nations, the world only became known bit by bit. Centuries elapsed before the Caspian was recognised as a lake, and ages passed away before China and India were discovered. This truth, that ancient geographers reasoned fairly from the facts before them, was vividly impressed upon me on meeting with Sir John Mandeville's astounding statement that the city of Jerusalem is and must be the centre of the world. At the first glance Jerusalem appears the most unlikely spot in the world to select as a central point, and I was

inclined to refer the belief as to its central position as due, rather to the fervid faith, than to the geographical knowledge of the author, who was yet a skilled physician and eminent natural philosopher of his day. It occurred, however, to me that it would not be unbecoming in a philosopher of these days to make an experiment, and test the at first sight amazing assertion of a traveller who saw men and cities and wrote an account of them five hundred years ago. I accordingly took a pair of compasses, and making Jerusalem my centre and Iceland my radius, described a circle, and found that it included the whole of the then known world—the immense extension of Asia to the eastward, described by Marco Polo, not being at that time generally credited. I found that within the circle were Europe, North-East Africa nearly as far south as the Sources of the Nile, Arabia, Persia, India, as far as the Punjab—the limit of Alexander's victories—Asia Minor, Armenia, Afghanistan, and the vast tract of Asia extending from the Himalayas to the mouth of the Obi. I thus got an almost exact reproduction on a modern map of the celebrated *Mappa Mundi* drawn by Marino Sanuto in the year of grace 1320, and preserved in the library at Paris.

This slight shock to scientific self-sufficiency prepared me for a second and more careful study of



the "Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundevile, Knight."

In the first quarter of the fourteenth century the spirit of the middle ages fairly melted into another train of thought. One of the "first men of the century" was Sir John Mandeville, knight, of St. Alban's, physician, philosopher, and soldier. He commenced the travels which have immortalised his name at a noteworthy period. Joinville and Marco Polo, representatives of the military and commercial schools of travellers, were just dead, as Mandeville, a wandering free lance with a scientific turn—an educated Dugald Dalgetty—started on a tour which lasted for three-and-thirty years. A fervent Christian, and a pilgrim to the Holy Sepulchre, then in Saracenic hands, Mandeville was yet a thorough soldier of fortune, and served the Soldan of Babylon (Cairo) so well, that this powerful ruler offered to marry the English knight to a Paynim princess if he would only forswear his country and his faith. Throughout his narrative are indications of that revival of learning, and of that spirit of scientific investigation which signalised that remarkable period of transition during which Petrarch perfected the sonnet, Boccaccio taught the world how to tell a story, Chaucer produced the first important poem, and Mandeville himself wrote the first prose volume in the English language.

Like the French of Ville-Hardouin, the English of Mandeville is puzzling to the modern reader, and a habit the good knight had of spelling the same word in half-a-dozen different ways adds to the embarrassment. In clerkship, however, the English knight was far in advance of his French predecessors. He wrote his book in three languages, in Latin, in French, and in English, and states in the French version, which was apparently the first written, "I would have put this book into Latin to devise more briefly ; but as many understand French better than Latin, I have written it in Romant in order that any one may understand it, and the lords, knights, and others who comprehend not Latin." It is said that the copy presented to Edward the Third was in French, and it is by no means clear that the English version was written by the hand of Mandeville himself, but there is no doubt that all three versions became extremely popular within a few years after their publication, from the many copies yet extant among collections of manuscripts. Popular as was the work of Sir John Mandeville during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, very little is known of the author himself. The year of his birth is not exactly known, and the time of his death is variously placed from 1371 to 1382, although the place of his decease was undoubtedly Liège. His own book throws

little light on his career. Beyond the incidental mention of his serving in the army of the Soldan of Babylon, whom he appears to have forsaken about 1341, and a subsequent allusion to his having seen part of India, and to his having served for a short space the Great Khan, the knight leaves us absolutely in the dark as to what he did, beyond performing the pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. If we assume him to have started in 1322, the earliest date assigned, an interval of thirteen years elapses between his departure from Cairo and his return to England. What was he about all this time in the Indian Seas? He appears to have visited the court of the Great Khan of the Mongols, for he says distinctly, when speaking of the mechanical peacocks at the Great Khan's table, "who danced, sang, and clapped their wings together," that he busied himself "to learn the craft" of making them; when the master excused himself on the plea that he had "made a vow to his god to teach it to no creature but only to his eldest son." This anecdote seems to indicate that Mandeville was a man of some consequence at the Mongol court; albeit his evident borrowings from Marco Polo encourage a belief that he was never there at all, but compiled his account of the Tartars, like many of his other narratives, from older and well-known authors. His book, indeed, is altogether a curious composition. Pro-

fessing to be an itinerary of the Holy Land, it is a huge compound of what he saw and what he heard ; and, although he occasionally prefaces an unusually tough story with "they say," he gives his personal authority to many astounding tales, and mixes his actual and "hearsay" evidence together in a way at once amusing and perplexing. Throughout his book there is, however, an obvious desire to "efface himself." Whether this arose from a Christian humility entirely absent in other travellers, or from a wish to conceal the particulars of a "shady" career, must for ever remain unknown. All that we know from the knight himself is that at his coming home he went to Rome "and showed my life to our Holy Father the Pope, and was absolved of all that lay in my conscience of many divers grievous points, as men must need that are in company, dwelling amongst so many divers people, of divers sects and beliefs as I have been. And, amongst all, I showed him this treatise that I had made after information of men that knew of things that I had not seen myself, as far as God would give me grace ; and besought his holy fatherhood that my book might be examined and corrected by advice of his wise and discreet council."

Mandeville's book was compared with another, by which the "*Mappa Munda*" (probably Sanuto's) was made, and received the full approbation of the

Holy See ; whereupon he hied him northwards, coming home "in spite of myself, to rest, for rheumatic gouts that distress me and fix the end of my labour against my will (God knoweth). And thus taking comfort in my wretched rest recording the time passed, I have fulfilled these things and written them in this book, as it would come into my mind, the year of grace 1356 in the thirty-fourth year that I departed from our country. Wherefore I pray to all the readers and hearers of this book, if it please them, that they would pray to God for me, and I shall pray for them."

One of the most remarkable features of this singular work is the evidence it affords of a great advance in geographical knowledge since the period of the first crusade. Mandeville devotes the whole of a highly-interesting chapter to an attempt to prove the earth a sphere, and the existence of antipodes not only possible but in the highest degree probable. From a scientific point of view this chapter is worth all the rest of the book put together, as it affords evidence that during his long sojourn at Cairo he had become indoctrinated with the systems of Arab geographers. In the beginning, these also, like their western rivals, believed the earth to be entirely flat, but beyond the circumambient ocean placed a mysterious range of mountains. It is, however, well known that the

speculations of ancient Greek philosophers were filtered through Arabic manuscripts into the learning of the later middle ages ; and it is therefore probable that Mandeville acquired some of the remarkable opinions, expressed by him in his seventeenth chapter, from an Arabic source. The doctrine that the earth is a sphere had succumbed to the arguments of Cosmas, and was generally discredited throughout the western world ; but, nevertheless, Mandeville advances numerous arguments, some of which are apparently so far ahead of his age, as to excite both astonishment and admiration in the modern reader. Contrary to all practice, he advances (on this occasion) physical proof of his theory. When speaking of the island of Lamary, in the Indian Ocean, he says : “ Neither in that land, nor in many others beyond it, may any man see the Polar Star, which is called the star of the sea, which is immovable and is towards the north, and which we call the load star. But they see another star opposite to it towards the south, which they call Antarctic. And right as shipmen here govern themselves by the load star, so shipmen beyond those parts are guided by the Star of the South, which appears not unto us. . . . For which cause we may clearly perceive that the land and sea are of round shape and form, because the part of the firmament appears in one country which is not

seen in another country. And men may prove by experience and their understanding that if a man found passages by ships, he might go by ship all round the world, above and beneath ; which I prove thus after what I have seen." Here follow several measurements, taken with the astrolabe, of the height of the Polar Star and others of the Antarctic, whence Mandeville concludes " that these two stars are fixed, and about them all the firmament turns as a wheel that turns on its axle-tree ; so that those stars bear the firmament in two equal parts ; so that it has as much above as it has beneath. After this I have gone towards the south, and if I had had company and shipping to go further I believe that we should have seen all the roundness of the firmament all about." Calculating his measurements of the Polar Star and the Antarctic, and the proportion of the firmament he had seen, he continues :—" I tell you, certainly, that men may go all round the world, as well under as above, and return to their country, if they had company and shipping and guides ; and always they would find men, lands, and isles, as well as in our part of the world. For they who are towards the Antarctic are directly feet opposite of them who dwell under the Polar Star as well as we, and they that dwell under us are feet opposite feet. For all parts

of the sea and land have their opposites habitable or passable."

Pondering over this remarkable chapter, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Mandeville has been done scant justice to by posterity. His popular reputation is that of a teller of old wife's tales, and yet we find him, more than a century before Columbus, demonstrating the spherical form of the earth and the possibility of circumnavigating it.

The great body of Mandeville's book is filled with accounts of distant countries, strangely mixed with the fables recounted by ancient historians and monkish chroniclers.

On visiting Cyprus he records a curious version of a story in the Decameron, and describes a custom of hunting with "papyons," described by some commentators as "large wild dogs;" but as Mandeville says they resemble leopards, there can be little doubt that the practice of hunting with the "cheetah" had, in the middle ages, penetrated as far west as Cyprus. At Joppa or Jaffa were many wonders, among which "may still be seen the place where the iron chains were fastened with which Andromeda—a great giant!—was bound and put in prison before Noah's flood; a rib of whose side, which is forty feet long, is still shown." Mandeville is profuse in his description of the Holy Land, where he probably abode for a while, but is more to be relied



on, so far as he confines himself to what he saw, when he speaks of Egypt. Curiously confounding the modern Babylon (Cairo) with the ancient city of that name, he fails not to recount the history of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and then, immediately after, proceeds to describe the actual residence of the sultan under whom he served for many years: "The sultan dwells in his Calahelyke in a fair castle, strong and great, and well set upon a rock. In that castle dwell always, to keep it and serve the sultan, more than six thousand persons, who receive here all necessaries from the sultan's court. I ought to know it well, for I dwelt a great while with him as soldier in his wars against the Bedouins; and he would have married me full highly to a great prince's daughter if I would have forsaken my law and my belief. But I thank God that I had no will to do it for anything that he promised me."

In his next mention of Babylon he distinguishes clearly between the ancient city and Cairo, for saith he, "you must understand that the Babylon whereof I have spoken, where the sultan dwells, is not that great Babylon where the confusion of languages was first made by the miracle of God, when the great Tower of Babel was begun, of which the walls were sixty-four furlongs high; for that is in the deserts of Arabia, on the way as men go towards the kingdom of Chaldea. But it is full long since any man

dare approach to the tower, for it is all desert and full of dragons and great serpents, and infested by divers venomous beasts."

In the fashion customary to mediæval travellers he calls the pyramids the barns or granaries of Joseph, following therein the Saracen traditions, and gives a full account of the river Gyson (Nile) and its overflow, and continues, "This river comes from terrestrial paradise between the deserts of India; and after it descends on the earth, and runs through many extensive countries under the earth; and after it comes out under a high hill"—this corresponds closely with Joinville's account—"which they call Alothe, between India and Ethiopia, at a distance of five months' journey from the entrance of Ethiopia; and after it environs all Ethiopia and Mauritania, and goes all along from the land of Egypt to the city of Alexandria to the end of Egypt where it falls into the sea."

Mandeville now proceeds to depict the phoenix after the manner of Pliny; the apples of paradise, which "though you cut them in ever so many slices or parts, across or endwise, you always find in the middle the figure of the holy cross;" and the "apples of Adam, which have a bite on one side." At Bethlehem he finds the field Floridus, wherein a fair maiden who had been unjustly accused of wrong was doomed to be burned, and after praying de-

routly "entered into the fire, and immediately the fire was extinguished, and the faggots that were burning became red rose-bushes, and those that were not kindled became white rose-bushes, full of roses. And these were the first rose trees and roses, both white and red, that ever any man saw." Of the Dead Sea he evidently speaks from hearsay, for "if a man cast iron therein it will float on the surface, and if a man cast a feather therein it will sink to the bottom;" but he adds, significantly, "these are things contrary to nature."

He also narrates the well-known story of the apples of the Dead Sea, and the curious mediæval legend of the knight who watched seven days by a certain sparrowhawk and then had his wish. India, where the mysterious Mandeville may or may not have been in the flesh, supplies many wonderful stories. On the way to India is the island Hermes (Ormuz), where there is a great heat, and also "ships without nails of iron or bonds, on account of the rocks of adamant (loadstone), for they are all abundant thereabout in the sea, that is marvellous to speak of; and if a ship passed there that had either iron bonds or iron nails it would perish; for the adamant by its nature draws iron to it; and so it would draw to it the ship, because of the iron, that it should never depart from it." This is one of the extraordinary mixtures of fable and fact in

which early travellers take especial delight. The mountains of magnetic ore are the subject of traditions far older than the Arabian Nights ; but the "sewed ships" which traded to Ormuz were plain matter-of-fact coasting vessels, which were sewed together, payed and caulked, merely on account of the scarcity of iron. Marco Polo gives a lengthy account of these ships, but is far too cautious to refer to magnetic mountains as the first cause of their peculiar manufacture. Another marvel is the Well of Youth, whereof Mandeville drank three or four times, and says, forgetting for the moment his rheumatism, "Methinks I still fare the better." Shifting the venue to the island of Dondun, we are introduced to people of wicked ways : so that the father eats the son, the son the father, the husband the wife, and the wife the husband. Whether this arises from extreme affection or from a desire to "utilise waste products," is not set forth, but the customs of the African Fans justify Mandeville's narrative. He next describes the "men with heads beneath their shoulders," and "drags in by the hair" the Cyclops and the "people who go upon their hands and feet like beasts and are all skinned and feathered, and would leap as lightly into trees and from tree to tree as squirrels and apes." These are the veddahs of Ceylon, the aborigines who dwelt in trees and cured venison with honey ; but in the next

paragraph is an account of people "who go always upon their knees, and have eight toes on every foot." Immediately after this astounding story is an account of trees that bear wool (cotton) "as though it were of a sheep, whereof men make clothes and all things that may be made of wool." Prester John, whose realms are placed in India, is a Christian potentate living near the "gravelly sea," and near unto him is the Perilous Valley, wherein Mandeville says he went, and after descanting upon the Devil's Head in this same valley, gives a capital account of cokernuts and "gerfauntz" (giraffes), "which are spotted and a little higher than a horse, with a neck twenty cubits long, and the croup and tail are like those of a hart, and one of them may look over a high house." The porcupine is also well treated; but coal, so admirably described by Marco Polo, is transposed into "a manner of wood hard and strong; and whoever covers the coals of that wood under the ashes thereof the coals will remain alive a year and more." This strange jumble of truth and fiction is easily explained. Sir John Mandeville was a physician, philosopher, and soldier, but employed the common devices of book-making. Being a well-read man he not only availed himself of all the science then extant, but reinforced it with the fables told by ancient writers such as Pliny. No modern reader can peruse his wonderful book without re-

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gretting that he did not give more space to his personal adventures and less to difficult and laborious compilation. Had he only written the record of his own life he would have presented us with a wonderful picture of a mediæval traveller, who combined the perceptive qualities of a physician with the acquisitive faculties of a free lance.

## A WANDERING JEW.

READERS of historical romances are apt to form a curiously incorrect idea of the degree of civil and religious liberty enjoyed by the Jews during the Middle Ages. Young readers feel the eye grow dim at the recital of the woes of Rebecca; and more ancient persons have been occasionally heard to confess that Isaac of York was hardly dealt with. Evidence, mostly of a doubtful character, has been brought forward to show that early experiments in dentistry were chiefly practised at the expense of the Hebrew; and much unnecessary sentiment has been expended upon a nation compelled to wear distinctive apparel, and to herd together in certain quarters of great cities. Singular tales are told of spasmodic acts of oppression wreaked on the Caucasian, when his Christian master found no other immediate outlet for his native brutality. It is said that a pleasant custom prevailed at Eastertide, when the oppressors—banded together—accused the

Jews of stealing and crucifying a Christian child. The accusation, unsupported by proof, was deemed a sufficient warrant for a general tumult, followed by the plunder and massacre of the Hebrew population. Looked upon calmly, these outrages simply represent the revolt of the physically strong and financially weak, against those whose riches were in inverse proportion to their powers of resistance. Mail-clad barons got into debt with an alacrity almost equalled by their descendants, and when they found themselves "dipped" beyond recovery, got up a revolution against the Jews, and demolished the debt and the creditor together. It was the old story of the division of the world into two classes—borrowers and lenders. In the Middle Ages, the borrowers, if slim in purse, were strong of hand—and in many cases got the better of the lenders, who in modern days have had an ample revenge. The children of the wrathful and the strong have paid dearly for the eccentricities of their ancestors; and the broad lands acquired by the sword have, in many cases, been captured by the ink-horn.

Whatever may have been the "disabilities" suffered by the Jews in England, under the reign of Henry the Second, their friends in the Iberian Peninsula were not very hardly dealt with, according to the narrative of Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela. This worthy Israelite was the son of Jonah, "of blessed



memory," of Tudela, in the kingdom of Navarre, and made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land—impelled thereto probably by commercial views—in the year of grace 1160. Rabbi Benjamin is said to have been "a man of wisdom and understanding, and of much information," whose words were found, after strict inquiry, to be true and correct.

This eminent Hebrew set out on his travels from the city of Saragossa, descended the Ebro to Tortosa, thence to Tarragona and Barcelona. Through Arles and Marseilles went Rabbi Benjamin, and then took ship for Genoa, where he found every house provided with a tower, and also made his first acquaintance with the war-galleys of the time, which brought home "much plunder and booty." By Pisa—then a place of great extent, "containing about ten thousand fortified houses, and a brave people ruled by senators chosen by themselves"—the rabbi made his way through Lucca to Rome, "the metropolis of all Christendom." His account of the condition of the Romish Jews in 1160 is somewhat startling. "Two hundred Jews live there, who are very much respected, and pay tribute to no one. Some of them are officers in the service of Pope Alexander" (the third of that name). R. Jeziel, one of the chief among the Jews, "is one of the pope's officers, a handsome, prudent, and wise man, who frequents the pope's palace, being the steward of his house-

hold and minister of his private property." This evidence, that a pope who occupied the chair of St. Peter for twenty-two years employed Jews in positions of high trust, is exceedingly valuable, like most of the narrative of the rabbi when drawn from actual observation ; but so soon as the worthy man undertakes to write history, he falls into the common errors of mediæval chroniclers. We are told that in Rome are to be found "eighty halls of the eighty eminent kings who were all called emperor, from King Tarquin to King Pepin, the father of Charles, who first conquered Spain and wrested it from the Mahomedans. In the outskirts of Rome is the palace of Titus, who was rejected by three hundred senators, in consequence of his having wasted three years in the conquest of Jerusalem, which, according to their will, he ought to have accomplished in two years. There is likewise the hall of the palace of King Vespasianus, a very large and strong building ; also the hall of King Galba, containing three hundred and sixty windows, equal in number to the days of the year. The circumference of this palace is nearly three miles. A battle was fought here in times of yore, and in the palace fell more than an hundred thousand, whose bones are hung up there even to the present day. The king caused a representation of the battle to be drawn, army against army, the men, the horses, and all the

accoutrements sculptured in marble. You there find also a cave underground, containing the king and his queen upon their thrones, surrounded by about one hundred nobles of their court, all embalmed by physicians, and in good preservation until this day." By way of Capua our rabbi made his way to Puzzuolo, where he was told the old story of a submerged city; found hot springs, producing the "oil called petroleum;" and also picked up this astounding piece of information: "From this place a man may travel fifteen miles by a causeway under the mountains, constructed by King Romulus, the founder of Rome, who feared David king of Israel, and Joab, his general."

Pursuing a roundabout route, our voyager reached Thessalonica—full of the Caucasian—and ultimately Constantinople, the metropolis of the whole Grecian empire, and the residence of the Emperor King Manuel Comnenus. At this period the Greek empire was on the wane. Between the Mohammedans on the one hand and the Latin Christians on the other, the unwarlike Byzantines had a hard time of it. Grave historians have more than hinted that the Greek emperors, while ostensibly assisting the Western Christians in holding their ground against the Crescent, maintained a secret alliance with the Moslem, who were less detestable as infidels than the Crusaders as schis-

matics. Playing off the Crusaders against the Musulman foe, Manuel Comnenus contrived to outwit both, and to maintain the dignity and splendour of his empire, and especially of his capital. Rabbi Benjamin was evidently much impressed by the splendour of Constantinople, then, by far, the greatest city of the Christian world. Eighteen miles in circumference, this great emporium of the East and West was pervaded by a great "stir and bustle" occasioned by the "conflux of many merchants." "At Constantinople," says the rabbi, "is the place of worship called St. Sophia, the metropolitan seat of the Pope of the Greeks, at variance with the Pope of Rome." Our rabbi, who, throughout his narratives, exhibits few traces of irritation against either Christian or Musulman, vastly admired the "place of worship called St. Sophia. It contains as many altars as there are days of the year, and possesses innumerable riches. All the other places of worship in the whole world do not equal St. Sophia in wealth. It is ornamented with pillars of gold and silver, and with innumerable lamps of the same precious materials." This splendour delighted Benjamin, who is pleased also to express his approval of the Hippodrome and its uses. "Every year the birthday of Jesus the Nazarene is celebrated there with public rejoicings. On these occasions you may

see there representatives of all the nations who inhabit the different parts of the world, with surprising feats of jugglery. Lions, bears, leopards, and wild asses, as well as birds, which have been trained to fight each other, are also exhibited." In the Saga of Sigurd the splendour of the Byzantine games is extolled in similar terms. The Viking visited Constantinople in 1111, and was made very welcome by the Emperor Alexis, who "sent men to ask him whether he would rather accept from the emperor six skippond (a *tøn*) of gold, or have the emperor give games in his honour." The Northman, who had had a successful voyage, did not want for money, and preferred the games. At these the emperor and empress were present, and the players who contended for victory were divided into kingsmen and queensmen, a tradition of the more ancient "blues and greens." Dramatic representations also took place, doubtless of mythological subjects, as the Northmen seemed to fancy themselves among their own deities, and pleasantly accepted Jupiter as Thor.

The wealth of the city, which was not sacked by the Latins till more than forty years after the visit of Rabbi Benjamin, must, according to his account, have been enormous. In the new palace, called Blachernes, the pillars and walls were covered with pure gold; the throne was of gold ornamented with

precious stones. "Over it hangs a golden crown, suspended on a chain of the same material, the length of which exactly admits the emperor to sit under it. This crown is ornamented with precious stones of inestimable value. Such is the lustre of these diamonds that, even *without any other light*, they illumine the room in which they are kept." When compared with drawings of the period, this account is seen to be very exact. The imperial throne resembled a canopy or baldacchino supported on four gold columns, studded with gems of immense size. This magnificence does not seem to have been confined to the court. All ranks and conditions of men fared sumptuously. "The Greeks who inhabit the country are extremely rich, and possess great wealth in gold and precious stones. They dress in garments of silk, ornamented with gold and other valuable materials. They ride upon horses, and in their appearance are like unto princes. The country is rich, producing all sorts of delicacies, as well as abundance of bread, meat, and wine. They are well skilled in the Greek sciences, and live comfortably, 'every man under his vine and his fig-tree.'" Now comes the weak point of all this prosperity and splendour. "The Greeks hire soldiers of all nations, whom they call barbarians, for the purpose of carrying on their wars with the Sultan of the Thogarmim, who are called Turks.

They have no martial spirit themselves, and, like unto women, are unfit for martial enterprises."

It is among the wealthy and effeminate Greeks that the Jewish traveller finds his brethren for the first time undergoing a species of persecution. In his account of Rome, he not only omits all mention of a Ghetto, but represents the Hebrews as enjoying power and consideration ; and in his notice of other Jewish colonies says nothing of civil disabilities. At Constantinople, however, he finds the Jews forbidden to dwell in the city, and " obliged to reside beyond the one arm of the sea, where they are shut in by the channel of Sophia on one side, and they can reach the city by water only when they want to visit it for purposes of trade." Compelled to live together in one spot—Pera—the Jews, who had a schism of their own, built a wall to divide the Rabbinites, or orthodox, from the Caraites, who rejected the authority of Rabbinic explanations. They appear to have enjoyed great material prosperity, and were either manufacturers of silk cloth or merchants, but their existence was not one of unalloyed delight. " No Jew is allowed to ride upon a horse, except R. Solomon Hamritsri, who is the king's physician, by whose influence the Jews enjoy many advantages even in their state of oppression, which is very severely felt by them ; and the hatred against them is increased by the practice of the tanners, who pour

out their filthy water in the streets, and even before the very doors of the Jews, who, being thus defiled, become objects of contempt to the Greeks. Their yoke is severely felt by the Jews, both good and bad ; for they are exposed to be beaten in the streets, and must submit to all sorts of bad treatment." After calling at Cyprus, not yet under the sway of the house of Lusignan, the rabbi visited Antioch, and made his way to Jerusalem. The state of that city, after half a century of Christian rule, under the successors of Godfrey de Bouillon, was curious and exceptional. Excited by holy fervour, the victorious soldiers of the first Crusade had slaughtered thousands of the unfortunate Jews, whom they found in Palestine, and driven many more to take shelter under the comparatively tolerant crescent. The Jerusalem of 1163 is described without the slightest enthusiasm, or sentiment of any kind, as " a small city strongly fortified, with three walls. It contains a numerous population, composed of Armenians, Greeks, Georgians, Franks, and indeed, of people of all tongues. The dyeing house is rented by the year, and the exclusive privilege of dyeing is purchased from the king, by the Jews of Jerusalem, two hundred of whom dwell in one corner of the city, under the tower of David." The military knights mustered strongly, four hundred Templars being always present in the city,



generally under vows to remain for a fixed period. "The large place of worship, called Sepulchre, is visited by all pilgrims," but the rabbi was more interested in the stables of King Solomon, the sepulchre of King Uzziah, and "the salt pillar into which Lot's wife was metamorphosed; and although the sheep continually lick it, the pillar grows again, and retains its original state. Mount Sion is also near Jerusalem, upon the acclivity of which stands no building, except a place of worship of the Nazarenes." The traveller further sees those three Jewish cemeteries, where, formerly, the dead were buried; some of the sepulchres had stones with inscriptions upon them, "but the Christians destroy these monuments, and use the stones in building their houses." Without the slightest expression of indignation, our traveller passes from what a Jew would naturally regard as an unpardonable affront, to repeat, in the words of the Rabbi Abraham, the recent but wonderful Christian legend of the tomb of David, frequently alluded to by mediæval travellers. "Fifteen years ago one of the walls of the place of worship, on Mount Sion, fell down, and the patriarch commanded the priest to repair it. He ordered stones to be taken from the original wall of Sion for that purpose, and twenty workmen were hired at stated wages, who broke stones from the very foundation of the walls of Sion. Two of these

labourers, who were intimate friends, upon a certain day treated one another, and repaired to their work after their friendly meal. The overseer accused them of dilatoriness, but they answered that they would still perform their day's work, and would employ thereupon the time while their fellow-labourers were at meals. They then continued to break out the stones, until happening to meet with one which formed the mouth of a cavern, they agreed to enter it in search of treasure, and they went on until they reached a large hall, supported by pillars of marble, encrusted with gold and silver, and before which stood a table with a golden sceptre and crown. This was the tomb of David, king of Israel, to the left of which they saw that of Solomon, in a similar state, and so of all the kings of Juda, who were buried there. They further saw chests locked up, the contents of which nobody knew, and were on the point of entering the hall, when a blast of wind like a storm issued forth from the mouth of the cavern, so strong that it threw them down—almost lifeless—on the ground. There they lay until evening, when another wind rushed forth, from which they heard the voice of a man calling aloud, 'Get up, and go forth from this place.' The men ran out, full of fear, and went to the patriarch, to report what had happened to them. This ecclesiastic summoned into his presence

the Rabbi Abraham el Constantini, aforesaid, a pious ascetic, one of the mourners of the downfall of Jerusalem, and caused the two labourers to repeat what they had previously reported. Rabbi Abraham thereupon informed the patriarch that they had discovered the sepulchres of the house of David, and of the kings of Juda. The following morning the labourers were sent for again, but they were found stretched on their bed, and still full of fear ; they declared that they would not go again to the cave, as it was not God's will to discover it to any one. The patriarch ordered the place to be walled up, so as to hide it effectually from every one, unto the present day."

Not one word of comment, of assent, or dissent concerning this singular story is uttered by the Spanish Jew. It is the old story, "it was told me," a formula almost always adopted by travellers when they decline to endorse any wonderful story. It is a curious narrative, and if anything can be imagined more remarkable than a Christian patriarch taking a rabbi into council, it is that no further investigation should have been made, but the whole story allowed to rest on the unsupported testimony of two labourers who had enjoyed "a friendly meal" together.

The rabbi appears to have visited Damascus—then the frontier town of Nouredin, Sultan of the Turks—where he found a magnificent Mohammedan

mosque, "said to be" the palace of Ben-Hadad ; devoted to the flames by the prophet Jeremiah, "I will kindle a fire in the wall of Damascus, and it shall consume the palaces of Ben-Hadad ;" and by Amos, "I will send a fire into the house of Hazaël, which shall devour the palaces of Ben-Hadad." One wall of this palace remained, and, says the Rabbi, "it is framed of glass by enchantment. This wall contains as many openings as there are days in the solar year, and the sun in gradual succession throws its light into the openings, which are divided into twelve degrees, equal to the number of the hours of the day, so that by this contrivance everybody may know what time it is."

Whatever substratum of truth may exist in this story, it would seem that Damascus was a very large city inclosed with a wall and surrounded by a beautiful country, "which, in a circuit of fifteen miles, presents the richest gardens, and orchards in such numbers and beauty as to be without equal upon earth." The reason for this extraordinary fertility is soon made evident. Damascus was well supplied with water, and the supply was admirably managed for the twelfth century ; "water is carried by means of pipes into the houses of the principal inhabitants as well as into the streets and markets." Mosul—where seven thousand Jews were harboured by the Mohammedans—is next described as a city

on the banks of the Tigris, joined by a bridge to Nineveh — then utterly in ruins, covered by numerous inhabited villages and small towns. The next great city mentioned is Baghdad, the metropolis of the khalifs, not yet abolished by the Mogul, and enjoying the same dignity over the Mohammedans," saith the rabbi rather spitefully, "as the pope enjoys over the Christians."

Here the Jews enjoyed great prosperity. Many of the officers of the great Abassid were of that nation, and he himself understood "all languages," was well versed in the Mosaic law, and read and wrote the Hebrew tongue. The khalif was not easily approached, and, when infested by crowds of pilgrims, who begged to see the light of his countenance, permitted a deputy to bless them, and a corner of his garment to be hung out of the window, to be eagerly kissed by the faithful. Judging from Benjamin's narrative, the khalif was an admirable ruler, who provided buildings and hostelryes—on the other side of the Euphrates—for the sick poor who resorted thither, in order to be cured. There were no less than sixty medical warehouses or dispensaries, all well provided, from the khalif's stores, with spices and other medicaments; and every patient who claimed assistance was fed at the khalif's expense until his cure was completed. Saracen ideas of sanitary measures did not stop at

dispensaries and isolation of the sick, but extended to those "insane persons who are met with, particularly during the hot season, every one of whom is secured by iron chains until his reason returns, when he is allowed to return to his home. For this purpose they are regularly examined once a month by officers appointed by the khalif for that purpose, and, when they are found to be possessed of reason, they are immediately liberated." An iron chain is, doubtless, a rude restorative of reason, but the "visiting justices" must be acknowledged as an early and happy thought of the Abasside khalifs.

Baghdad contained, moreover, a great college for the study of the Mosaic law; and the head of this institution enjoyed great dignity as a lineal descendant of David—a fact proved by "his pedigree," saith Rabbi Benjamin, this time with unquestioning faith. This great man enjoyed an immense revenue; was an excellent scholar, and gave a dinner-party every day; so that there is little wonder at his great popularity. All this part of the world swarmed with Jews: five thousand in Ras-el-Ain, and some twenty thousand around the site of Babylon—a place of pilgrimage to them. In the twelfth century, the evidence concerning the city of Semiramis was curious. It "was said" that the streets still extended for thirty miles, and that the ruins of the

temple of Nebuchadnezzar were still to be seen ; but "people are afraid to venture among them on account of the serpents and scorpions with which they are infested." At Kufa, the burial-place of King Jechoniah, we hear of seventy thousand, and in Telmas of one hundred thousand, and, in the province of which Thanijem was the metropolis, of forty cities, two hundred villages, and one hundred small towns, inhabited by three hundred thousand Jews ; who appear to have been both prosperous and powerful ; to have had rulers of their own ; and to have been, as of old, a "terror to their neighbours." They "were said" to be the descendants of the tribes of Reuben, Gad, and half the tribe of Manasseh, led away captives by Shalmaneser, King of Assyria, and who then repaired into mountainous retreats, erected cities, and fortified them.

Some ten years before the visit of Rabbi Benjamin, the Jews inhabiting this region had raised a mighty turmoil under a famous pretender, one David El-Roy. This man, born in the city of Amaria, had studied in Baghdad under the chief Hebrew—the prince of the captivity—Chisdai, and under Eli, president of the college of Geon Jacob. He became an excellent scholar, well versed in the Mosaic law, in the decisions of the rabbins, and in the Talmud ; understanding also the profane sciences, the language and writings of the Mohammedans,

and the lore of magicians and enchanters. This David—patriot, fanatic, or impostor, it is impossible to tell which—determined to rise in rebellion against the king of Persia, to unite and collect the Jews who lived in the mountains of Chapton, and to conquer Jerusalem. “He gave signs,” saith Rabbi Benjamin, “by false miracles,” declared himself invested with a divine mission, and was by many accepted as the Messiah. Summoned to the presence of the king of Persia, David went without fear, and, on being interrogated, declared himself to be “the king of the Jews.” He was at once committed to prison, but three days after presented himself before the king in council, having escaped from prison without human aid. The king said, “Who has brought thee hither, or who has set thee at liberty?” To which David answered, “My own wisdom and subtilty ; for verily I fear neither thee nor thy servants.” The king commanded that he should be seized, but his servants answered and said, “We see him not, and know him to be here only by the sound of his voice.” The king was much astonished at the craft of David, who then said, “I now go my own way ;” and went, followed by the king, his nobles, and servants, to the banks of the river, where he took his shawl, spread it upon the water, and crossed thereupon. At that moment he became visible. All the servants of the king saw him cross



the river on his shawl, and confessed him to be the greatest magician upon earth. The same day he travelled to Amaria (ten days' journey), and told the astonished Jews all that had happened to him. So far, his career was successful; but the king of Persia and the khalif of Baghdad now dealt severely with the Jews, and the former threatened to put all the Jews in his kingdom to death, unless the proceedings of David El-Roy were arrested. Hereat he was commanded by his pastors and masters to discontinue the course he had adopted, on pain of excommunication; but he pursued his career until a certain prince, named Sin-el-Din, sent for the father-in-law of the new prophet, and offered him ten thousand florins if he would secretly kill him. The unholy bargain was concluded, and David El-Roy was slain on his bed while he slept. The leader of this strange insurrection being thus disposed of, a present of one hundred talents of gold appeased the wrath of the Persian monarch, and the "land was tranquillised." Such is this Benjamin's version of the "wondrous Tale of Alroy."

These mountain Jews in their fortified cities appear to have been ticklish subjects for the Persian kings to deal with, and kept up a sort of alliance with the Caphar Tarac, or infidel Turks—the Ghuzes, who sprang from the northern bank of the Oxus. These unbelievers sorely harried the Persian frontier,

and were assisted by their Jewish allies on a notable occasion. The Caphar Tarac had invaded Persia, had taken the city of Rai, which they smote with the edge of the sword, when the Persian king raised a large army and went forth to give them battle. After a narrow escape from losing his entire army in the desert, the king reached the mountains where the Jews dwelt. There his scouts reported a large fortified city, and, after some delay, and many threats, the king was admitted, and, with his army, hospitably treated. In the meantime, however, the Jews secretly advised their allies to command the passes of the mountains, so that when the Persians went out to fight they were utterly defeated, and the Sultan was made prisoner.

Whether the rabbi ever went to India is doubtful. He relates the story of the drops of rain swallowed by the pearl oysters, and the subsequent development of these raindrops into pearls, and gives an account of the fire-worshippers and their curious mode of sepulture. He also speaks of the travellers to China who take bullocks' hides with them, and "whenever a storm arises and throws them into the sea of Niphka, sew themselves up in the hides, taking care to have a knife in their hand, and being secured against the sea water, throw themselves into the ocean, where they are soon perceived by a large eagle, called a griffin"—Sinbad's

roc, no doubt—"which takes them for cattle, darts down, seizes them in his gripe and carries them upon dry land to consume his prey. The man, however, now cuts his way out, kills the bird with his knife, and tries to reach an inhabited country. Many people have been saved by this stratagem."

After seeing Mount Sinai, and the Red Sea, the rabbi took shipping at Damietta, visited Palermo, and travelled thence by Rome, Lucca, and Mount Maurienne, over the passes into Germany—a country "full of hills and mountains." He rejoices greatly over the cities of Germany, the prosperity of the Jews therein, and the scholarship displayed by them. Thence he appears to have worked eastward into Russia, as far as Kiev, and to have returned across Germany again, and by Paris to the Peninsula, after an absence of about thirteen years. The worthy rabbi is overmuch taken up with his own people, but his reiterated statements leave no doubt that in his day the Jews fared well enough, if they did not fall in the track of the Crusaders, when they shared the fate of everybody else, except monks, and were either plundered or murdered, or both. One merit in his narrative is the calm and scholar-like way in which he recounts marvellous stories, without, in the slightest degree, either affirming or impugning their veracity.

## A TRAVELLED MOOR.

LONG before Othello discoursed of "antres vast and deserts idle," of the "anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," the Arabs had become celebrated for their long and varied travels. To the Arab, the wander-life, deemed by others a curse, was a purely natural state. To "keep moving" was a simple instinct. The habits of the Arab had been formed by the conditions of his existence. In years of drought the want of water and pasturage drove the children of Hagar to traverse the length and breadth of the Arabian peninsula; while a desire for the productions of Syria and Irâk, and a curiosity to visit the court of Cæsar, or of Chosroes, impelled caravans and solitary individuals to wander far from the arid land which gave them birth. Islamism gave a fresh impulse to these native tendencies. The pilgrimage to Mecca produced yearly a vast crop of caravans; which, setting out from Syria, Persia, and the extremities of Mohammedan Africa, met at the birthplace of

the prophet. These long journeys were rendered easy by the remarkable temperance of the Arab race, and Oriental hospitality also contributed to smooth the road to Mecca ; while the fatalist dogma—profoundly rooted in the Mussulman mind—induced a thorough contempt for privation and danger. Piety and profit thus acted strongly on the masses ; while persons of superior enlightenment, students of jurisprudence and theology, eagerly turned their steps from Spain and Morocco towards the schools of Tunis and Cairo, Damascus and Baghdad. The wide diffusion of the Arab language and of Islam by the sword of the prophet and his followers, afforded an additional inducement to enlightened travellers to extend their wanderings in the interest of learning and science—especially geography. Exchanging his native desert for the more treacherous sea, and his trusty camel for a crazy craft, the Arab, eager for knowledge and gain, boldly ventured upon unknown waters, destined to remain for long centuries unfurrowed by European keels.

Records of these voyages extend as far back as the ninth century of the Christian era, and, allowance being made for a certain Oriental tendency to long-windedness, and a painful redundancy of superstitious trash about the miracles of Mohammedan saints, the works of Arab travellers are interesting enough. Intermingled with pious ejaculations are

many acute observations, and descriptions remarkable for their accuracy. Beyond all question the most noteworthy of these Oriental voyagers is Ibn Batuta—a learned theologian of Tangier. Within a few years of the date at which Sir John Mandeville set out on his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, the Tangerine started also on a devotional journey. On a Thursday—the second of the month of Redjeb, in the year of the Hegira 725 (14th June, A.D. 1325)—the sheikh Abu-Abd-Allah, etc., etc., generally known as Ibn Batuta, forsook the city of his birth, with the intention of making a pilgrimage to Mecca, and visiting the tomb of the prophet. Aged twenty-two, and skilled in the Arabic learning of his time, the Moor entertained a liberal notion of the uses of a pilgrimage, and, accordingly, saw the world very thoroughly. On his direct way to Mecca and Medina he traversed part of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, and Arabia Petræa. Remaining in the East for several years, he made many pilgrimages to Mecca, and remained for nearly three years near that focus of Islam. At various times he explored the provinces of Arabia, Syria, Persia, Irak, Mesopotamia, Zanzibar, Asia Minor, and the Kiptchak, or southern Russia, then ruled over by the descendants of Chinghiz Khan. He also made an excursion to Constantinople, and travelled by an overland route through Bokhara, Badakhshan, and

Afghanistan to the court of the Sultan Mohammed Ibn Toghlouk, at Delhi. Here he exercised the functions of cadi for two years, and was afterwards intrusted with a mission to the Emperor of China. Making his way to Calicut, then the great emporium of commerce between India and other countries of Asia, he found that the junk on which his slaves and other effects were embarked had already set sail; and he accordingly went to the Maldivé Islands, where he administered justice for about a year and a half. He then recommenced his travels, visited Ceylon, the Indian Archipelago, and a part of China; and, finally, after a truly Oriental grand tour—which occupied the twenty-four years between 1325 and 1349—returned to his native country. Like those modern tourists whose first inquiry on arriving anywhere is, “When does the next train leave?” he had hardly reached home when he started anew for the Mussulman kingdom of Granada. In 1351 he set out from Fez on a journey through Soudan, and returned in 1354, having seen the two capitals of Soudan, Melly and Timbuctoo. Ibn Batuta was thus the earliest traveller into the interior of Africa who has left any record of his observations.

While engaged on his first pilgrimages to Mecca, the youthful divine met with few adventures of a stirring character; and the early part of his book is an example of more than common Oriental prosiness.

I am aware that a small—a very small—halo of romance still clings to the East, but am well assured that much of this is due to the Arabian Nights' Entertainments ; a book which may have been extracted from Oriental sources by a Frenchman, but to which no Arab ever put his prosy hand. If the quick-witted Frank really picked up the backbone of his admirably told tales from Arabian sources, all I can say is, I pity him sincerely, and thank him more than ever for his charming version. No Arab could possibly have told a story, even with the bowstring round his neck, in the clear, simple style of the Arabian Nights. The most commonplace narrative must needs be interlarded with pious ejaculations,\* ridiculous saints and miracles, poetry of the Catnach school, and indescribable twaddle and tedium of all kinds — compared with which the humblest penny-a-lining is graphic and brilliant. Benjamin of Tudela is sadly deficient in literary ability ; but the Jew has an immense advantage over the Mohammedan, owing to his freedom from superstition, while it is almost impossible to get Ibn Batuta past a town without being wearied with miracles, and made semi-idiotic with the so-called poetry of the East.

This furiously devout traveller often went far out of his way to visit sheikhs of peculiar sanctity.

At Damietta he hunted up a celebrated sheikh of



the Kalenders, who shave their chins and eyebrows. The account given of the origin of this custom is curious. The sheikh, it appears, was an exceedingly well-made and handsome man — a great inconvenience to a pious anchorite, for one of the women of Sawah presently fell in love with him. Being severely smitten, the lady proceeded to persecute the worthy sheikh, and to render life a burden to him. She was perpetually sending messages to him, lying in wait to meet him in the street, and otherwise setting her turban at him ; but the sheikh was not moved by these blandishments, and resisted all her advances like a Stoic. At last the lady became weary of laying siege to the handsome sheikh, and not having read Virgil, was of course unaware that she ought to have hated the scorner of her charms. She loved on hopelessly, till she took counsel with an aged female, and laid a little plot. One morning, as the sheikh was on his way to the mosque, he was stopped by an old woman bearing a sealed letter in her hand. As the sheikh passed by her she said, “Master, can you read?” “Yes,” replied he. Then said the old woman, “Behold this letter has been sent to me by my son ; I wish you would read it for me.” And he answered, “I will.” But when she had opened the letter, she said, “Master, my son has a wife, who is in yonder house ; might I pray you to be good enough to read the

letter in the portico, between the two doors, so that she may hear?" To this arrangement the obliging sheikh assented; but, when he had got through the first door, the old woman closed it, and the young lady who loved him came out with a troop of slaves. The sheikh was seized upon, and carried into an inner apartment, where the lady declared her intention of marrying him forthwith. The holy man tried to escape matrimony with an ingenuity and perseverance which reflect infinite honour upon his memory, but the damsel would not be denied. Finding there was no hope of escape, the sheikh said, "If it must be so, 'tis well. I will marry you at once; but while the wedding-feast is preparing, allow me to retire to a sleeping-room, that I may say my prayers and attire myself as a bridegroom." The lady granting this reasonable request, he retired, taking with him some water for his ablutions, and so soon as he was alone, drew forth a razor which he had with him, and shaved off his beard and both his eyebrows. Presenting himself thus to his ardent bride, he was received exactly as he expected and wished. The lady was utterly disgusted with him, and detesting both his person and his deed, ordered her servants to drive him out of the house. Having by his heroism escaped wedlock, this bright example to bachelors ever after preserved the same appearance; and every one of his sect also submitted

to the shaving off of his beard and eyebrows. The name of this great man, which should be written in letters of gold, was Jamāl Oddīn El Sāwī.

Going on to Cairo, Ibn Batuta visited the Minget of Ibn Khasīb, and, after his manner, stops to tell a story about it, the point of which appears to be that a poet was once known to refuse the gift of a large ruby. It is pleasing, however, to hear that he was ultimately prevailed upon to accept it, and then walked straight off to the jewel-dealers to sell it. These acute persons, knowing the man to be a poet, declared that he could not have come honestly by so large a stone, and hauled him before the sultan, a proceeding which caused Khasīb, the giver of the ruby, to be restored to high honours.

It is not until the Moor gets to Mecca and Medina that he becomes really tedious, but among the holy places he is downright unbearable. He is more cheerful at Dantascus, where he indulges in many poetical quotations. At Constantinople, he was dreadfully shocked to see that the Queen of the Bulgarians, when on a visit to her father, the Greek Emperor, gave evidence of backsliding from Islamism by eating the flesh of swine. Hence he journeyed to Serai on the Volga, and thence across the desert to Khaurism (Khiva), then the centre of a powerful state. Praising the melons of Khiva, and dallying awhile at Bokhara, our sheikh pursued

his way through Afghanistan and the Punjab to Delhi.

Like most Orientals, and many western people, our Arab wanderer mingled devotion and superstition with a keen love of juggling, whereof he narrates many wondrous particulars. He was much impressed with the feats of the Indian Jogis—a peculiar race of conjuring fanatics. He describes them as living sometimes in a “cave underground for a whole year, without eating or drinking;” but puts the saving clause “I heard,” before this powerful statement. Next he comes to what he actually saw for himself. “I saw, too, in the city of Sanjarur, one of the Moslems, who had been taught by them, and who had set up for himself a lofty cell, like an obelisk. Upon the top of this he stood for five-and-twenty days, during which time he neither ate nor drank. In this situation I left him, nor do I know how long he continued there after I had left the place. People say that they mix certain seeds, one of which is destined for a certain number of days or months, and that they stand in need of no other support during all this time.”

While filling the post of *cadi*, the Moor had abundant opportunities for observing these Jogis, who were credited with extraordinary power, especially for evil. “Some of them will kill a man with a look: but this is most frequently done by the

women. The woman who can do so is called a Goftār. It happened, when I was judge of Delhi, and the emperor was upon one of his journeys, that a famine took place. On this occasion the emperor ordered that the poor should be divided among the nobles for support, until the famine should cease. My portion, as affixed by the vizier, amounted to five hundred. These I sustained in a house which I built for the purpose. On a certain day during this time, a number of them came to me, bringing a woman with them, who, as they said, was a Goftār, and had killed a child which happened to be near her. I sent her, however, to the vizier, who ordered four large vessels to be filled with water, and tied to her. She was then thrown into the river Jumna. She did not sink in the water, but remained unhurt, so they knew that she was a Goftār. But if she had sunk, they would have taken her out of the water, knowing her to be innocent. And the vizier ordered her to be burnt, which was done."

The vizier, like another well-known historical personage, evidently tried to please the public—a proceeding to which our worthy Tangerine would not descend. This excellent man, when not at his devotions, or occupying the judgment-seat, was much with the Emperor Mohammed Toghlouk, who on one occasion treated him to a sight of the Jogis's juggling. "Then came two of these, wrapped up

in cloaks, with their heads covered (for they take out all their hairs with powder). The emperor caressed them and said, pointing to me, 'This is an illustrious stranger from afar off. Show him what he has never yet seen.' They said, 'We will.' One of them then crouched down and presently raised himself from the earth, still retaining the posture of a man stooping down, until he floated in the air above our heads."

This was a little too much for Ibn Batuta, and he was so astonished and terrified that he "fainted and fell to the earth," whereat the emperor ordered him "some medicine which he had with him."

"Upon taking this, I recovered and sat up, the crouched-up man still remaining in the air just as he had been. His companion then took a sandal belonging to one of those who had come out with him, and struck it upon the ground as if he had been angry. The sandal then ascended until it was above the neck of the man in the air. It then began to strike him on the nape of the neck, while, little by little, he came down to the ground, and, at last, rested in the place he had left. The emperor then told me that the man who doubled himself up into a cubic form was a disciple to the owner of the sandal, 'and,' continued he, 'had I not feared for thy reason, I should have ordered them to show thee greater things than these.' From this, however,

I took a palpitation at the heart, until the emperor ordered me a medicine which restored me."

During his visit to Khansa (the Kinsay of Polo—Hangchaufu) Ibn Batuta was present at a great entertainment, at which jugglers were introduced at the conclusion of the repast, and our Moor's description of the marvels that ensued may be commended to the careful consideration of the ingenious Dr. Lynn, and the equally astute Mr. Maskelyne. "That same night, a juggler, who was one of the Khan's slaves, made his appearance, and the Amir said to him, 'Come and show us some of your marvels.' Upon this he took a wooden ball with several holes in it, through which long thongs were passed, and laying hold of one of these, slung it into the air. It went so high that we lost sight of it altogether. (It was the hottest season of the year, and we were outside, in the middle of the palace court.) There now remained only a little of the end of a thong in the conjurer's hand, and he desired one of the boys who assisted him to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, climbing by the thong, and we lost sight of him also. The conjurer then called to him three times, but getting no answer he snatched up a knife as if in a great rage, laid hold of the thong, and disappeared also! By-and-by he threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand,

and then the other foot, then the trunk, and last of all the head! Then he came down himself, all puffing and panting, and with his clothes all bloody, kissed the ground before the Amir, and said something to him in Chinese. The Amir gave some order in reply, and our friend then took the lad's limbs, laid them together in their places, and gave a kick—when the boy got up and stood before us! All this astonished me beyond measure, and I had an attack of palpitation, like that which overcame me once before, in the presence of the Sultan of India, when he showed me something of the same kind. They gave me a cordial, however, which cured the attack. The *cadi* Afkharuddin was next to me, and said, 'Wallah! 'tis my opinion there has been neither going up nor coming down, neither marring nor mending, 'tis all jugglery!'

Let us compare with this, which Ibn Batuta the Moor says he saw at Hangchanfu in China, in 1348, the account given by Edward Melton—an English gentleman, who wrote his "*Zee-en-Land-Reizen*" in low Dutch—of the performances of a Chinese troop of jugglers, which he witnessed at Batavia, in December, 1676. What gives this account an extraordinary circumstantiality, is that Melton's book, profusely adorned with plates, has a remarkable one, in which the Chinamen aforesaid are depicted performing the "*perche*," well known in London streets;



the famous basket-murder trick, known for ages in India, and recently performed in Europe ; and the wonderful trick which Melton, after giving a vivid account of the basket-murder trick, proceeds to describe thus : " But now I am going to relate a thing which surpasses all belief, and which I should scarcely venture to insert here, had it not been witnessed by thousands before my own eyes. One of the same gang took a ball of cord, and grasping one end of the cord in his hand, slung the other up into the air with such force that its extremity was beyond reach of our sight. He then immediately climbed up the cord with indescribable swiftness, and got so high that we could no longer see him. I stood full of astonishment, not conceiving what was to come of this ; when lo ! a leg came tumbling down out of the air. One of the conjuring company instantly snatched it up, and threw it into the basket whereof I have formerly spoken. A moment later a hand came down, and immediately on that another leg. And in short all the members of the body came thus successively tumbling from the air, and were cast together into the basket. The last fragment of all that we saw tumble down was the head, and no sooner had that touched the ground, than he who had snatched up all the limbs and put them in the basket, turned them all out again topsy-turvy. Then straightway we saw with these eyes all those

limbs creep together again, and in short form a whole man, who at once could stand and go just as before, without showing the least damage. Never in my life was I so astonished as when I beheld this wonderful performance, and I doubted now no longer that these misguided men did it by the help of the devil."

In the plate illustrating this extraordinary passage, the juggler is shown, firstly, throwing up the ball of rope ; secondly, climbing up a rope, the superior end of which disappears in the clouds ; and, thirdly, in the act of coming down by instalments, which his confederate is picking up and putting into a basket. There can, therefore, be no possible doubt as to the exact meaning of the Anglo-Dutch voyager.

It is curious to find a similar story in the Memoirs of the Emperor Jehangire. Seven jugglers, from Bengal, exhibited before his majesty. "After performing the feat of cutting a man to pieces, scattering the limbs over the floor, covering them with a sheet, and then bringing him out safe and sound, they produced a chain of fifty cubits in length, and, in my presence, threw one end of it towards the sky, where it remained, as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward, and, being placed at the lower end of the chain, immediately ran up, and, reaching the other end, immediately disappeared in the air. In the

same manner a hog, a panther, a lion, and a tiger were successively sent up the chain, and all equally disappeared at the upper end of the chain. At last they took down the chain and put it into a bag ; no one ever discovering in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner above described."

The varieties of this vanishing trick impress the reader with the truthfulness of the several narratives. Although one describes a leather thong, another a rope, and the third a chain, all agree that the line was hooked on to the sky. Modern visitors to juggling séances are well aware, from the experience of Pepper's ghost, that almost any kind of illusion can be produced on a stage, or in an enclosed space, by skilfully-arranged mirrors ; but all the accounts cited agree in this Chinese feat being performed in the open air. Edward Melton draws a large, open square, or market-place, surrounded by shops and filled with a crowd of people, who are standing all round the jugglers—a liberty by no means permitted by modern professors.

Nothing is more strange to a modern traveller than to find that the wandering Moor—who had penetrated into many far countries, from Timbuctoo to Tartary, and from Barbary to Bengal ; had stood on Gibraltar, and exulted that the position of the crescent there was the keenest thorn in the side of

the infidel ; had served in India both as judge and soldier, from the Hindoo Koosh to the Coral Islands, which lie under the equator ; had eaten the water-melons of Khiva, and the grapes of Malaga ; drunk koumiss with the Tartars of the Kiptchak, and samshu'd with the Chinese, should have been a highly-domesticated person—a much married man. He was always getting married, and certainly possessed one great virtue in a husband, the art of tackling his wives' relations. On his first journey he had gone no further than from Tangier to Tripoli when he got married, so far as he tells us, for the first time. No sooner had he rejoined the caravan than he had a first-rate "row" with his father-in-law, separated from his wife, and married another girl—the daughter of a tālib of Fez. He celebrated this event by a great banquet, to which he invited the whole caravan for the space of a day. At Delhi he had the misfortune to lose a daughter, and was much comforted by the splendid ceremonies decreed on that occasion, and the kindness shown by the emperor's mother to that Mrs. Batuta who was the mother of the child. I say this advisedly, as, in his chapter on the Maldivé Islands, he refers to a king of Malabar as having "married a sister to one of my wives when I lived at Delhi." Residing at the Maldives for the space of a year and a half, he not only accumulated a

choice collection of Mahratta, Coromandel, and other female slaves—notably one Gulistân (the flower-bed), a Mahrattese—but four regular legitimate wives. It seems that he was “run after” by the managing fathers of the country. He began by proposing to marry the daughter of one vizier, but the grand vizier refused his permission, as he wanted our Moor for his own daughter, for whom Ibn Batuta had no liking, “for she was unlucky. Two persons had already been betrothed to her and died.” Like a prudent man he tried to “bolt” altogether, but the Maldivians would not hear of it, and promised him the girl of (part of) his heart. At the last minute the lady sent to say she was ill, whereat the grand vizier took the Moor apart and said, “His daughter evidently dislikes the marriage, and she is mistress of her own actions. But here are the people all gathered together. Something must be done. You must marry somebody. Will you marry the mother-in-law of the sultana, widow of the father of my son’s wife?” This was settled at once, the Mussulman profession of faith read, and the dowry paid over. “A few days after, my wife was handed over to me, and proved one of the best women that ever lived. So excellently good was she, that, when I was her husband, she anointed me with sweet unguents and perfumed my garments, laughing sweetly all the while.”

As *cadi*—an office to which he was appointed in consequence of this marriage—he undertook to enforce (by whip) a due observance of the laws relating to marriage and divorce, and tried to thrash the men into devotion and the women into clothing themselves decently. In the latter attempt he broke down completely. Meanwhile he married the daughter of another vizier, descended from a sultan, and a third, a widow of a sultan, and built three houses for these ladies in the garden the vizier had given unto him. “As for my fourth wife, the daughter-in-law of the Vizier Abd Allah, she lived in her own house, and was the wife whom of all I cherished the most.” These royal alliances made our friend too powerful to be endured by the Maldivian authorities, who got rid of him, and allowed him with great difficulty to take two of his wives away with him (for, by law, no man could take away a Maldivienne), and one of these was compelled to sacrifice her property. However, she was taken ill, and was left behind, after all; and the other wife was handed over to her father in the Moluccas. In those beautiful islands the redoubtable Moor married two more wives, an indisputable proof of the naturally domestic habits of this celebrated wanderer.

## A LEARNED AMBASSADOR.

IN Auger Gislen, Seigneur de Busbec, we encounter a man of very different complexion from the scientific condottiere, Mandeville. Instead of fighting for the Soldan of Babylon, the Grand Khan of the Tartars, and other worshippers of Mahound and Termagant, and asserting the spherical form of the earth at the imminent risk of everlasting perdition, Busbequius lived and died a scholar and diplomatist in the service of the Emperor of Germany. Doubtless an adroit ambassador, for he died in harness, he is still more distinguished by his literary skill, and the calm and scholar-like fashion in which he recounts events which to the vulgar would be "sensational." Like many men who have played an important part in the great world-drama, Augerius Gislenius Busbequius — as he loved to Latinise himself — bore the bar-sinister in his escutcheon. His noble father, Gilles Gislen, the proprietor of the Castle of Busbec, Busbecq, or

Busbecq (spelling was a mere matter of fancy in olden times), on the river Lys, between Commines and Menin, hesitated to contract a "hymeneal alliance" with a base-born maiden, but, to do him justice, spared neither pains nor expense in educating his son to the highest pitch of perfection then attainable, and in pushing him on in the world when he was able to take his part therein. Young Busbec, who was brought up in his father's house, at an early age made such remarkable progress in his studies, that his delighted parent hastened to obtain from the Emperor Charles the Fifth an imperial rescript, legitimising him. He enjoyed the advantage of a residence of several years at the universities of Louvain, Paris, Venice, Bologna, and Padua. Having acquired a knowledge of seven languages — to wit, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, German, Flemish, and Slavonic — and imbibed much philosophy and an elegant taste for antiquities, botany, and zoology, he was thought fit for work. Whether he spoke all the languages above enumerated "like a native" I know not; but I can testify that he wrote Latin in an elegant and smooth, yet vivacious style, a study of which would be invaluable to the Gresham lecturers of the present day.

In 1554, being then thirty-two years of age, Busbec commenced his diplomatic career in the suite



of Don Pedro Lasso, ambassador at the English Court from the titular King of the Romans, afterwards Ferdinand the First, Emperor of Germany, and in his official capacity was present at the celebration of the ill-omened marriage between Philip the Second of Spain and Mary of England. On his return to Flanders, he received at Lille a letter from Ferdinand, commanding him to present himself at Vienna, preparatory to going on an embassy to Constantinople. Appointed to this important mission, Busbec made no longer stay than to visit his home and take leave of his father and friends ; and, taking Tournay in his way, hastened to Brussels. Here he met Don Pedro Lasso, who "spurred him on" to the journey, and the young diplomatist immediately took horse and hastened towards Vienna.

On arriving at his destination, he was at once introduced into the presence of King Ferdinand by the Secretary of State, John Van der Aa, and was delighted at his reception : "The prince received me with the respect be used to show to those persons of whose probity and faithfulness he had conceived a great opinion." Ferdinand had, it seems, promised the Pacha of Buda that his envoy should be at Buda by the beginning of December, and there was, therefore, need for haste, for the King of the Romans was by no means willing that the "Turks should take any

advantage to break their agreement upon the pretence that he had failed in the performance of his." Only twelve days remained—to modern minds a long while to take in going from Vienna to Buda—but, in the opinion of Busbec, very short for the preparation and performance of a "long and tedious" journey. Moreover, one of these days was "cut off" by a command of the king, who sent his new ambassador to visit John Maria Malvezius, then at Comora. This veteran diplomatist had been long resident at Constantinople, was well acquainted with the manners and disposition of the Turks, and was at that moment dying of a disease contracted during a two years' incarceration in the Seven Towers—a hideous state prison at the southern corner of Constantinople, wherein the Turks were apt to lock up foreign ambassadors upon very slight provocation. It had been originally intended to send Malvezius again among the Ottomans; but, worn down by his malady, he refused to go, and Busbec was substituted for him.

Away rode Busbec from Vienna to "Comora, a castle seated on the confluence of the Danube and the river Vaga (Waag), a frontier garrison against the Turks"—the famous virgin fortress Komorn—whither he brought orders to Malvezius, to instruct him concerning his mission. It was not a very encouraging or inspiring entertainment for the new

envoy to the 'Turks to be closeted for a couple of days with a man who had been injured unto death in the very position he was himself about to occupy ; but he profited much by the interview, and husbanded the hints of the dying diplomatist as to what he was to do and avoid in his daily conversation with the Turks, and how to escape the impositions of those heathens. Preparations being at length complete, Busbec set out from Vienna, and, passing through Komorn, crossed the Waag, and pushed on to Gran, " the first garrison of the Turks I came to in Hungary." The governor of Komorn, one Colonel John Pax—an awkward name for a soldier—" had sent sixteen horse with me (of those that the Hungarians call Hussars)," and before long the party met a body of Turkish horse, sent forward to meet them. The Turkish cavalry excited the admiration of the scholar, who says : " To a man unaccustomed to see such sights, it was a very pleasant spectacle, for their bucklers and spears were curiously painted, their sword-hilts bedecked with jewels, their plumes of feathers parti-coloured, and the coverings of their heads were twisted with round windings, as white as snow ; their apparel was purple, or at least dark blue ; they rode upon stately prancers, adorned with most beautiful trappings." Busbec was conducted straightway to Gran, where he was entertained, " not after a courtly, but after a

military manner;" for, instead of beds, the Turks spread coarse shaggy rugs upon the hard boards for his attendants. The prudent scholar here indulges in a self-satisfied chuckle. "Thus my following had a taste of Turkish delights (forsooth); as for myself, I fared better, for my bed was carried along with me wheresoever I went." At Gran, Busbec " marvelled much to hear the croaking of frogs in such a cold season of the year as the month of December; the cause was, the waters, stagnant in those places, are made warm by sulphureous exhalations." Pushing on to Buda, he there witnessed the manœuvres of the Turkish cavalry, who " began to show me some sport, curvetting and discharging one against the other; they threw their bonnets on the ground, and, galloping their horses with full speed by them, they took them up by the points of their spears, and many such ludicrous pranks did they perform." Here also he got the first sight of the dreaded Janizaries, at that time the most numerous and the best disciplined corps of infantry in the world. Busbequius, saturated with ancient history, compares them to the Roman prætorian guards, but was clearly astounded at the ascetic manners of the Janizaries, who fulfilled at this period other functions than mere fighting. " Their number, when it is filled, is twelve thousand, and their prince disperses them all over his dominions—either

to garrison his forts against his enemy, or to be safeguard to Christians and Jews against the injurious rage of the multitude ; for there is no well-inhabited village, town, or city, wherein there are not some or others of these Janizaries to protect Christians, Jews, and other helpless persons from the fury of the rabble. The castle of Buda is always garrisoned by them ; their habit is a long garment down to the ankles ; upon their heads they wear the sleeve of a coat or cloak, for from thence, as they say, the pattern was drawn ; their head is put into part of it, and part of it hangs down behind, flapping upon their shoulders ; in the front or fore part of it there arises a silver cone, somewhat long, gilt over, and wrought with jewels of an ordinary sort. These Janizaries usually came to me by couples ; when they were admitted they bowed their heads and made obeisance, and presently they ran hastily to me, and touched either my garment or my hand, as if they would have kissed it ; and then forced upon me a bundle or nosegay of hyacinth or narcissus, and presently retired backward." These visits were not altogether mere demonstrations of respect, " for," continues the ambassador, " when I had given them money (which was the only thing they aimed at) they bowed their heads again, and giving me thanks with a loud voice, they wished me all happiness, and departed." Busbequius could

not sufficiently admire the behaviour of this highly-drilled corps, and remarks that "they stood, with a great deal of modesty and silence, with their hands upon their breasts, and fixing their eyes upon the ground, so that they seemed more like 'our monks than their soldiers. Yet these are the Janizaries that carry such a terror with them wheresoever they come." Again, when, at the end of his journey, the ambassador was admitted to an audience of the great Solyman, he remarks : "Among the rest, I most admired the Janizaries. Though there were several thousands of them, yet they stood at a distance from one another, silent and motionless, as if they had been statues ; so that I, who was at some distance from them, at first thought they had been statues, till, being told to salute them as the custom is, I saw them all bow their heads at once by way of re-salutation unto me."

Busbec's account of the Janizaries reflects the greatest credit upon his powers of observation. His comparison of their demeanour with that of monks is perfect ; but it is somewhat remarkable that he should have made no inquiries into the origin of the famous corps which so strongly excited his interest. The Janizaries were, in point of fact, military monks, like the knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Amurath, like all absolute monarchs, felt the want of a regiment of guards, attached to him alone, who should

have neither tie nor sympathy with his subjects, should be completely ignorant or utterly careless of customs, and know no law but his command. To this end the corps of Janizaries was founded, and was wholly composed of Christian youths, the children of the conquered, "caught young," brought up most carefully in the Mohammedan faith, and trained for war. They were not allowed to marry, Amurath being apparently of the opinion of Lord Bacon, that he that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, and is less valid for great undertakings than a bachelor. Even in the last degenerate days of the Janizaries, when marriage was permitted among them, no married man was ever advanced in rank, the lead being reserved for the single. At the time when Busbec saw them, these singular soldiers were at the highest pitch of efficiency, and had forty-two years earlier shown their prætorian proclivities by deposing Bazajet the Second.

During his short stay at Buda, the Turks often dropped in to sup with the imperial ambassador, "and were mightily taken with the delicious sweetness of my wine; it is a liquor that they have but little of in Turkey, and therefore they more greedily desire it, and drink it more profusely when once they come where it is. They continued carousing till late at night; but afterwards I grew weary of

the sport, and therefore rose from table and went to my chamber ; but as for them, they went away sad because they had not their full swing at the goblet, but were able to stand upon their feet." These persistent guests generally contrived to get on very well without their temperate and learned host, who oft allowed them to drink their fill after he had left. "Being thus accommodated, they tippled it out till they were even dead drunk, and, tumbling down, lay fast asleep on the ground." This determination to pursue a carouse to the end arose from the careful application of Turkish logic to a case which presented some difficulty : " You must know that it is a great sin in Turkey to drink wine, especially for those who are well stricken in years ; as for the younger sort, they think the offence to be venial. But seeing they expect no less punishment after death for drinking a little wine than if they drank ever so much, when once they have tasted of that liquor they go on to drink more and more ; for having once incurred the penalty of their law, they think they may sin gratis, and account drunkenness as a matter of gain."

With these agreeable companions, and in visiting the hot springs and other curiosities of the neighbourhood, Busbec passed his time pending the convalescence of the Pacha of Buda, who had been thrown into a violent sickness by the loss of a large



sum of money. To his despair, his own physician, Heer William Quacqueleben, was requested to attend the pacha, for "if he had died, the Turks would say my physician had killed him; and by that means the good man might have run a great hazard, and I myself might also have borne part of the infamy, as being accessory thereto." However, the pacha got better, and after an unsatisfactory interview, allowed the embassy to proceed on their journey in boats, down the Danube to Belgrade. This was quicker, and moreover safer, than the land route. "The vessel in which I was, was drawn along by a lesser pinnace, in which there were twenty-four oars. The mariners rowed night and day without any intermission, except only a few hours that the poor souls borrowed to sleep and eat in. In my passage down the river, I could not but observe the venturousness, not to say temerity, of the Turks, who were not afraid to sail on in the mistiest weather and the darkest night, and when the wind blew very hard too; and, besides, there were many water-mills, with several trunks and boughs of trees hanging over the banks, which made our passage very dangerous; so that sometimes our vessel, by the boisterousness of the wind, was driven to the bank, and there dashed against old stumps of trees hanging over, so that it was like to split; this is certain, that she lost some planks out of her

hull, which made a terrible crack and noise when they were loosed therefrom. This noise awaked me ; leaping out of my bed, I advised the mariners to be more cautious : they lifted up their voices and gave me no other answer than ‘ *Alaure,*’ i.e., God will help ; and so I might go to bed again if I would.”

After a five-days’ voyage the travellers arrived safely at Belgrade. At the sight of this great city, which had only been wrested from the Christians in 1520, Busbec remarks that in the preceding generation this bulwark of Hungary, although vigorously assaulted by the Turks, first under Amurath and again under Mahomet, was valiantly defended, and the barbarians beaten off with great loss ; but that at the time of Solyman’s invasion, Belgrade, either by the neglect of young King Lewis or by the discords of the factious Hungarian nobles, was destitute of a garrison capable of defending it, and thus fell an easy prey to the enemy. He attributes the utter ruin of Hungary to the loss of Belgrade. That door being once opened, “ an *Iliad* of miseries broke in upon poor Hungary.” Disaster followed disaster, until King Lewis the Second, at the head of twenty-five thousand Hungarians, made a last desperate stand at Mohacs, and was utterly defeated by Solyman and two hundred thousand Turks ! No doubt the Hungarians, enfeebled by constant losses and racked by internal dissensions, were greatly out-

numbered ; but no careful historian attaches much weight to figures. On the fatal field of Mohacs the Hungarians lost their king, seven bishops, and an entire army. The Turks now overran Hungary, took Budæ, and enslaved Transylvania. For, saith Busbec, “ the Ottomans are herein not unlike to great rivers, whose swelling waves, if they break down any part of the bank or dyke that keeps them in, spread far and near and do abundance of mischief ; so the Turks, but far more perniciously, having once broke through the obstacles that stopped them, make a vast spoil wherever they come.”

At Belgrade, Busbec found an opportunity of gratifying his taste for antique coins, in the collection of which he took a great delight. His physician, Quacqueleben, fitted him “ to a hair, for he was as much addicted to those studies as myself. I found a great many pieces which on one side represented a Roman soldier, placed between a bull and a horse, with this inscription — *Tauranum*.” On the road to Constantinople the party put up at caravanserais, where “ nothing is done in secret.” Busbec abhorred this sort of lodging, because the eyes of all the Turks were continually upon him. Moreover, the custom was to send to every guest a pilau—“ a great wooden dish almost as big as a table ; in the middle a platter full of barley boiled to a jelly, with a little piece of flesh, and about the

platter were some small loaves, and here and there a piece of honeycomb." He tried desperately hard to back out of eating this mysterious mess, as his own supper was being cooked by his servant, and he was naturally averse to spoiling his appetite with an unknown and infidel dish ; but the host "took it amiss," and hinted pretty clearly that it was eaten by "three-tailed bashaws," and therefore was good enough for a Christian ambassador. Sorely pressed, poor Busbec made up his mind to "execute himself," and swallowed the pilau like a philosopher. He was agreeably surprised. "The relish of it pleased me well, for it is of the kind commended by Galen—very wholesome and not unpleasing to the taste."

On arriving at Constantinople in January, 1555, our traveller found that Solyman was not there, but at the head of his army at Amasia, a city of ancient Cappadocia. Solyman at this time was well stricken in years, and was ruled almost completely by his wife Roxalana and his son-in-law, the Grand Vizier Rustan, the last great financier that Turkey produced. These two had by their intrigues recently brought about the death of a promising son of Solyman, Mustapha—the idol of the army, and therefore detested by Roxalana, who desired the succession for her own children. Busbec does not hesitate to apply the epithet "contemptible" to the means adopted by Rustan to raise money : "For he

laid a tax on herbs, roses, and violets, which grew in great men's gardens; he caused the armour, coats of mail, warriors' horses of such as were taken prisoners of war, to be sold; and by such ways as these he got together such a mass of money that Solyman was very secure on that part. There is a chamber in the Seraglio at Constantinople over which there is this inscription—"Here is the money obtained by the diligence of Rustan."

While preparing for the journey to Amasia—esteemed a mighty serious business—Busbec observed the curiosities and humours of Constantinople. Like the Roman Cardinal—who, having never observed any sea but the Mediterranean, was startled to find the river Thames running upwards as he arrived with the tide—the Fleming admired much the "nature of that sea which always runs downward with a vast stream, and never recoils with any tide." He regrets that the fear of swelling his epistle to too great a bulk prevents him from dilating on Chalcedon, the city of the blind; but being, like most scholars, somewhat of an epicure, he mentions the great variety of fish caught in the Bosphorus, and smacks his lips at the recollection of those highly-flavoured importations from the Palus Mæotis—botargo and caviare. He finds space also for the well-known story of the artificer who undertook to raise the obelisk in the hippodrome, and finding the

ropes slack under the strain, wetted them till by their shrinkage they raised the obelisk to its position—*emphatically* a tough story, told also of the obelisk at Rome. More interesting were the panthers, leopards, and lions, trained by some Vān Amburgh of the period till “they were so gentle and tame that I saw one of the keepers pull a sheep out of a lion’s mouth, so that he only moistened his jaws with the blood without devouring it. I saw also a young elephant so playful that he would dance and play at ball.” Busbec evidently feels that this statement is a crust for the credulous; so, after alluding to Seneca’s elephant dancing on a rope, and that astute animal spoken of by Pliny as understanding Greek, he continues: “But that you may not think me an egregious fibber, give me leave to explain myself; when this elephant was bid to dance, he did so caper or quiver with his whole body and interchangeably move his feet, that he seemed to represent a kind of jig; and as for playing at ball, he very prettily took up the ball in his trunk and sent it flying therewith.”

On his way to Amasia, our learned gossip passed through Nicomedia to Nice, hearing by the way a mighty noise “as of men that jeered and mocked us.” This was his first introduction to the hyena. At Nice there was much to admire, and the antiquaries, Busbec and Quacqueleben, no doubt enjoyed

themselves hugely in poking about among the excavations then being made by the Turks ; but one fine day they encountered a terrible rebuff from a truly Mohammedan "navvy." This worthy fellow and his "mates" were hard at work, digging out stones from the ruined baths of Antoninus to build houses withal. Finding the statue of a soldier in his armour, curiously wrought and almost entire, they quickly battered it with their hammers before the tortured eyes of the visitors. This was more than flesh and blood could bear, and the travellers hesitated not to express their displeasure at this rude violence ; but all the answer they got was this—"What, will you bow down to worship this statue as you Christians do to yours?"

The white-haired goats of Angora come in for great admiration, as do also the broad-tailed sheep, albeit the traveller dreads that his account of the heavy sheep-tails being laid "upon a plank running on two little wheels" will not secure absolute credence. Here also were found "devil-birds," which make a sound like unto a postboy's horn, and, better than all these marvels, Greek and Latin inscriptions, more or less illegible, and abundance of coins of Constantine, Justin, Valens, and other of the later Roman emperors. "All my delight was as soon as I came to my inn at night to inquire after old inscriptions, coins, and rare plants." Coins he

found in plenty in the cities of Asia Minor, where the Turks were in the habit of using them for weights—viz., of a drachm or half-a-drachm—and called them “Giaour Manguri,” the money of pagans or infidels. “At Amasia there was a brasier who grieved me very much, for, demanding of him whether he had any old coins to sell, he answered me that a few days ago he had a large room full of them, but melted them down to make brass kettles, as thinking them of little value and fit for no other use. When I heard this story it troubled me much to lose so many choice monuments of antiquity ; but I paid him back in his own coin, by telling him that I would have given him a hundred guilders for them ; so that my revenge was suited to his injury, for I sent him away as sorrowful as he did me for losing the coins.”

Rustan being for the moment ostensibly out of favour, the Grand Vizier Achmet received the embassy in the absence of the sultan, but regarded them with a sour and frowning visage. A few days later they were introduced into the sublime presence of Solyman the Great. “He was an ancient man ; his countenance and the mien of his body very majestic, well beseeming the dignity which he bore ; he was frugal and temperate even from his youth. In his younger days he was not given to wine nor other excesses, and all that his enemies could object



to him was that he was uxorious overmuch, and that his over-indulgence to his wife made him consent to the death of his son Mustapha. He is a very strict observer of the Mohammedan religion, and is as desirous to propagate that as to enlarge the bounds of his empire. He is now sixty years of age, and, for a man of his years, he enjoys a moderate proportion of health; and yet his countenance doth discover that he carries about him some hidden disease—it was thought a gangrene or ulcer in the thigh; yet at solemn audiences of ambassadors he hath wherewithal to paint his cheeks that he may appear sound and healthy to them, and thereupon be more dreaded by foreign princes, their masters. Methought I discovered some such thing at my dismissal, for his countenance was as sour when I left him, as it was at my first audience.”

In fact the embassy of the Seigneur de Busbec was so nearly a complete failure, that he only obtained from the sultan a six-months' truce, to enable him to return home and consult his master, Ferdinand.

Nevertheless, he bore the Turks no ill-will; but, in the spirit of a scholar, inclines to follow the example of Tacitus, and extol the barbarians at the expense of his own countrymen. He never tires of lamenting that a superb country and a city like Con-

stantinople, fit to be mistress of the world, should be allowed, through the divisions and quarrels of Christian princes, to remain in the hands of the infidel; and takes a savage pleasure in pointing out the causes of Turkish supremacy. The people are "remarkable for cleanliness," he remarks, in a tone which leaves us to imagine that washing was not the besetting sin of a Flemish gentleman of that day, and he also points out the affection existing in the East between the horse and his rider. But he draws far more severe contrasts than these between Turk and Christian. At his audience there was a full court, "for a great many governors of provinces were there with their presents . . . but among this vast number of courtiers there was not so much as one eminent for birth and parentage; each one by his valour and adventurous achievements was the carver out of his own fortune. Their honour ariseth from their preferments; so that there is no dispute about precedency, but every man's pre-eminence is according to the office which he bears. And those offices are distributed at the mere will and pleasure of the prince, who does not regard the empty name of nobility, nor value a rush the favour of the multitude or of any other particular man; but, considering only the merits and disposition of the man, rewards him accordingly. And by that means employments are bestowed upon such persons as are

best able to manage them ; and every man hath an opportunity to be the hammerer out of his own honour and preferment. . . . Thus, in that nation, dignities, honours, offices, etc., are the rewards of virtue and merit, as on the other side dishonesty, sloth, and idleness are among the most despicable things in the world ; and by this means they flourish, bear sway, and enlarge the bounds of their empire more and more. But we Christians, to our shame be it spoken, live at another manner of rate ; virtue is little esteemed among us, but nobleness of birth, forsooth, carries away all the honour and preferment.” Very pretty this for an imperial ambassador ! Whence “ my freedom herein,” which other men “ may not be able to bear ? ” Is it the son of the high and mighty Seigneur Gilles Gislen, or the offspring of the low-born lass who listened to a tale of love by the bank of the Lys, who holds forth in this dashing style ? or is it not, after all, the scholar, envoy, and ambassador of Cæsar, who, like other advanced thinkers of his day, had recognised that feudalism had become a public nuisance, and that hereditary offices and the monstrous pretensions of a noble caste had made all good government impossible ? A sight of the well-disciplined troops of Solyman, and the recollection of Mohacs, had evidently produced in the mind of Busbec a profound disdain for feudal armies, and he was probably

the first to recognise that the Tartar hordes, trained by a long succession of wars and victories, must be met by very different material from that which had been recently opposed to them, before the tide of Ottoman invasion could be checked. On this subject Busbec composed a treatise, wherein he sets forth with considerable minuteness the elements of strength and weakness in the Turkish military system, recommends certain precautions to be observed by European generals when encountering an Ottoman army, and acquits himself admirably as a writer on tactics.

Returning from his unsuccessful mission, Busbec tried his best to escape the responsibility of any future dealings with the Turks; but no other person being at hand to undertake the charge, he was in a measure "pressed into the service," and in November left Vienna to undertake a second voyage to "unhospitable Portus." This second embassy lasted longer, and was far more successful than the first, for Busbec was absent seven years, and at last achieved a good sound treaty, having, in the meanwhile, been complimented by an invitation to change his religion, and remain an ornament of the Ottoman court. He appears to have suffered but little annoyance at his temporary exile, and to have endured the tediousness of protracted negotiations with excellent philosophy. "I keep myself within

my own doors, conversing with my old friends—I mean my books—in which is all my delight. It is true, for my health's sake, I have made a bowling-green, where before dinner I use to play, and after dinner I practise the Turkish bow." The other kind of bow, proverbially dear to travellers, was not drawn by Busbec, whose scholarlike scepticism effectually protected him against legends of the cock-and-bull class.

The house in which he dwelt was not exactly an abode of bliss. "There is nothing of beauty or novelty that can entertain your fancy; no garden belonging to it, to give a man the pleasure of a walk; there is neither tree, shrub, nor green herb to delight your eye. You have only many wild beasts as your troublesome intimates and companions. Snakes you have in abundance, store of weasels, lizards, and scorpions; so that sometimes, when you would fetch your hat in the morning from the place where you left it the night before, you find it surrounded with a snake as with a terrible hat-band." Oddly enough, the ambassador was not content with the fine, natural productions of the spot, but took a keen pleasure in collecting strange birds and beasts from distant lands, and is especially instructive and amusing when dilating on the curious affection of animals for certain human beings. A lynx, brought from Assyria, was so mightily in love

with one of his servants, that the creature was never happy but when he was present, and, on his going on a long journey, pined away and died. In like fashion a Balearic crane affected the company of a Spanish soldier, whom Busbec had "redeemed out of his chains," and disturbed the whole house unless she was allowed to lie under his bed. Now and then the grave diplomatist amused himself with excursions, and makes many quaint and acute remarks on the customs of the natives; and having, during the conduct of his second and successful embassy, made a great collection of ancient coins, inscriptions, drawings of rare plants, and "whole wagon-loads, if not ship-loads, of Greek manuscripts," he returned to Vienna, where he was received with much honour, and, despite his professed wish to pass the rest of his life in learned leisure, was appointed tutor to the young princes, sons of Maximilian the Second. In this honourable employment he passed the eight years of his life between 1562 and 1570, but in the latter year was entrusted with an important mission, which actually decided the future domicile of the learned Fleming. The Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Maximilian the Second, was about to be married to a poor, passionate, sickly, weak-headed, leaden-hued boy—one Charles, the ninth of that name, King of France—who, with such heart as he was endowed withal,

dearly loved gentle Marie Touchet. Busbec was charged to conduct the princess to Paris, and during her short married life officiated as a sort of lord-steward of the household to the Queen of France. At the conclusion of Charles the Ninth's miserable life, his widow returned to Germany, leaving Busbec behind as her representative. His position as ambassador at the French court was confirmed by the Emperor Rudolph, to whom he wrote a series of remarkable epistles between the years 1582 and 1585. It is well to be thankful for what is given to us, but these charming letters—written in elegant Latin, enriched with the reflections of an advanced philosopher and witty man of the world, and enlivened by piquant anecdotes of the court of Henry, the last of the Valois, sometime King of Poland, and afterwards King of France, murderer of the Balafre, and victim of Jacques Clément—only inspire a lively feeling of regret that Busbec had not earlier taken up the line of a "special correspondent." He was probably present in Paris during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, on the famous day of the Baricades, when this peculiarly Parisian style of warfare was first introduced, and remained there to witness the death of Henry of Valois, and the succession of Henry of Navarre, but did not survive to witness the entry of the latter prince into the capital which he thought "well worth a mass." The extant

epistles of Busbec contain no reference to these great events, but are filled with curious details of the intrigues which preceded the death of the Duke of Anjou, better known by his previous title of the Duke of Alençon, the king's brother. • Evidently the collection published at Louvain in 1630, only thirty-eight years after the author's death, is incomplete; for he commences the first epistle with an allusion to the long interval which had elapsed since his last letter. His first interesting bit of news concerns William of Nassau, whose life had been attempted by a valet named Jouvigny, who had fired a pistol in his face. "The prince," says Busbec, "will live and reign, but his wife has been carried off by a pain in the side." A prime piece of real Paris gossip next turns up in the account of the execution of one Salcède. With philosophic doubt and intelligent incredulity as to the exact nature of the crime of this man, Busbec relates what came under his own notice: "This Salcède, of whom I have spoken in my preceding letters, has undergone a severe sentence, for what crime I know not, but doubtless for some enormity, judging from the sharpness of his punishment, of which only one instance occurs in Roman history, when it was inflicted on Suffetius by Hostilius. Whether he conspired against the life of Alençon, or of the king, or of both, I know not. He was condemned to be



torn in pieces by four horses. At the first effort of the horses he cried out that he had still something to declare, and his deposition having been received by a notary, he begged that his right hand might be loosed for an instant, either that he might write something or sign his deposition. His hand having been refastened, and the horses, pulling each in an opposite direction, failing to quarter him, he cried out to the king—who, with his mother (Catherine de Medicis) and sister (Margaret of Valois and Navarre), looked down upon him from a window—that mercy might be shown to him. Then his throat was cut, his head afterwards severed from his shoulders, and his heart torn out; after which, the horses tore the remainder of his body apart. His head was sent to Antwerp, with a command to expose it in the most public spot. This was the end of a man of prodigious audacity and roguery. He made false money, and bought a farm with it; but the vendor, having discovered the fraud, complained to the king, who restored his farm to him. Now, Salcède, fearing that he should be thrown into boiling oil—the penalty decreed against coiners—took flight, but previously set fire to the farm by night, so that the master had a narrow escape from being burned in his house. The king, who sometimes visited Salcède in prison, reproached him for attempting to consign to such a death a man whom he had already

deceived with false money. Salcède replied to his majesty, 'He wanted to boil me; I tried to roast him.' "

"What must have been," adds Busbec, "the mind of a man who, in such evil case, could not abstain from jokes!"

Next comes a pretty sample of the courtly manners of the period. "I hardly know whether it is worth the trouble to refer to what occurred lately at Antwerp. Saint Luc was in Alençon's room. He, as, unless I mistake, I have mentioned before, having lost the favour of the king, attached himself to Alençon, in whose presence another nobleman, I know not whom, contradicted Saint Luc in an offensive tone. Hereat this one did straightway smack him on the mouth before the very face of Alençon. The Prince of Orange, who was present, was outraged at this conduct, and did not restrain his anger, but told Alençon that such a piece of insolence ought not to go unpunished, and that if such a thing had been done before the Emperor Charles the Fifth, the offender would have been severely punished, let his rank and dignity be what they might; for the chambers of princes are sacred and inviolate places in which no violence may be done. To this replied Saint Luc, almost in these words—'Ha! you talk about Charles, who, if he were alive, would have your goods and your head as well!'

This said, he burst out of the room, leaving all astounded with wonder at his audacity."

Farther on we find Catherine de Medicis in a whirlwind of fury at the king's fits of devotion, which caused him to neglect affairs of state. The fiery Florentine gives Father Edmund, the Jesuit confessor of the king, a piece of her mind, winding up a passionate diatribe with a bitter sneer, "Out of a king you have made a monk." Next we are entertained with a fine royal family "row." The king having become wondrously pious all at once, determines on stopping other people's cakes and ale, and especially those of his sister Margaret, a queen overmuch given to joyous living. On being commanded to leave Paris and join her husband, the lady feels horribly outraged, declares that she and the Queen of Scotland (Mary) are the two most unfortunate people in the world, and exclaims, "Would that some one would poison me; but, alas, there is no hope of this, for I have neither friends nor enemies."

Now the friends of Margaret, if not "all shot," like the enemies of Narvaez, had undergone a gradual process of thinning by the gentle methods then in practice—to wit, the torture of the boot, decapitation, and the free use of rapier and dagger. In fact, the "friendship of this accomplished and witty princess had become proverbial for bringing death

or disaster to those unfortunate enough to share it. Nearly all her blood-relations perished miserably. As was said at the time, the "hand of God was laid heavily on the race of Valois. Margaret was the youngest of the seven children of Henry the Second. When only seven years old she lost her father, who fell by the lance of Montgomery. Her brother, Francis the Second (husband of Mary Stuart), died young, under suspicious circumstances. Charles the Ninth died wretchedly, haunted, it is said, by the ghosts of St. Bartholomew; but this statement depends on Protestant evidence. Henry the Third fell by the dagger of a frantic monk, and the Duke of Alençon died strangely, probably by poison. Even her husband, Henry the Fourth, who divorced her, failed by these means to shake off the spell, and died by the knife of Ravallac. Her epithalamium was the rattle of musketry, the clink of sword and halberd, and the shrieks of murdered Huguenots. Arquebusiers and pikemen pursued their prey into her very bed-chamber, and the horrors of St. Bartholomew defiled her honeymoon. Her "friends," whether loved by the gods or not, had a knack of dying young. La Mole lost his head on the scaffold, and Bussy d'Amboise, the champion bully of the period, always referred to by Margaret herself as "the brave Bussy," was done to death by the Count de Montsereau. Just before

uttering the passionate exclamation recorded above, she had lost a remarkably useful friend. This gallant gentleman, "of illustrious race," saith Busbec, was known as the Baron de Vitaux, and was, if possible, a rougher edition of "the brave Bussy." He was a celebrated duellist, and an eminent assassin, having in the course of his career distinguished himself equally in open duel and in secret ambuscade. He had served the joyous Margaret right well on a memorable occasion.

Soon after the accession of Henry the Third, the Queen of Navarre found that she had lost her best friend in her brother, Charles the Ninth, and that the mind of Henry was turned from his sister by the intrigues of Du Gua—a prime favourite of the king, described by the witty Margaret as a "sort of pumpkin of the period." Du Gua and Margaret were at daggers drawn, and in the long-run the king's favourite got the worst of the battle. One night a lady, "of the highest rank," traversed the dark and dangerous streets of ancient Paris, seeking the convent of the Augustines. Here lay hidden a man—who feared to show himself while the blood of a recent victim was yet wet upon his dagger. The noble lady saw him, and "prevailed by her blandishments on one accustomed to the blood of his enemies, and incited to slaughter by his success, to become the avenger of her injuries and of his

own." Next day, being the Eve of All Saints, 1575, as Du Gua lay sick in his lodgings in the Rue St.<sup>e</sup> Honoré—having retired from those he usually occupied, which were guarded by a file of soldiers—there entered to him the Baron de Vitau, "with three of his lions," says Brantôme, "for thus were called his confidants who assisted him in his murderous resolutions and enterprises." The baron and these worthies drew their swords, and dashed straight at their prey, Du Gua seized a pike, and strove to defend himself, but being crippled for space soon fell a victim to the baron, who struck him with a "certain short sword, without which he never stirred." The lions finished M. du Gua, and De Vitau walked resolutely out of the house, and got clear off into the country. Margaret in her memoirs alludes to this affair in the most amusing way: "Le Guast was now dead, having been killed by a judgment of God while he was carrying out a course of diet. Thus his body, which was infected with every disease, was given up to the rottenness which had long invaded it, and his soul to the devil, to whom he had done homage by magic and every kind of wickedness." Whether the king regretted his favourite, as affirmed by Brantôme, or failed to take his loss to heart, the baron was never troubled in the matter. "Alas!" says Brantôme plaintively, "one great

friend of mine killed another friend. They accused the Baron de Vitaux, who was my great friend and brother by marriage, to whom I said often: 'Ah, my brother and best friend, you have killed another great friend of mine; might it have pleased God that you had not done it, I should love you more.' He always denied it; but appearances were against him." This delightful person had thus managed to reconcile himself with the court, and for several years went his way merrily, killing and slaying right and left, out of pure lightness and gaiety of heart. His lively career was brought to a close in the following manner. The son of a man whom he had killed "fearing," said Busbec, "that he should be punished if he assassinated the said baron," called him out in due form. Attended by a servant on either side, and a common friend to see fair," the combatants met in a field near Paris. The weapons were rapier and dagger, and the combat was only to cease with the death of one of the duellists. De Vitaux ran his adversary through the arm, and brought him to the ground, but disdained—for a wonder—to profit by this advantage, and told his man to get up and try again. He did so, and, "excited by the pain of his wound," made so furious an attack on the murderer of his father that he ran him through, and slew him then and there. Thus perished the Baron de Vitaux, through having,

in a rash moment, given way to a flash of magnanimity. It is not recorded that any public and spontaneous expression of regret attended his demise.

With true Roman brevity, Busbec contrives in one sentence to notify his master that the plague is ravaging France, that violent winds are blowing both from east and west, and takes occasion to implore his imperial majesty not to forget his ambassador's Greek books. Discoursing on the health of the Duke of Alençon, he does not hesitate to mention the popular belief that the duke had been poisoned, but adds that "some think his lungs are gone, on account of a great vomiting of blood." At this time the king, who was never very popular at any time, had disgusted everybody by his eccentric fits of piety, and lashed the nobles into fury by abolishing many important offices about the court. One day the king was within an ace of utterly disgracing himself. At the council was present a certain knight of Malta, the grand prior of Champagne, a man of turbid mind. As the king was speaking of some important matter, the prior interrupted him, thus : " If, O king, you would speak the truth, you would recollect . . ." " What ! " said the king, " do I seem to thee to lie ? Down on thy knees and beg pardon instantly." This done, the king pardoned him, on condition that he should never again show himself in his presence. How-



ever, the prior delayed in going, and holding some further discourse, so enraged the king that he drew his sword, and would have run him through the body, if he had not been restrained by those present. A bishop of Paris was wounded in the hand by seizing the naked sword blade. "Thus," quoth Busbec, "the king, with all penitence, was on the brink of committing an unworthy crime." At the entreaty of many persons, the king again pardoned the prior, but on condition that he should depart from the court and never again appear in the king's sight—"which is no small punishment for a man brought up at court, and who would know no happiness elsewhere."

The death of Alençon on the 10th of June, 1584, of "the same disease which killed his brother Charles—to wit, an ulcer on the lungs"—shook the stern soul of Catherine with "no feigned grief!" but the tears of others are attributed to "ostentation and hypocrisy." This was a most important event, as it made Henry of Navarre heir-apparent to the French crown, and brought a shower of honours upon him. It was followed by a catastrophe of European significance. Writing on the 25th July, Busbec says, "It is certain that the Prince of Orange (William the Silent) has been killed by a pistol-shot; his murderer has been arrested and put to the torture, which failed to extort from him the author at whose instance he had perpetrated so great

a crime—he has simply left a manuscript in which he says he was drawn to it by the desire of delivering the provinces of such a tyrant.” This terrible event was followed by numerous embassies from the revolted provinces to the French king, and in the midst of the negotiations arrived an ambassador from England. Anxiously expected, he came at last with an “ample and splendid” retinue. “His name is Comes de Herbei (Herbert). The English account him of royal race. He was met by a procession than which nothing could be more splendid, was assigned lodgings near the king, and two hundred golden crowns daily for his expenses. The ostensible pretext of his embassy is to bring the insignia of the Anglican Order (the Garter), which the queen sends to the French king, but the real motive certainly concerns the Belgian business. The king received the order in the church of the Augustines, the last day of the past month, at the hour of vespers. The knights of the Holy Ghost were present, and also all the ambassadors, even those of Flanders, to the great offence of the Spaniards.” With the intrigues set on foot by the princes of the House of Lorraine to recover their lost influence, and which at a later date brought them to a tragical end, the concluding epistles of Busbec are occupied, and the series breaks off suddenly on the 8th October, 1585.

In 1592 he obtained permission from the emperor

to leave Paris for six months, to make a journey to Flanders to look after his property there. In an evil hour he chose the route through Normandy. He was amply furnished with passports both by the king and by the League ; but, in spite of these precautions, was robbed and maltreated by a party of Leaguers at the village of Cailli, near Rouen. On ascertaining his character, these ruffians no longer dared to retain either him or his effects. But the mischief was done. Busbec, at the age of seventy, succumbed to a fever brought on by excitement and terror. Feeling very ill, he caused himself to be carried to the Château of Mailloc, and took to his bed. The governor of Rouen, hearing of the outrage to which he had been subjected, made every kind of excuse, and promised to punish severely those who had insulted him ; but Busbec characteristically replied that he cared more about calming his own mind, than for avenging the insult to his quality. He never rallied, but, after lingering for eleven days, died. He was buried in the neighbouring church, but his heart was carried to Flanders and placed in the tomb of his ancestors.

Thus this great diplomatist and elegant scholar, who had lived for many years unharmed among Turkish barbarians, was destined to receive his death-blow from a band of Christian cut-throats, solemnly sworn to protect the interests of the Church of Rome.

## THE LAST OF THE VALOIS.

ON the banks of the Loire. The bright river gleaming in the sunshine, and rolling through the arches of the ancient bridge—over which frowns the great castle of Amboise—not yet deformed by the builders of Louis the Great, but rejoicing in a wealth of architectural beauty; the stern Norman features of the stronghold throwing into relief the florid richness of the Renaissance. As the sun descends, steeping the lofty castellated rock in crimson and purple—at the close of this glorious July day of the year of grace 1559—the little bright-eyed, black-haired girl, gorgeously dight in a dress stiff with gold and pearls, knows little of the terrible event which has left her to be the plaything and the tool, by turns the prey and the lure, of Catholic and Huguenot, of mother, and brother, and husband. Her father, the great King Henry the Second—name forgotten since, were it not for a certain beautiful kind of pottery—has fallen a victim to the luckless lance of Montgomery; and France is left in the weak grasp of a gentle, smooth-faced lad

known to historians as Francis the Second, and celebrated, poor boy ! for nothing save as having been the first husband of Mary Stuart. The little girl at Amboise has been a pet of her handsome, sad-looking father, and of her long-headed mother, Catherine de' Medici. In the old happy days of triumph, while the victories of Metz and Calais, and successes in Italy, made the French king deem himself a thunderbolt of war, Henry oftentimes dandled his daughter on his knee, and asked her why she preferred of her little playmates the youthful Guise to the bonnier Beaupreau—a question fully answered in later and sadder days. Unluckily for the little girl, she is pretty, and, luckily or unluckily, is clever. Fated to be the last of the intellectual race of Valois, she is second to none of them in the accomplishments of the time. Skilful instructors are opening her mind to the literary masterpieces of antiquity. Unhappily, her school, if brilliant, is far from pure. The taste of the court of Catherine de' Medici is formed on the model of M. de Ronsard, whose ditties are over-much given to the passion of love. A change comes over France as the little girl grows upward. The writings of the rollicking author of "Pantagruel," and the bitter satires of the friends of Ronsard, have raised a storm soon to break in a crimson shower. Persecuting François, gloomy Henry, and poor little François the Second

are gone, and under the rule of the livid, hectic Charles the Ninth, with his smooth face and snaky look, the "taint of Huguenotry" has spread far and wide. Little Marguerite, who has been brought up "bonne Catholique," undergoes all kinds of persecutions at the hands of her brother, the Duc d'Alençon, who, "infected" with Protestantism, burns her old-fashioned books, and leads his poor little sister a dreadful life. The court of France is really playing a double game, the queen-mother being the reigning spirit. On the one hand is orthodoxy—and the whole power of the House of Lorraine—hateful to the Valois. Against orthodoxy and the Guises skilful Catherine covertly encourages the chiefs of the Huguenots, aiming to secure by this Machiavelian policy the predominance of the Crown—not to be accomplished till three-quarters of a century later by the genius of Richelieu.

Little Marguerite grows apace in these troublous times, increasing in beauty and the consciousness thereof. Long before there is any question of marrying her, there are rumours that she has faithful servitors—lordlings who wear her colours, and enjoy the reputation of possessing her affections. First among these shines, in all the bravery of court favour, the handsome Balzac d'Entraigues—the "bel Antraguët"—dainty minion of Marguerite's brother, the Duc d'Anjou—a slender, graceful man, with

delicate, well-cut features of quiet, concentrated expression ; one of those self-contained men, full of courage, vice, and intrigue, who have left their names in letters of blood on the page of the Renaissance ; a dandy, too, of the first water, shaved and curled, perfumed and essenced, till he sheds an aroma of gallantry around him—a dangerous admirer for a young princess of volcanic tendencies. But his web is soon spun, as he, with Quélus and others of the same type, follows his master to the kingdom of Poland. The reception of the Polish ambassadors is made the occasion of a brilliant fête, at which, of course, Marguerite is present in a wondrous dress of velvet incarnadine glittering with spangles, blazing with precious stones ; her head—already decked, alas ! for vanity—in one of the “dainty blonde wigs” that she loved to her dying day. The raven locks are hidden, and the hazel eyes shine out under a remarkable head-dress, of crimson velvet, decked with feathers, diamonds, and pearls. A very beautiful Marguerite, indeed, and soon furnished with a new lover—no other than her early playmate, the Duc de Guise—the dark-visaged, scarred one ; the famous soldier who, when warned of assassination, said proudly, “They dare not !” A well-matched couple this, “le Balafre” being anxious to wed a daughter of France. Guise, backed by the whole power of the papacy, is strong enough to

break off the projected marriage between Marguerite and the King of Portugal, but is forced to bend to the policy of the queen-mother. Catherine will not see the hated House of Lorraine, already, to her mind, far too strong, strengthened yet more by another alliance with a daughter of France. It may not be ; and the handsome lovers are advised that their destiny is different. The scarred one, terrified by the menaces of the king, marries at once a handsome widow—the Princess de Porcian—who gives him no little trouble as time rolls on. Happless Marguerite, like another, but by no means spotless, Iphigenia, is destined for another fate—foreshadowed at a famous meeting on the confines of France and Spain.

Never was a fête more brilliant than this held to celebrate the interview between Queen Elizabeth, consort of Philip the Second, her mother, Catherine, and her brother, Charles the Ninth. The island of Aiguemeau on the Adour has been metamorphosed into a fairy palace, surrounded by lofty trees, under which lurk snug parties of ten or a dozen, the royal table at one end of this sylvan palace being elevated on a dais of four steps of emerald turf. Around these tables hover attendant shepherdesses, dressed in satin and cloth of gold, in the costume of all the various provinces of France. As the state barges, draped in costly stuffs, embla-



zoned with the royal device, approach the island to the sound of sweet instruments, and the song of mermen and mermaids, the island shepherdesses dance after the manner of their respective provinces—the Poitevines, to the skirling of a bagpipe; the Provençales, to the clash of cymbals; the Burgundians, to the piping of the oboe; the Champenoises, to the fife and tabor; the Bretonnes dancing the most vigorously of all. Dancing over, there enters a band of musical satyrs and lovely nymphs, but “envious fortune being unable to endure so much glory,” a heavy storm, accompanied by a deluge of rain, descends upon the fairy isle, scattering the gay company, and driving them to their boats for shelter pell-mell—a retreat giving rise to many comical adventures, and more queer stories of the general confusion of partners. One couple, however, is well matched, but they hardly laugh, these two, nor is their apparel so bravely decked with bright colours and sparkling gems, as that of the giggling dames and forward gallants who hurry to the water-side. Neither of these serious persons is of French birth. The woman, large-eyed and large-nosed, is a genuine Medici; the man is lean, haggard, and ascetic-looking, wearing a face as the face of Don Quixote. These two have come to an understanding—the woman having at last yielded to her companion’s energetic remonstrances. Catherine de’ Medici and

the Duke of Alva have decided on the destruction of the Huguenots ; not yet for a little while—till the suspicions of watchful Jeanne d'Albret are quieted for ever, and “ my plump Madge ” shall catch them all—her charms proving very ‘ lime-twigs ’ to the accursed heretics, and her gentle voice as the whistle of the fowler.

“ Plump Madge ” declares herself not averse to the Portuguese marriage scheme, which Guise and Philip the Second contrive to strangle between them, but secretly plots to secure her alliance with the Lorraine prince, till the news of his wedding with the Princess Porcian awakes her from her dream of love and ambition. Her fate is already decided by the stern mother who plays her children like pawns on a chess-board—so long as they permit her. She had an easy reign over poor gentle François, but sullen, wayward Charles is more difficult to deal with. The grim plot, arranged to the sound of fife and tabor on the island in the Adour, is not to be communicated to him on any account till it is ripe for execution. Meanwhile, the queen-mother urges him to strengthen his own hands by marrying Madge to the young King of Navarre—the son of Jeanne d'Albret and Antoine de Bourbon—a prince with “ more nose than kingdom,” the famous ancestor of long lines of kings. His chance of the French crown looks remote enough just now, for between him and

it stand three brothers of the Valois—Charles, Henry, and François, Duc d'Alençon—but strong-minded Catherine has one weak point; she is superstitious to a fabulous degree, and is sorely troubled by the horoscope of Navarrese Henry, which declares that he will "reign in France." Superstition and worldly wisdom are both served, by securing the fox-faced Huguenot as the husband of Madge.

Charles is not sorry to acquire an ally of his own. Between his mother and the Guises—his too-powerful relatives—and his rebellious Calvinistic subjects, he is often lashed into fits of ungovernable fury, and bitterly bewails that no human being loves or cares for him, save only gentle Marie Touchet. As is his wont, this wild hunter of beasts and men, once seized with a project, pursues it to the end with savage vehemence. But there are obstacles to be overcome—obstacles even to the furious will of the Most Christian King. The pope, still occupying the centre of European politics, is horror-struck at the proposal to wed a Catholic princess to a heretic leader, and the consent of the pope must be gained, for Henry and Marguerite are, in a fashion, cousins, and undoubtedly within the limit forbidden by the Church. The pope refuses a dispensation, and, moreover, sends his cardinal nephew to dissuade the king from his monstrous project. But another

counsellor has the ear of Charles—one singularly out of place in the giddy court of Catherine—a grave, sad-visaged gentleman, the famous Admiral Coligny, who is quite won over by the arts of the Italian, and is anxious to pacify France by marrying the “fox of Béarn” to “plump Madge” as quickly as possible. A valiant and skilful soldier this admiral, but over simple-hearted and truthful to contend in political intrigue with the students of the Florentine. Carried away by the real sincerity of the king, and the pretended heartiness of the Duc d’Anjou and the queen-mother, the brave old warrior persuades Jeanne d’Albret to join the court at Blois—gay, brilliant Blois—the summer palace of François the First, with its great exterior staircase and ancient hall of the Estates. Blois is especially joyful just now, glancing coquettishly down on the smiling Loire. Its quaint streets and lofty narrow staircases are swept by the “vertugadins” of merry dames and damsels, for it is the humour of the strange Italian that all should be bright and mirthful around her, as if to intensify the darkness within. While forming the centre of her bright bevy of dames and their circumambient gallants, Catherine loves a joke, and is no bad hand at quip and crank, merry conceit, and highly-seasoned repartee. But when the fête is over, she turns from the converse of the gay courtiers, and bending her steps towards

a remote part of the ancient castle, after climbing many stairs, reaches the lonely turret projecting over the church of St. Nicholas. It is the observatory employed, not with any scientific purpose, but purely as an instrument for interrogating the obstinate stars which persist that Henry of Navarre will "reign in France."

The Queen of Navarre, who, reluctantly enough, has come to this giddy court at the entreaty of the admiral, is grievously shocked at all that she sees and hears, for the language of the court dames and gallants is happily new to the Puritan Jeanne. Billingsgate and St. Giles's are names that convey but a faint idea of the "joyous remarks" and the "pleasant sayings" current at Blois in this bright springtide of 1572. Fêted and caressed by the king and his mother, wary Jeanne yet fears to bring her son to a place horrifying to every sentiment of decency. More difficulties arise. Catherine wishes the wedding to take place at Paris according to the Catholic rite. Jeanne objects to the mass, and insists on the ceremony being performed in some city less inimical to the Huguenots. Pending this debate Pope Pius the Fifth dies, and is succeeded by Gregory the Thirteenth, who displays more flexibility than his predecessor, but yet hesitates, till Charles loses all patience, and tells the Queen of Navarre one day : "My aunt, I honour you more

than the pope, and love my sister more than I fear him. I am not a Huguenot ; but I am not an ass. If the pope plays the fool too long, I will take Madge by the hand myself, and see her married in full conventicle." Just as the marriage-contract is signed the Queen of Navarre dies—some say of pleurisy, others of poison—but nothing is now allowed to impede the ceremony.

The scene changes to old Paris—not the Paris of St. Louis, nor that in which luckless English Henry was crowned "despite of foes," but the Paris of the ruthless Renaissance. The castellated dwellings of the Middle Ages have developed into the hotels of great seigneurs—fortified more or less, and crammed with gentlemen armed to the teeth. A strange mixture of splendour and squalor this good city of Paris. Tall gabled houses nod towards each other over narrow streets ankle-deep in filth, with no approach to drainage save an open gutter. Gloomy passages and dreary alleys slink from the light of heaven. Thieves abound, though what they find to steal is a mystery, as after dark no honest citizen ventures abroad, lest he should be waylaid and plundered by the professional robber, or killed, out of pure joyousness of heart, by the gay gallants in search of adventures. The gallant is as unlike the person depicted by writers of romances and operas as can well be imagined. He

is splendid, but by no means clean, for the silken hose which adorn his nether limbs have previously been worn for a week or two by his inamorata, that they may comfort him the more, and awake his mind to deeds of chivalry. He by no means flings his cloak around him, and issues forth armed only with his trusty rapier. Not he. The gallant on the way to a rendezvous is in his fashion a prudent man. Beneath his doublet of satin, slashed with the colours of the lady of his heart, lurks, for the better preservation of that organ, a finely-worked shirt of mail. His rapier, of portentous length, is supplemented by a long, left-handed dagger. Before him walk pages with flambeaux, and a stout man-at-arms, pike or arquebuse in hand. Behind and with him come two or three, or, if he be a great man, a dozen trusty friends to see him through his adventure. These chivalrous times are curiously practical when seen by contemporaneous light. That terrible seeker of amorous adventures, the young King of Navarre, never stirs out of his room to perambulate the long corridors of the Louvre, where he is as yet only a guest, without a pikeman, for the way is short from the boudoir to the grave. The thing known as fair play is not yet invented, and man smites his enemy when and where he can take him at a disadvantage. The atmosphere of Paris is heavy with rumours. There is talk in

council and ruelle, and strange conferences are held between mighty chiefs of the faction of the Guises, and the provosts of the great guilds of the city of Paris. Apart, aloof from these, the Huguenots shiver in their fortified hotels, for there is a scent of blood in the air, and the chiefs unvanquished in the field talk strangely of being led into a mousetrap. And yet these wary warriors have come hither on an occasion more fitting for silken favours than buff jerkins. They are bidden to a wedding banquet.

Henry of Navarre, still in mourning, has arrived in Paris, in the early days of August, at the head of a gallant train of eight hundred gentlemen, the flower of the Huguenot nobility. On the seventeenth of the month the betrothal takes place at the Louvre. On the following day the marriage is celebrated with "maimed rites" by the Cardinal de Bourbon. A strange scene. Not within the sacred fane, but outside the Cathedral of Notre Dame, a huge structure has been erected, of wood carved and hung with cloth of gold. Henry of Navarre—his mother two months dead—lays aside his mourning, and appears with his eight hundred gentlemen in brave attire of velvet, satin, and cloth of gold, strangely pinched and slashed in the latest mode. Marguerite herself—splendid, and conscious of her splendour—dressed in royal robes, with a crown



and bodice of spotted ermine, glittering with the jewels of the regalia, and the royal mantle of blue, with four ells of train, carried by three princesses. Plump Madge, looking very handsome and triumphant, to be made a wife and a queen at last—albeit to a husband whose neighbourhood is unsavoury to those of delicate nostrils—people shouting and crowding to suffocation, while the bride hears mass, and her husband waits for her outside. Then come fêtes and dances, jousts and junketings, masques and merry-makings, the bells of Paris ringing out a merry peal—prophetic enough to some sharp ears of the tocsin of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

Captain Blosset—a Burgundian Huguenot, distinguished by his valiant defence of Vezelay against the Catholic army—calls one morning on the admiral and asks permission to go home.

“Why,” asks Coligny, “why are you in such haste?”

“Because they mean no good to us in this place.”

“What!” shouts the admiral, “do not you believe we have a good king?”

“Too good! Too good to us by far! That is why I want to go away; and, if you would do as I do, M. l'Amiral, you would do good to yourself and to the cause.”

It is impossible to keep the sharp Burgundian, who takes to horse and away.

Hardly is he clear of Paris, than Maurevert's pistol-shot reaches the doomed admiral. Angry remonstrances and many threats are made by the Huguenots, and, at last, the king is told that he has no option, his enemies are delivered into his hands, and that he may not let them go. This is a fearful time for a bride in the first week of her honeymoon. Every one whispering, none telling her anything : suspicious Huguenots avoiding her because she is Catholic : Catholics keeping their lips close, because she has married a Huguenot. Left to herself, she creeps into the ceremony of the "coucher" of the queen-mother, and, feeling very lonely and wretched, sits down upon a coffer beside her sister Claude, Duchess of Lorraine, also very, very sad. The two young women sit, hand in hand, silently and wretchedly enough, in the great dimly-lighted room, hung with tapestry depicting the martyrdoms of saints. At last the queen-mother perceives Madge sitting sorrowfully with her sister, and commands her to go to bed. As she makes her curtsy, her sister Claude seizes her by the arm, and, weeping bitterly, cries, "O God, my sister, do not go !" Madge is more frightened still, till Catherine flies into a passion and forbids Claude to tell her anything. The Duchess of Lorraine then

flies out, and declares that her sister shall not be sent to the sacrifice; that the Huguenots will revenge themselves upon her. Nevertheless, the old queen is firm. The absence of Madge would give rise to suspicions. Her place is with her husband. Driven from her mother's presence, she seeks her husband, whom she finds already in bed, surrounded by thirty or forty zealots of his party, talking loudly of the attempt to assassinate the admiral, and resolving, the next morning—alas! for them, that next morning—to demand of the king that justice shall be done on the Guises, as otherwise they will “take the law in their own hands.” Thus passes a night sleepless and of utter misery, the words of her sister Claude ringing ever in Marguerite's ears. As day breaks, her husband rises to go and play tennis till King Charles is awake; the weary woman tells her nurse to close the door, and sinks into a feverish sleep.

The awaking is frightful enough. There is loud knocking at the door, and cries of “Navarre! Navarre!” The nurse, thinking it must be King Henry, opens the door, when in rushes a man streaming with blood, with arm and shoulder cut and slashed, and clings to the young queen, as frightened as he. Four archers pursue this same M. de Lérans into the very nuptial chamber, and are only restrained from killing their man by M. de Nançay, captain of

the guard--and a right merry, jovial gentleman, who laughs heartily at the comical picture of the wounded man holding fast to "plump Madge," and his four bloodhounds eager to tear him down. These worthies got rid of, jolly M. de Nançay remains with Marguerite, and "while she changes her dress, being all covered with blood," tells her all about the merrie jest in action this fine August morning. First he grants her the life of M. de Lérans, whom she stows away in the dressing-room till his wounds are healed, and then quiets her fears concerning her husband, assuring her that he is safe enough with the king in his cabinet, where, by the way, is also the Prince de Condé—the king offering the choice of "mass, death, or Bastille." Covering Marguerite's shoulders with a mantle, pleasant M. de Nançay tells her not to be alarmed, that they are only killing all the Huguenots except her husband, and conducts her to the chamber of her sister Claude, where she arrives "more dead than alive." Just as she steps into the ante-chamber, she sees another gentleman pursued by the archers, and struck with a halberd within three paces of her royal person. From without warlike sounds are heard—the rattle of arquebusades, the clash of swords, the triumphant yell of the white-scarved crusaders, and, now and then, the defiant roar of a knot of old soldiers who, despite chains and barriers, pike and gun, cut through their ene-

mies and get clear off, while above all tolls the great bell of the church of the Auxerrois.

We next find Marguerite and the "kinglet" her husband, prisoners rather than rulers, as ornaments of the court of Charles and his successor, Henry—quickly returning from Poland at the news of his brother's death. There are schemes to effect the escape of the "fox of Béarn," but they are long unsuccessful, costing also the lives of Coconnas and La Mole—regarded, perhaps, with too kindly an eye by Marguerite. Then comes the famous hunting-party at Senlis and the escape of the husband, Marguerite being still at the court of Henry the Third—out of favour, too, with husband and kingly brother, and plotting with the Duke d'Alençon, her younger brother—but yet the ornament of society in the best period of the French Renaissance. A period of charming costume and of culture excessively elegant, when compared with all that preceded it, save only the Roman period. Yet, with all this beauty and elegance, the age is full of savagery. The famous duel of the mignons will bear witness to this. It is true their hair is frizzed, the beard plucked from their soft chins, their ears pierced and jewelled, and their ruffs so vast that the head of a mignon "resembles that of St. John the Baptist on a charger;" but they are always ready with the steel, and die violent deaths almost to a man. So does their master, who, with

all his vice and effeminacy, his look of ineffable weariness and scorn, his masks lined with almond paste to preserve his complexion, his love of female attire—"black satin slashed with white, puffed and pinched, laced and frilled"—his hair dressed in two arches, à la Marie Stuart, his blackened eyebrows and painted face, is yet brave as a lion, as the red fields of Jarnac and Moncontour can testify. The Queen of Navarre is, for the time being, greatly smitten by the splendid figure of Louis de Clermont, better known as Bussy d'Amboise—the favourite of her younger brother—one of the ablest captains, and certainly the greatest swash-buckler of his time. All the time he can spare from love-making he devotes to quarrelling and fighting. The king's "mignons" are the particular object of his attack. He misses no opportunity of insulting them both by word and deed. He loves to dress his own lackeys as richly as the king's favourites, and to go himself in attire of the severest simplicity. Marguerite's too susceptible heart is occupied by this paladin, who wears her colours—to wit, green and gold, white and violet—openly. Bussy comes to court from the wars covered with glory, meets Marguerite on her return from a journey to Spa, and delights the heart of that princess, whose undisguised admiration of him is a fertile subject for those sarcastic young gentlemen—Quélus, Saint-Luc, Livarot, Mangiron,

and Saint-Megrin. To do Bussy justice, he is abundantly provided with wit—not of the delicate, high-dried kind, but rough and full-flavoured, strong military wit, as it were. Two or three attempts are made to assassinate him, but in vain. Impunity makes his tongue wag all the faster. Handsome, curly-haired Quélus—daintiest and bravest of the “mignons”—is his especial butt, never spared either before the throne or the altar. At last things come to such a pass that the king, insisting on a formal treaty of peace, compels the two enemies to embrace in his presence, but only provokes from Bussy one of his odd strokes of buffoonery. Nevertheless, the quarrel is patched up for a while, Bussy, and other friends of the king's brother, leading a joyous life with the royal mignons, whose life is one perpetual feast—merry, indeed, as it need be, for Fate has decreed that it shall be short enough. The court is on the best terms with the great citizens of Paris, who give entertainments three or four times weekly. Lent is given up to these amusements, which prove too much for a worthy churchman—the Cardinal de Guise, better known as the “Bottle Cardinal”—a fine specimen of gourmand and gourmet, “who meddled with no other matters than those of the cellar and the kitchen, which he understood very well—far better than those of church and state.”

A few more bright threads in Marguerite's web of

life, and then all is dark in hue and coarse in fibre. The king has determined to establish, or rather to revive, the Order of the Holy Ghost—to found an order of knighthood in honour of his sister. This Order of the Holy Ghost, new to France, dates from the year 1353, when it was founded at Naples by Louis d'Anjou, King of Jerusalem, a descendant of the brother of St. Louis, whose statutes are extant, and came into the possession of Henry at Venice—a gift of the Serene Republic to the King of Poland. It is the first day of the new year, 1579, and the ceremony of inauguration is celebrated with great pomp in the church of the Augustines, magnificently decorated for the occasion.

The chevaliers and knights-commanders are gorgeous to look upon. They are clothed in a barret cap of black velvet, pourpoint, and trunks of cloth of silver, shoes and scabbard of white velvet, a great mantle of black velvet, embroidered round with fleurs-de-lys in gold, with tongues of flame intermingled, and the king's cypher in silver thread—the lining of orange satin. Over this mantle, instead of a hood, they wear a mantelet of cloth of gold, also enriched with fleurs-de-lys, tongues of flame, and cyphers like the great mantle. The collar of the order is formed of the king's and Marguerite's cyphers, interlaced with fleurs-de-lys and fiery



tongues. From this hangs a cross of gold of marvellous work in gold and enamel, in the middle of which is a white dove—the emblem of the Holy Ghost.

A great grief now oppresses Marguerite. The career of Bussy comes to an end. Fighting appears to agree with him, but letter-writing brings him to grief. In a moment of confidence, he writes a letter to the duke, his master, telling him that he is in pursuit of the “doe of the king’s grand huntsman.” The duke—false and fickle ever, and just now very weary of his too active partisan—shows the letter to the king his brother, who, detesting Bussy, reads it aloud to the grand huntsman himself—Charles de Chambre, Count of Montsoreau. This gentleman hies him to his castle of Montsoreau, near to Saumur, and compels his unhappy countess to write a letter to Bussy, inviting him to visit her there. Arriving at midnight, he is assailed by Montsoreau and a dozen braves, and after a desperate combat, fought out as long as a bit of his sword remains in the hilt, he is finally slain, after killing several of his assailants.

Marguerite, inconsolable for a while, rejoins her husband at his little court at Nérac, and, allowed to act as she pleases, is the most complaisant wife in the world. But, as Henry of Navarre develops into Henry of France, he determines to divorce “plump Madge,” now more than plump—with great

fat cheeks, enormous shoulders, and goggle eyes set in a bald pate, crowned with a golden wig, shorn from the skulls of a "score of blonde lackeys." No longer resplendent at the great court of Paris, or the little one of Navarre, she keeps state, sorely straitened for cash at times, at the Castle of Usson. Years, luxurious and inglorious, pass by, and again the last of her race descends upon Paris; no longer a wife, but divorced, and taking it in such good part, that she is present at the coronation of her successor—Marie de' Medici. Eighteen years have improved neither the looks nor the morals of the ex-queen, who lives in great splendour at her palace in the Rue de Seine. But she is true to her destiny, and brings death to the favourites of her old age, as to the lovers of her youth. Bewigged and bepainted, the old woman lives out an existence divided between devotion and dissipation. She outlives all—parents, brothers, husband, and lovers—and dies "greatly regretted as a princess, full of goodness and good intentions, who only did harm to herself." St. Denis claims her body, but her heart—still at last—is deposited at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, of which she was founder. Thus, in the year 1615, fades out this notable figure of the last daughter of a royal house—famous and infamous as that of Pelops.

## A FREE-LANCE.

IN pure weariness of spirit the student of adventurous life turns aside from the quest of the heroic adventurer. There is, of course, the imaginary "Knight" of story ; there is the mediæval Alexander, so curiously Christianised and reclothed, that the pagan Alexander would not know himself again ; there are the Seven Champions of Christendom ; and any number of the Vikings, more popular, just now, to readers of North Sagas than, of old, with the unhappy inhabitants of the Eastern Counties. Good soldiers, and tall fellows those, all of them—on paper at least—thorough, whole-souled, staunch to the backbone. The morals of King Arthur's knights were hardly so good as they might have been ; but, like Charlemagne's paladins, the men were brave enough—courteous and chivalrous—on paper. It is unfortunate that the reputations of persons who enjoyed the advantage of living during the ages of chivalry bear a certain resemblance to photographic portraits. When very minute in size they look well enough ; but when we "enlarge"

these cartes de visite, all the lumps, and pimples, and ugly features come out with hideous distinctness, as if the seamy side of nature were turned out. Viewed by the light of contemporary history, the chivalrous hue fades away entirely.

After mature deliberation, I am compelled, much to my sorrow, to give up the age of chivalry altogether, as a purely imaginary period. The time when all the men were brave, and all the women fair, bears an unfortunate likeness to that mythical golden age, when the lion lay down with the lamb. It is for ever retreating, and eludes the grasp with curious persistence. In the good old-fashioned times there were dutiful sons, home-keeping daughters, careful wives, faithful retainers, honest tradesmen, prudent merchants, patriot kings, and loyal people. The tradition is almost universal, and if general belief is admissible as evidence, there must have been good old times and glorious days of chivalry at some date or other. The only difficulty is to fix this provoking date. What do our own excellent parents and most venerable grand-parents mean when they speak of good old-fashioned ways, servants, beer, port-wine, dinners, and the rest of it? Do they mean the days of George the Third, when, following royal example, people ate four times (they only now eat twice) as much as was good for them, drank without regard to consequences, beat the

"Charlies," and rolled in the gutter in a good old-fashioned way; when servants dunned guests for vails, and stole whole hecatombs of birds, beasts, and fishes as their perquisites; when heavy ale was followed by loaded port-wine, which, again, was not unfrequently supplemented by "rack" punch; when ladies wore "toilettes diaphanes," and caused their semi-transparent clothing to be damped before they put it on, in order that it might cling the closer to the figure; when gentlemen swore freely; "went out" on the most frivolous pretences with equal freedom, and shot each other dead in the morning, because they had been drunk over-night? These could hardly have been the good old times, for they stirred the bile of Junius and pointed the pen of Churchill. Were the venal times of the earlier Georges particularly good? I doubt it. Were people particularly good, and honest, and true during the life of her proverbially defunct majesty Queen Anne? Did not the ingenious Mr. Joseph Addison draw his famous Sir Roger de Coverley as the type of the old-fashioned squire? The good man of fiction is old—one who retains antique virtues. The young or middle-aged man is drawn very differently.

Bit by bit the golden age crumbles away. It hardly existed under the Merry Monarch, and could barely be imagined under Cromwell. The age of

chivalry will bear no closer inspection. To-day we are told that gentlemen were more polished in their intercourse, when the slightest breach of politeness might occasion a hostile meeting ; the gentlemen of the Regency, who shot each other on Wimbledon-common or on Wormwood-scrubs, had mentors who despaired of instilling into them the high-bred elegance of the ancient régime ; the dukes and marquises, in high red heels, deplored the degeneracy of the times, and yearned for the right of private war. Thus we hark back, and ever back, through sanguinary annals, without finding the days of chivalry. On the contrary, we find the times, when looked at closely, less and less chivalrous. No man scrupled to take a mean advantage of his foe, either during our Wars of the Roses, or the long series of troubles which make up French history. Breach of faith was the rule. When the Red Comyn was made "sicker" by the dagger of Kirkpatrick, he was slain in violation of a solemn compact, wherein whatever of faith and honour appertained to the contracting parties was involved ; when John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, was chopped down on the Pont de Montereau by Tanneguy du Châtel, the murder was done before the face of the Dauphin himself ; when Don Enrique, of Castile, took his rival, Don Pedro, prisoner, he nobly finished him off—an unarmed man—with his

dagger. These latter instances occurred in the actual age of chivalry, if ever such a period existed. There was much talk of chivalry during the reign of our Plantagenet kings ; but, so far as can be ascertained, no man ever gave his adversary a chance if he could help it ; while respect for the fair sex expended itself mainly in ballads and virelays, and was never allowed to hinder a single man from abducting a wife, or a husband from murdering or imprisoning her. It will be recollected, in this connection, that the Queen of Song and Love, and the rest of it, the founder of the Courts of Love in gay Guienne, was held for years in strict durance by dire Henry of Anjou. It must be granted that men and women, too, in the so-called days of chivalry, were brave ; but the courage of the heavily-armed barons was accompanied by so much jealousy and arrogance, as occasionally to render a feudal army rather an incumbrance to the monarch—who, by a figure of speech, was supposed to command it—than an actual engine of offence against the enemy. Questions of precedence in council and in the field sorely embarrassed the commander, who, instead of focussing his mind on the task of beating the enemy, was compelled to distribute it over the far more complex problem of so setting his own squadrons in the field, that they should not then and there fall to and massacre each other ! A remarkable instance of the heartburn-

ings between the great nobles of the day occurred at the battle of Nicopolis. The French had sent a strong contingent to the Crusade, led by the King of Hungary. Seven hundred great lords and gentlemen dressed "like kings," led by John the Fearless before mentioned, made a gallant show on the day of battle, but were irritated by the command of the King of Hungary to wait in position till the main body of the army came up. Some deliberation took place, and ultimately the Marshal d'Eu insisted on making an immediate attack, for he was wroth that the Lord de Courcy's opinion had been asked before his own. Rash counsels prevailed; the French contingent was cut to pieces, only a few *grandeës* being preserved for ransom, and the battle was lost.

In almost every great battle of that time the herd of nobles was found equally unmanageable. The clear-headed Henries and Edwards, who reigned over England, Normandy, Anjou, and Aquitaine, were the first to perceive the advantage of regular troops who fought for pay and plunder, and would, so long as their pay was not unreasonably in arrear, obey their employer implicitly, except during the sack of a town; and it is worthy of note that their policy was marked by extraordinary success. Without denying the warlike talent of Edward the Third and of Edward the Black Prince, I may yet assign



the proper meed of praise to their administrative genius, which supplied them with compact bodies of mercenary soldiers on whom they could thoroughly depend, while the French armies consisted of a rabble of nobles, quarrelling among themselves, and followed to the field by their unwilling and unskilful villeins. At a later date than Poitiers, the French, Italians, and Spaniards employed mercenaries more or less largely ; but I am not far wrong in calling Edward the Black Prince emphatically the Prince of Condottieri, as he himself fought for pay in Spain. The second great figure of this kind is Bertrand du Guesclin. Still, neither of these prominent personages could exactly be classed as an adventurer, and I am therefore inclined to pitch upon Sir John Hawkwood as the type of the free-lance. It is true that the difference between amateur and professional soldiers is less easy to draw, at a time when fighting was a general amusement, than it would be now ; but it is not less certain that the professional mostly got the better of the amateur, when the two classes were opposed. The amateur fighting baron individually was, perhaps, a finer fellow than the condottiere ; but, in the management of masses of troops and the conduct of siege operations, was a mere tyro by the side of men who had done nothing else from their youth upward.

How completely the lives of professional soldiers

were passed in war may be gathered from the significant fact, that upon the conclusion of peace between the English and French, by the treaty of Bretigni, in 1360, loud complaints were heard from them that it was all very well for kings and princes to make peace ; but what was to become of the free-lances ? A pretty business, indeed, all this signing, and sealing, and clerks' work generally ; but how about the gallant soldiers who, in tens of thousands, had been fighting for somebody since they could lay lance in rest ? Was their pay to be stopped ? Were their castles, won at their swords' point, to be taken from them ? Was their privilege of burning and destroying anybody's property in anybody's quarrel to come to an end ? A fine state of things surely ; a shutting up of shop, as it were, in the fighting business, a taking down of the sign, and a turning of swords into ploughshares with a vengeance ! Perish the thought ! If the kings of France and England had made a truce, and the king of Navarre had a right to make war, so had any other gentleman, as the famous Captal de Buch, for instance, who kept his hand in by " carrying on the war on his own account at Clermont de Beauvoisis." Many other valiant captains—Germans, Scots, English, and Flemings—were of like thinking with the Captal de Buch, and, having met together, determined to join their forces, and also " make

war on their own account." Sir Seguin de Batefol, Guyot du Pin, and the small but brave Mechin, collected their forces in Burgundy and Champagne, took the fort of Joinville, and under the name of Late Comers, sacked wealthy cities and laid the country waste "on their own account." King John of France was sorely discomfited at finding that his country was still enduring all the real horrors of war, and sent his cousin, James de Bourbon, to demolish the freebooters. This gallant noble raised an army, and at last came upon the five companies near the Castle of Brignais, some three leagues from Lyons. The companions mustered some sixteen thousand strong. The number of the king's troops is not known. In this case it would be awkward to use the terms "regular" and "irregular." In fact, the insurgent companies were the regular troops—the trained soldiers—and the army of James de Bourbon raw levies. The companies played, according to Froissart, a "grand trick." They encamped upon a low, flat-topped hill, which concealed their numbers, and rendered attack difficult. The French attacked them bravely enough, but were overwhelmed with showers of flints and great stones, and in the midst of their confusion the "grand battalion" of the companies, "fresh and untouched, advanced by a secret road round the hill, and being in close order like a brush, with their

lances cut down to six feet or thereabouts, with loud cries and a thorough good will fell upon the French army." The result was no longer doubtful, the amateurs were beaten by the professional warriors, and routed with immense slaughter, James de Bourbon and his son being both mortally wounded. Terror seized upon the country, the freebooters sacked and ruined entire provinces, and because they were in such large bodies that no small extent of country could maintain them, they divided themselves into two parties. The smaller of these remained at Ance, under the command of Sir Seguin de Batefol, who, after acquiring immense riches, was bought off and retired into Gascony, whereupon Charles the Bad, king of Navarre, asked him to dinner, and proposed that he should make fresh disturbances in France, contrary to the solemn covenants entered into by him. The conscience of the freebooter did not stand in his way. He was quite willing to fight for the king of Navarre, but asked for an immense sum of money. Charles the Bad objected to the price, but still more to letting his secret go in the keeping of a free-lance, and so handed him a dish of poisoned oranges, which brought his career to an end.

Meanwhile, the larger band of free companions harried the country right and left, surprised and conquered the town of St. Esprit, and threatened

Avignon itself, where they would have had the pope and cardinals at their mercy. Pope Innocent the Sixth and the College published a crusade against them, absolution was granted to all who would take up arms against them, and the Cardinal d'Arras was elected chief of the crusade. This reverend prelate went to work oddly, for "he retained all soldiers, and others, who were desirous of saving their souls, and of gaining the aforesaid pardons, but he would not give them any pay, which caused many of them to depart and go into Lombardy; others returned to their own countries, and some joined these wicked companies, which were daily increasing." Prowess and piety having completely broken down, it was finally determined to try hard cash. The Marquis of Montferrat agreed for a sum of money to clear the territory of the pope from the free-lances, and arranged with their captains to march under his command into Lombardy, for high future pay, pardon, and absolution from all crimes and sin, and sixty thousand florins in ready money.

Prominent among these captains was Sir John Hawkwood, an Essex man, and a native of Sible Hedingham, where a monument to him is still to be found. He is said to have been the son of a tanner, and originally apprenticed to a tailor, but the existence of a manor of Hawkwood, since the time of King John, throws some doubt on the humbleness of

his origin. Whatever the condition of his parents may have been, he served in the ranks as a common soldier, and comported himself so valiantly in the wars waged against France by our Edward the Third, that he was soon promoted to the rank of captain, and, for further good service, had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him, though he was "accounted the poorest knight in the army." His general, Edward the Black Prince, highly esteemed him for his valour and conduct, of which he gave extraordinary proofs at the battle of Poitiers.

Under the Marquis of Montferrat the companies entered Italy, where they soon made their mark. One Italian historian speaks of Hawkwood as Giovanni della Guglia—John of the Needle; but he is more freely spoken of as Giovanni Lucud, Kauchovod, or Aguto—all three desperate struggles of the smooth Italian tongue to pronounce his English name. Hawkwood's Englishmen, the white company as they were called, proved too costly for the Marquis of Montferrat to keep after they had served his turn; but this mattered little to Hawkwood, who, with three thousand men well trained, mounted, and armed, entered the service of Pisa—Italy being in that curious state of ebullition called the Renaissance, when, amid intestine broils and petty ambitions, that wonderful country made a mark in poetry and in prose, in architecture

and in sculpture, in painting and in science, that time can never wash away. In the employ of the Pisans, Hawkwood greatly distinguished himself, but when they made it up with the Florentines and dismissed him, he settled down in the territory of Siena, again "on his own account," and ravaged the country so frightfully that the Italians compared his troops to the plague of locusts, which, in the beginning of the same year, 1364, desolated Italy. Living thus at free-quarters as best he could, "Aguto"—now a name of terror—went on burning and plundering till 1369, when he returned to regular business by entering the service of Bernabo Visconti, and (after fighting for him for some time) that of the pope, who required him to make war against his late master. It is said that Visconti behaved shabbily in reducing pay and allowances, and had besides enraged the great captain, by allowing his son Ambrosio to criticise his conduct at the battle of Asti. He thrashed the Milanese soundly and reduced many important cities to the pope's authority; for which services he was given by Pope Gregory five cities for himself, and was declared gonfalonier of the Church. Shortly afterwards he again sided with the Visconti, and subdued the ecclesiastical states to their authority; but having some difficulty with Galeazzo Visconti, went over again to the pope, and gave battle again

successively to Galeazzo and to John Galeazzo, inflicting on them two tremendous defeats. The pope's legate now set Hawkwood to work, to destroy the harvest of the Florentine allies of the Visconti; but that commander, disgusted at the legate's underhand tricks, and being, moreover, bribed by the Florentines, threw up his papal commission. His price on this occasion was seventy-five thousand florins, which, with a fine sense of irony, was levied on the clergy. He, however, did not yet openly enter the service of the republic, but, waiting till the pope fancied himself secure of his revenge on the Florentines, suddenly swung round to their side, making alliance with Bernabo Visconti and Florence for a year, and bringing with him three thousand "lances" and five thousand archers—probably altogether some twenty thousand men. His pay was a quarter of a million of florins. Bernabo Visconti now determined to fix the fickle one, and to that end gave Hawkwood his natural daughter in marriage, with a portion of a million of florins; but married life does not seem to have weakened "Aguto's" predatory instincts, as we find him soon afterwards overrunning several Italian states, and putting them to ransom. After this Hawkwood and the Florentines had sundry quarrels, but in the main were faithful to each other. After the death of his father-in-law Bernabo, Hawkwood was constantly employed by Florence in check-



ing the growing power of Galeazzo, which threatened to overshadow Italy, and fought many campaigns, in which he seems to have proved somewhat of a Fabius. His usual plan was to lay the enemy's country waste, and, if possible, shut him up in fortified places until this condition of things became unbearable, and he was ready to fight under any disadvantage; but on particular occasions, when confronted by extraordinary difficulties, he showed true military genius. During a memorable retreat the enemy, who fancied they had got him completely hemmed in, sent him a cage with a fox in it as a polite message, to which all the remark vouchsafed by the stolid Briton was, that "the fox would find a way out," as he did by a brilliant manœuvre. Campaign after campaign was conducted by Hawkwood, until, at last, Galeazzo and the rest of the enemies of Florence, wearied out by defeat, delay, and disaster, made peace with the republic. To reduce the expenses of the state, sorely tried during these long wars, the Florentines discharged all their foreign auxiliaries, save only Sir John Hawkwood and one thousand men under his command. But the retirement of the great free-lance did not last long. The petty squabbles of the city had no charm for one who loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak, and the old warrior ended his active life on March 6th, 1393, at his

house in the street called Pulveroso, near Florence. His funeral was celebrated with great magnificence amid the general lamentation of the people. His bier, adorned with gold and jewels, was supported by the first persons of the republic, followed by horses in gilded trappings, banners, and other military ensigns and a large body of citizens. His remains were deposited in the church of Sta. Reparata, and his equestrian portrait was painted on the dome according to public decree. From such copies and commentaries as have come down to our time we find the great free-lance possessed of well-cut features, remarkably resembling those of the Stanley family—clean shaven, of ruddy complexion, with brown eyes and hair. He appears to have been over the middle height, a broad-shouldered, deep-chested, powerfully-built Englishman. Under his portrait in the dome of Sta. Reparata was a Latin inscription to Joannes Acutus, eques Britannicus, etc., etc., etc. Our countryman Skippon translates this as John Sharp, a blunder which probably explains the whole story about John-of-the-Needle, the tailor's son, and so forth. Verily those philologists who hold that nothing means anything that it appears to mean, will be pleased with this derivative of John Sharp, a tailor's son, from Sir John Hawkwood, sometime a gentleman adventurer, who made war either for others, or, in default of employment, "on his own account."

## A BUCCANEER.

IT is interesting to trace the degeneration of the gentleman adventurer, of the period of the Renaissance, into the buccaneer and pirate. The former was a potential pirate, whose predatory habits were glossed over by the fame of the explorer or dignified by the steady purpose of the patriot. He was a higher development of the pirate pure and simple—the plundering, burning, and destroying Northman, a sea robber, only occasionally great enough to advance from simple plunder to actual conquest. It was only by slow degrees that piracy took the heroic form manifested by Drake and his brave contemporaries. The heroic period did not last long, but the primeval instinct of piracy survived; the explorer, the gentleman adventurer, the gallant defender of his country, swiftly sank, first into the buccaneer, and then into the pirate, until the motto of “No peace beyond the line” was exchanged for the black flag of the marine Ishmael—who plundered, tortured, and murdered right and left, and spent his ill-gotten gains in hideous debauchery, and extrava-

gance as devoid of elegance as were his exploits of any gleam of chivalry. I would that it were otherwise ; but truth compels me to admit that, after an attentive study of the lives of the buccaneers, I can find but two good points about them—personal courage of the most reckless kind, and a fertility of resource which frequently extorts unwilling admiration. Ashore or afloat they engaged their prey, the Spaniard, without any reference to numbers, and, so far as can be ascertained, with very general success. In these days of discipline and arms of precision, it appears to us astounding that a rabble of desperadoes should have stormed fortified cities, and defeated in pitched battles the soldiery of Spain, often against the most tremendous odds. But the facts remain. Over natural and artificial obstacles the genius of the buccaneers triumphed, until their name became a terror to the well-garrisoned towns of the Spanish Main, and heavily-armed galleons slunk away in affright at the whisper that they were on the war-path. Perhaps the horrible tortures they inflicted on their prisoners had something to do with establishing this panic ; but, in judging them on this score, we must recollect that they did not invent the torture. In the early days of American adventure, the Spanish possessors of the country had consigned many of their prisoners to the dungeons of the Inquisition, and it was hardly to be expected

that the later marauders should forget that their predecessors had been tortured as heretics, instead of being hanged as pirates. If, however, the miseries inflicted on the inhabitants of the South American seaboard by the buccaneers are to be regarded as a species of retribution, it must at least be admitted that it was terrible and complete.

The great buccaneering period may be roughly said to have extended over the latter half of the seventeenth century, while the enterprises of the freebooters were assisted by the wars fomented by Louis the Fourteenth. Those among them who stood upon ceremony obtained letters of marque, and then went to work with a will : while others, who were less imbued with respect for technicalities, fought and plundered "for their own hand." In the histories of the buccaneers, as written by themselves, a sort of case is made out for them. They were originally the hunters of Hispaniola, and their name is derived from the boucan, or dried meat, which they prepared from the wild cattle. They were rough fellows these hunters, vendors of hides and beef, living in the woods for months together, and conducting themselves, after they had sold their produce, very much in the fashion of the logwood-cutters described by Dampier. These colonists were by no means to the taste of the Spaniards, who did their best to drive them off. The

French too were at this time attempting to establish plantations in Tortuga, and to that end endeavoured to bring the early planters and hunters of that island, and of Hispaniola, under something approaching law and order. The consequences of this attempt were disastrous. Hunters and planters made common cause against their new masters, and being crushed by the strong hand, betook themselves to piracy. Tortuga, and, at a later date, Jamaica, became nests of pirates, who had, according to their own account, been driven to evil courses by ill-treatment. Pierre le Grand, a Frenchman, and Bartholomew Portugues, were the first great leaders of the so-called buccancers. Commencing with a boat, they boarded ships, and with these took other ships, until they at length commanded little fleets, and spread devastation far and wide. Rock Brasiliano was also a notable buccaneer of the early period. This worthy was a Dutchman, who obtained his cognomen by a long residence in Brazil. Flying thence to Jamaica, when the Portuguese retook Brazil from the Dutch, he entered a "society of pirates;" and after part of the crew of the ship quarrelled with the captain, and set off in a boat, was chosen the captain of the malcontents, who, fitting out a small vessel, speedily took a great plate ship. This action gained him great reputation, but "in his private affairs he governed himself very ill;

for he would oftentimes appear brutish and foolish ; when in drink, running up and down the streets, beating or wounding those he met ; no person daring to make any resistance." He had an inveterate hatred against the Spaniards, never showing them any mercy, and "commanded several to be roasted alive, for not shewing him Hog-yards, where he might steal swine"—pork and turtle being the favourite food of the buccaneers, as punch and brandy were their drink. The exploits and cruelties of Rock Brasiliano were soon eclipsed by François Lolonois—so called from his being a native of Les Sables d'Olonne. His atrocities will not bear repetition, and made the Spaniards shudder at his name, until he came to what his biographer calls, with grim humour, "his unfortunate death." After commanding fleets and sacking cities, he at last fell into the hands of the Indians of Darien, who "tore him in pieces alive, throwing his body limb by limb into the fire, and his ashes into the air, that no trace nor memory might remain of such an infamous inhuman creature." The first honours (?) of buccaneering were thus gained by French, Dutch, and Portuguese, but the credit of producing the greatest buccaneer of them all belongs to the English, "a nation apt to piracy."

Captain—afterwards Sir Henry—Morgan, was a buccaneer or pirate, whichever the reader pleases,

who narrowly missed, in the West, a career equal in notoriety to that enjoyed by Barbarossa in the Mediterranean. His dream was the foundation of a buccaneer state, a sort of Salée or Algiers, on the Spanish Main ; but whatever may have been his chances of succeeding in this project, they were ruined by the anxiety of the great representative buccaneer to take care of himself. His portrait is now before me—the image of a bluff cavalier, of the reign of his most gracious majesty King Charles the Second. A square head, with hair parted in the midst, and falling in long love-locks over the shoulders—the coiffure preceding the full-bottomed wig—a long straight nose, large eyes set wide apart, a well-cut upper and a thick, heavy, sensual under lip. A moustache, curled upward, gives a jaunty expression to an otherwise heavy-looking countenance, resting on a square-cut jowl and double chin. Altogether it is a face of power. Not delicate, not sympathetic, not intellectual ; but simply strong, resolute, and steadfast. The bull neck is encircled by a cravat of the richest lace ; the heavy shoulders and deep chest are clothed in cloth of gold—“lifted” probably from some mighty galleon ; the arms enjoy exceptional freedom by reason of the sleeves being slashed with white satin. Across the shoulder hangs a richly-decorated sword-belt, holding the victorious cutlass of the rover. The background



of the picture is appropriately filled in with a sketch of a burning town and sinking fleet.

Henry Morgan was one of those who, having been shorn themselves to begin with, pass the remainder of their lives in flaying others. The son of a rich Welsh yeoman, he found little pleasure or prospect of advancement in his father's calling, and sought the sea-coast in quest of more congenial occupation. Finding several ships at anchor bound for Barbadoes, he took service in one of these, and became the victim of a custom then prevailing. He was sold by his captain as soon as he came ashore. In the gay days succeeding the Restoration, and for long afterwards, this practice of engaging or kidnapping English folk and selling them as slaves in his majesty's plantations was, if not sanctioned by authority, quietly connived at. The lot of the men sold for a term of years was hard enough if they fell into the hands of a violent master. As people dined early, and generally got more or less intoxicated at dinner, the slightest blunder was often punished with tremendous severity. Besides the punishment of "cat-hauling"—which consisted in fixing a cat on the shoulders of a naked man, and then dragging the animal by the tail, struggling with tooth and nail, downwards to his feet—it was not unusual to lash the unhappy white slaves till they were nearly dead, and then anoint their wounds with lemon-

juice mixed with salt and pepper. There is no record of how Morgan fared under his Barbadian master; but if conclusions may be drawn from his subsequent career, he was so ill-treated as to extinguish in him all pity and sympathy for his fellow-creatures. Having served his time at Barbadoes, and succeeded in obtaining his liberty, he hied him to Jamaica, there to seek new fortunes. Finding himself adrift without employment, and two piratical vessels just ready to put to sea, he at once commenced a career which has left an evil scent of blood and fire on the isthmus of Panama. He soon fell in with his new comrades' manner of living, and "so exactly, that, having performed three or four voyages with profit and success, he agreed with some of his comrades, who had got by the same voyages a little money, to join stocks and buy a ship. The vessel being bought, they unanimously chose him captain and commander."

On the coasts of Campeachy, Morgan and his comrades took many vessels, and fell in with Mansvelt, an ancient buccaneer, who was then busy in equipping a fleet with the design to land on the continent, and "pillage whatever he could." Morgan's handsome string of prizes so impressed the "old hand" with his genius, that he made him at once vice-admiral in the expedition. With fifteen ships, "great and small," and five hundred men—

Walloons and French—they sailed from Jamaica, and took and sacked the island of St. Catherine, near Costa Rica. The buccaneers were exceedingly anxious to preserve St. Catherine as a piratical stronghold, but not proving strong enough to hold their own there, they proposed to attack Havana itself. Finding their force insufficient for this daring adventure, they fell upon Puerto el Principe, and took it; but, being disgusted at the small amount of the plunder, quarrelled among themselves. The ancient feud between the English and French broke out anew, and the freebooters parted company, Morgan determining to try his fortunes at the head of his own countrymen. Collecting nine ships and four hundred and sixty men, he put to sea, telling no man of his destination. On approaching Costa Rica he declared his intention of attacking Puerto Velo. This enterprise could not, he thought, fail, “seeing he had kept it a secret, whereby they could not have notice of his coming.” Many murmured against him, alleging that they had not sufficient force to assault so strong and great a city, whereupon Morgan made a memorable and characteristic speech: “If our number is small our hearts are great. And the fewer persons we are, the more union and better shares we shall have in the spoil.” Puerto Velo—not far from Nombre di Dios, the scene of one of Drake’s exploits—was

considered the strongest place held by the Spaniards in the West Indies, excepting only Havana and Cartagena. It was defended by two castles, and a garrison of three hundred soldiers. It was a sort of Atlantic port for Panama, and was rich in plate and slaves. One after the other the castles were taken after a desperate defence, and many of the "chiefest citizens were made prisoners." But the town still held out. Morgan now ordered ten or twelve ladders to be made of such breadth that three or four men at once might ascend by them. When these were ready, he commanded "all the religious men and women whom he had taken prisoners to fix them against the walls. The unfortunate monks and nuns, driven on by the buccaneers, found no mercy from their own people, who fired on them remorselessly. Ultimately, the buccaneers took the town, the governor, who conducted himself valiantly throughout, dying sword in hand. As was usual in these cases, the place was sacked, the prisoners put to the rack to make them reveal their real or supposed hidden treasures, and a ransom of a hundred thousand pieces of eight was demanded on pain of the town being burnt. The governor of Panama, incensed at the outrage on Puerto Velo, sent a detachment to demolish the buccaneers ; but the latter made short work of the Spanish troops, whereat the governor, in a sort of

anti-climax, threatened the marauders with high pains and penalties unless they should presently depart from Puerto Velo. Morgan replied that, unless "the contribution-money were paid down, he would certainly burn the whole city, and then leave it, demolishing beforehand the castles and killing the prisoners." In a few days the ransom was paid; but the ruler of Panama was so amazed that some four hundred men should take a city defended by castles, without having ordnance to raise batteries, that he sent to Captain Morgan "desiring some small pattern of those arms, wherewith he had taken, with such vigour, so great a city." Morgan received the messenger "very kindly and with great civility," and gave him a pistol and a few small bullets to carry back to his master, telling him withal: "He desired him to accept that slender pattern of the arms wherewith he had taken Puerto Velo, and keep them for a twelve-month, after which time he promised to come to Panama and fetch them away." The Spaniard quickly returned the ill-omened present to Morgan, thanking him for lending him "weapons that he needed not," and sent him withal a gold ring with this message: "That he desired him not to give himself the labour of coming to Panama as he had done to Puerto Velo, for he did assure him he should not speed so well here as he had done there."

After sacking various cities, notably Maraicaybo, and leading the Spaniards a terrible life generally, Morgan collected together an army of well-seasoned buccaneers of all nations, principally English, and prepared to put into execution the campaign attempted in vain by Oxenham, his precursor, and by Sawkins and others, his degenerate descendants. As preliminaries to the great venture the island of St. Catherine was taken, and subsequently the castle of Chagres. At the latter place the Spaniards defended themselves "very briskly," keeping up a heavy fire, and crying out; "Come on, ye English dogs, enemies to God and our king; let your other companions that are behind come on, too; ye shall not go to Panama this bout." Some desperate fighting occurred here, the Spaniards defending themselves right valiantly. The buccaneers were driven back again and again, but yet came up to the attack with undiminished vigour, hurling their fire-pots among their enemies, who responded with like missiles, until, as the buccaneers were getting roughly handled, "there happened a remarkable accident which occasioned their victory. One of the pirates being wounded by an arrow in the back, which pierced his body through, he pulled it out boldly at the side of his breast, and, winding a little cotton about it, he put it into his musket and shot it back to the castle. But the cotton, being

kindled by the powder, fired two or three houses in the castle, being thatched with palm-leaves, which the Spaniards perceived not so soon as was necessary." A tremendous explosion ensued, which threw the Spaniards into confusion; and the pirates, having burnt their way through the stockades, at last captured the castle, with a loss of one hundred killed, besides seventy wounded. On the 18th day of August, 1670, Captain Morgan set forth from the castle of Chagres with twelve hundred men, five boats, with artillery, and thirty-two canoes. Working their way up the river, the little army made only six leagues on the first day, and came to "a spot called de los Braços." Here they went ashore to stretch their limbs, crippled in the crowded boats, and skirmished round the country in search of provisions. But they found none, as the Spaniards, advised of their arrival, carried everything off, and the greater part were thus forced to pass the night "with only a pipe of tobacco," by way of refreshment. The river being very low, they were obliged to leave their boats at the conclusion of the next day. The genius of organisation had not forsaken them, for they left a hundred and sixty men to guard the boats and secure their retreat, while the main body pushed on across the isthmus, still working with such few canoes as were able by their light draught to pass

up the river, encumbered by shoals and those impediments known in the Mississippi as snags and sawyers. Everywhere they found the country denuded of all kinds of provisions, and as buccaneers were accustomed to victual on the enemy, they were soon reduced to sore straits. On the fourth day—according to an eye-witness and comrade—“the ferment of their stomachs was now so sharp as to gnaw their very bowels.” Nevertheless, they were nothing daunted, and, finding a heap of leather bags, devoured them for want of anything better. For the information of those curious in cookery, it may be well to show how they treated this unpromising food. First they sliced it in pieces, then they beat it between two stones, and rubbed it, often dipping it in water to make it supple and tender. “Lastly, they scraped off the hair and broyl’d it.” Being thus cooked, they cut it into small morsels and ate it, helping it down with frequent gulps of water, which, by good fortune, they had at hand. On the ninth day they, more than half-starved and worn out with fatigue and fasting, descried the highest steeple of Panama, and at once threw up their hats for joy, as if the campaign were over, and the riches of the city were already theirs. The Spaniards appear to have been rather slow in going to work. To begin with, they made a great show of blockading the buccaneers in their temporary



encampment, and laid many ambuscades to open fire as they approached the city. But Morgan had good guides, and by the advice of one of them, tried "another way." Hence the Spaniards were compelled to leave their breastworks and batteries, and come out to meet them in the open, with two squadrons of cavalry, four regiments of foot, and a great herd of wild bulls, driven on by innumerable Negroes and Indians. When the buccaneers saw the opposing force, "few or none but wished themselves at home," but after some wavering, they made up their minds to "fight resolutely, or die, for no quarter could be expected from an enemy on whom they had committed so many cruelties." Occupying a little hill, they sent forward two hundred of their best marksmen. Descending the hill this detachment marched straight upon the Spaniards, who awaited them firmly enough, but could not make much use of their cavalry—on account of the field being full of "quaggs." The two hundred buccaneers, putting one knee on the ground, began the battle with "a full volley of shot." An attempt was then made to throw the marauders into disorder by driving the wild bulls against them, but the animals took fright and ran away—the few who rushed among the buccaneers being instantly shot. The Spanish horse being discomfited, the foot threw down their arms and ran away to shelter themselves

in the town. There an obstinate resistance was made, but in spite of barricades, cannon, and men, the fury of the buccaneers prevailed, although their numbers were considerably thinned in the assault. The town taken, Morgan forbade his men to touch any wine, saying he had intelligence that it was all poisoned—his real fear being, that if his men were not restrained, they would become frightfully intoxicated, and prove an easy prey to the enemy. The work of plunder and destruction now commenced. Churches and monasteries, warehouses and palaces, were sacked and burnt; but as the inhabitants had hidden their valuables, and run away into the woods, the buccaneers had some difficulty in getting their booty together. To expedite this important part of the business, they made excursions into the country, seized as many of the inhabitants as they could find, and put them to most “exquisite tortures to make them confess both other people’s goods and their own.” The ruffians racked and roasted their unhappy prisoners, and occasionally applied a peculiar torture—twisting a cord round the forehead of a prisoner “till his eyes appeared as big as eggs, and were ready to fall out.” They spared neither age nor sex, and one shudders to think of the fate of the many beautiful women who fell into their hands. Morgan himself was peculiarly susceptible to the attractions of the fair sex. Among the unfortunate

prisoners was the wife of a Spanish merchant, a woman of singular beauty, with raven hair, and a dazzling complexion. The buccaneer leader fell in love with the lady, who had been told, like other Spanish women, by husbands and priests, that buccaneers were not men, but "heretics," monstrous beasts, fearful to look upon. The young Spaniard was therefore agreeably surprised to find that her captors were "men like Spaniards after all." Her joy at finding herself in the hands of buccaneers rather than wild beasts was premature. For a while all went well ; but having received Morgan's advances coldly, she soon became aware of the real character of the man. It is hardly unfair to the memory of this great freebooter to say that in him were epitomised all the vices of generations of buccaneers and pirates. He was cruel, tyrannical, and sensual ; avaricious and faithless even to his own comrades. He pressed his suit, offering to pour all the wealth of the Indies at the feet of the beautiful Spaniard, if she would consent to his wishes. She refused him absolutely, and threatened to kill him or herself with her poniard if he came near her. Morgan was furious, but found in gratified cupidity a solace for disappointed love. The lady was flung into a dark cellar, and informed that unless thirty thousand pieces of eight were paid for her ransom she should be sold as a slave in Jamaica. As the buccancering

army commenced its march from Panama laden with plunder, the beautiful prisoner was led apart from the rest between two buccaneers. The triumphant army carried off from the burned and ruined city one hundred and seventy-five horses and mules laden with gold, silver, and jewels, and five or six hundred prisoners, men and women, to whom Morgan replied that they, unless they were ransomed, should assuredly all be sold into slavery. These poor wretches were driven on by blows from musket-barrels and prods from pikes, and the air was filled with the sounds of lamentation. The fair Spaniard had endeavoured to pay the money for her ransom. She had entrusted two priests with the knowledge of a secret hoard, but these creatures had taken the money and employed it in ransoming their own friends. Morgan soon brought them to book. He dismissed the lady at once, and carried the monks on to Chagres till their ransom was paid.

Now comes a portion of the story which strips the buccaneering character of its last thin coat of chivalrous varnish. There may be honour among thieves—I don't believe there is—but there was certainly none among Morgan's men. As an instance of the mutual distrust which existed among these brigands, may be cited Morgan's command that every man should be searched before the division of spoil commenced. To divert suspicion from himself

he first submitted to the search, being well prepared for that ordeal. At Chagres he divided the booty. The murmurs against him rose to a menacing height. According to his calculation the share of each man was only two hundred pieces of eight, a ridiculous dividend on the capture of a great city, from which every one had expected at least a thousand. The jewels also were unfairly sold; the "admiral"—for Morgan really held a kind of commission from Sir Thomas Modyford, governor of Jamaica—and his cabal buying them very cheap. Matters had now assumed a threatening aspect. The French buccancers swore that they had been cheated by the English, and declared they would have the admiral's life. But he was equal to the occasion, gave them the slip, and arrived in Jamaica with the immense treasure of which he had defrauded his comrades in crime. The Sir Thomas Modyford mentioned above, who, doubtless, had a share in Morgan's plunder, was recalled, and the buccancer leader himself was sent over to England; where, backed by his commission, he could hardly be hanged, and, as an alternative, was knighted and sent out to Jamaica as commissioner of the Admiralty. Here, it would seem, he married and lived in great wealth and splendour, not, however, without having his ears assailed from time to time by the menacing voices of his swindled comrades, who

swore to be even with him, and laid unsuccessful plots to destroy him. The wonder is that, among so many desperadoes, not one could be found to pistol him. The buccaneers delayed their revenge too long, for, in 1680, Sir Henry Morgan<sup>1</sup> was left in Jamaica by Lord Carlisle as deputy-governor, and signalised his reign by hanging every buccaneer he could catch. In the reign of James the Second the notorious knight was thrown into prison, where he remained for three years. On his release he disappears from history. Whether he died full of years and dignity, or like a dog as he deserved, there is no evidence to show.

## WILLIAM DAMPIER.

**MORE** akin to the free companion than to the conjurer, yet partaking at times of the learning of the latter, enjoying the pursuit and capture of booty as well as the heartiest brigand, but yet at the same time increasing his own knowledge and expanding the realms of geography, the adventurer who, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, sailed from Plymouth or Bideford, had a veritable individuality of his own. He was a gentleman of Devon with some fancy for trading with the natives of those far Western Indies, given by the Pope of Rome to Jack Spaniard for ever ; but with a huge desire to make the "jacket" of the said Spaniard to "smoke," and eke to "sing the King of Spain's heard" should occasion offer. To do him justice, the gentleman adventurer made very few pretences of trading. His ship was as "tall" as his purse could supply, and she carried as heavy metal as the ordnance-makers of the time could construct. Hawkins, Oxenham, Drake, and Cavendish are, perhaps, the finest examples of the true gentleman adventurer, for they

were, although mainly, yet not entirely, moved to adventure by the desire of plunder. They were greedy for the Unknown. To us who live in the ripe manhood—perhaps, alas! in the dotage—of the world, it is difficult to realise the intense yearning of the vigorous men of action of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for the Undiscovered. With the exception of the regions immediately surrounding the Poles and part of Central Africa, we of this nineteenth century know the configuration of our globe very well. Polar or African exploration is now the only outlet for adventurous spirits, and it must be confessed that neither the frozen regions of the North, the raging seas of the Antarctic, nor the fertile interior of Africa, offer attraction like that exercised by the Indies, the wondrous realm of Cathay, and the empire of Chipangu, upon our daring ancestors. Fabulous stories of the wealth of these remote regions gradually filtered through Spain and Portugal to England, and the voyage of Magellan's fleet round the world stirred Englishmen to be up and doing also. The charm of novelty was added to the chance of wealth. During the lifetime of Columbus, and for years after his death, the continuity of the continent of America remained unproved, and nothing can be more clear than that the voyages of Vesputius, Magellan, and the Cabots were designed to find, not America, but the passage to



India through what was imagined to be a vast archipelago. Bit by bit it was discovered that the great mountain backbone extended northward and southward to the regions of perpetual frost and storm, and that the gap in the Isthmus of Darien, depicted on the curious globe in the library at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, had no existence save in the imagination of early cartographers. The great South Sea was, to Englishmen, an unknown ocean, long after its discovery by Nunez de Balboa and its navigation by Magellan, but when first seen by Francis Drake from that "goodly and great high tree" on the isthmus, had long been furrowed by Spanish keels. How, from the day of the treacherous attack on Sir John Hawkins's fleet in the harbour of San Juan de Ulloa, there was "no peace beyond the line;" how Spaniard as well as Englishman risked his life and property doubly when he sailed in tropical waters; how the English sacked cities, intercepted gold trains, and captured galleons; how, when caught by their foes, they were either condemned to the galleys, or handed over to the Holy Inquisition; how Captain Drake sailed round the world in the *Golden Hind*, picking up by the way the good ship *Cacafuego*, with twenty-six tons of silver, besides gold and jewels, the whole valued at three hundred and sixty thousand "pesos;" and how Queen Elizabeth was entertained at dinner on board the *Golden Hind*,

then lying at Deptford : how Captain Cavendish entered the harbour of Plymouth with silken sails ; and how the naval power of Spain was brought to naught in the great Channel fight, are matters of history ; but the story of the successors of Drake and Cavendish—the buccaneers—is by no means so clearly made out. The generally accepted story sets down the buccaneers as originally herdsmen, driven by oppression first to defence, next to reprisals, and lastly to a generally lawless life. This derivation of the whole army of buccaneers and filibusters from the cattle-slaying settlers of Hispaniola, and the Tortugas, has always appeared to the writer somewhat fanciful. Doubtless, the oppressed and discontented herdsmen joined bands of sea-rovers and gave them the name derived from their calling, but the whole practice of buccaneering was but an extension of the maxim, “ No peace beyond the line.”

Among, but hardly of, this desperate crew was a remarkable Englishman, made, minus the good fortune, of similar stuff to the old English navigators, who harried the Spaniard without making robbery a profession. William Dampier was a Somersetshire man, born about the middle of the seventeenth century. His friends did not originally design him for the sea, “ but upon the death of my father and mother, they, who had the disposal of me, took other measures, and, having removed me

from the Latin School, to learn writing and arithmetic, they soon after placed me with a master of a ship at Weymouth, complying with the inclinations I had very early of seeing the world." These inclinations were afterwards gratified without being satisfied, for Dampier was a true explorer, ever eager and anxious to map out an unknown bit of coast, or to describe a new race of men, a new bird, beast, or fish ; and disappointment had no power to destroy this thirst for knowledge. Among pirates and cut-throats always more or less drunk, and generally in a state of mutiny, in fair weather and foul, through storm or shine, he kept that journal, which no one can read without conceiving a hearty admiration for the much-enduring man, who, in accuracy of delineation, has been exceeded by no subsequent traveller. His first voyages were to France and to Newfoundland ; then came a long and warm voyage to Bantam, on board of the *John and Martha*, of London, Dampier serving before the mast. After a little rest on shore Dampier enlisted on board the *Royal Prince*, England being then at war with Holland, and having fought in two engagements under Sir Edward Sprague, he returned home, invalided, to his brother's house in Somersetshire. With renewed health came the desire for adventure, and Dampier went to Jamaica as under-manager of a plantation belonging to Colonel Hellier. As a

planter he was, as he confesses, "clearly out of his element," and having made several coasting voyages round about Jamaica, shipped himself with one Captain Hudsel, bound to the Bay of Campeachy to load logwood. Here he first mentions the buccaneers; but in this case, and indeed always, gives them the name of "privateers," as sounding better than pirates or buccaneers, and complains greatly of the inconvenience of going between the Isle of Pines, a favourite haunt of these gentry, and Cuba, on account of a Spanish garrison at Cape Corientes, who have "a large periago fitted with oars and sails, ready to launch out and seize any small vessel."

During the same year (1675) our adventurer determined to spend some time at the logwood trade, by which must be understood cutting logwood in the Bay of Campeachy. Logwood-cutting had been discovered to be far more lucrative than hunting wild cattle on Beef Island. The animals had become scarce, and the labour of pegging down hides was much objected to; but there were yet many adventurers unencumbered by prejudice, who divided their time between hunting and wood-cutting, varying the monotony of life with an occasional privateering cruise. At the time of Dampier's sojourn the logwood-cutters were nearly all men who had been "privateers," but, finding their occupation restricted by the peace between this country and Spain, were "put to shifts,"

having prodigally spent whatever they had got by plundering the Spaniards. Cutting wood was terribly dull work, so these worthies now and then went up the country on a slave-hunting expedition, plundering the nearest Indian towns, bringing away the Indian women to serve them at their huts, and sending their husbands to be sold at Jamaica. Besides this amusement they had their grand drinking bouts, and would "spend thirty or forty pounds at a sitting aboard the ships that came hither from Jamaica; carousing and firing off guns for three or four days together." These jovial colonists went on in this fashion for a few years; but not long after Dampier's departure were captured by degrees by the Spaniards and sold as slaves in Mexico, where, he adds—with commendable fairness—they were not sent to the mines or barbarously used, as was believed by people at home in England, but were treated altogether far better than they deserved. Logwood-cutting being stopped for a while by a tempest, the effect of evil communications was made manifest in the young Somersetshire man. "When the violent storm took us I was but just settling to Work, and not having a Stock of Wood to purchase such Provision as was sent from Jamaica, as the old Standards had, I, with many more in my circumstances, was forced to range about to seek a subsistence in Company of some Privateers then in the Bay."

His first venture in the piratical business was but a foretaste of the luck which followed him throughout. With two barques, containing each thirty men, they attacked Alvarado, had ten or a dozen men killed or desperately wounded, and took the fort, but found no booty.

After an unsuccessful cruise, Dampier returned to work at logwood-cutting, and having apparently fared better at that trade, sailed for England in 1678, and during his spell ashore married a wife out of the Duchess of Grafton's family. His old restlessness, however, overtook him, and in the beginning of the following year he set out again, leaving his wife at Arlington House, "for Jamaica, in order to have gone thence to Campeachy; but it proved to be a Voyage round the World." In April, 1679, he arrived at Port Royal with a stock of goods which he had brought with him, and sold his cargo with the intention of buying such things as would sell among the Campeachy logwood-cutters; but "upon some maturer considerations of my intended voyage to Campeachy, I changed my thoughts of that design, and continued at Jamaica all that year in expectation of some other business." What that "other business" was does not transpire, but it was doubtless profitable, as during his stay in Jamaica Dampier purchased a small estate in Dorsetshire, and forwarded the "Writing of my new

purchase" to England. About Christmas, 1679, one Mr. Hobby invited him to go on "a short trading voyage to the country of the Moskitos." Coming to an anchor in Negril Bay, at the west end of Jamaica, they found there Captains Coxon, Sawkings, Sharp, and other privateers, when "Mr. Hobby's men all left him to go with them upon an expedition they had contrived, leaving not one with him beside myself; and being thus left alone, after three or four days' stay with Mr. Hobby, I was the more easily persuaded to go with them too." "The expedition" these gentle "privateers" had contrived was simply a repetition of Morgan's exploit. Having captured and sacked Porto Bello by way of getting their hands in, they landed on the isthmus to the number of between three or four hundred men on the 5th of April, 1680. In nine days' march they arrived at Santa Maria and took it, and after a stay of three days embarked on the Pacific coast in "such canoes and periagos" as their Indian friends could furnish.

Panama, however, rebuilt in the nine years which had elapsed since its destruction by Morgan, proved too hard a nut for them to crack. Their bravest commander, Sawkings, having been killed in a vain attempt upon Puebla Nueva, they chose first Captain Sharp, and then Captain Coxon, as commanders, and bent their course southward to the Island of

**Juan Fernandez.** Here they remained till the 12th January, when they were scared by the appearance of three vessels, which they imagined to be Spanish ships of war in quest of them.

They put to sea in haste, leaving, by accident, one of their Mosquito Indians, named William, upon the island. Losing another commander in an unsuccessful attack upon Arica, the buccaneers fell out among themselves—one party wishing to pursue their adventures in the South Sea, and the minority wishing to return across the isthmus. Captain Sharp's party cruised in the South Sea, and the following year returned to England, where Sharp and several of his men were tried for piracy, but escaped. The venture of the minority, of whom Dampier was one, was remarkable for its boldness. Forty-four white men and two Mosquito Indians embarked in a long-boat and some canoes, actually undertook to make a long march through hostile territory, and again take their chance of seizing upon craft. After a fortnight's navigation, they landed at the mouth of a river in the Bay of St. Michael, evaded the vigilance of the Spaniards, who were on the watch for them, and, in spite of the drenching tropical rain, pushed boldly across the isthmus. "In thunder, lightning, and in rain," drenched night and day, sleeping under trees and fording torrents, the determined band pushed on,



till, on the twenty-third day of the march, they obtained Indian canoes, in which they proceeded to La Sounds Key, one of the Samballas Islands, much frequented by buccaneers, and entered a French privateer, commanded by Captain Tristian. Sailing to Springer's Key, they found eight more sail of "privateers"—to wit, Captain Coxon and three English, one Dutch, and three French. The idea of joining forces and sacking Panama for the second time still reigned in the buccaneering brain. Little, however, was done, the old feud between French and English preventing any hearty co-operation between them. Dampier, himself, who was singularly free from prejudice, openly expresses his contempt for French commanders and French seamanship, and insisted on quitting a French ship to serve under Captain Wright. Much hunting, fishing, and harpooning of manatee and turtle was done, but little or no real business, on account of a Spanish fleet which was cruising about, looking for the buccaneers. They picked up a prize or two of small value, but failed to organise any important enterprise, until one Mr. John Cook dexterously swindled the Captain Tristian before mentioned out of his ship, and made for Virginia, where Dampier now was, taking two prizes by the way. Goods and prizes were sold, except the largest ship, which was renamed the *Revenge*, and equipped for a long

voyage. Her crew was composed of seventy men, amongst whom were almost all the travellers across the isthmus, including William Dampier, Lionel Wafer, Ambrose Cowley, and the commander, John Cook.

Before embarking, the whole army subscribed certain rules for the maintenance of good order and sobriety during this piratical expedition. On the 23rd August, 1683, they sailed from the Chesapeake, capturing a Dutch prize, and, avoiding the West Indies for obvious reasons, made for the Cape de Verde Isles, with the intention of steering for the Straits of Magellan, but being compelled by adverse weather to make the Guinea coast, they then, by a clever manœuvre, made a valuable prize. While preparing to anchor in the mouth of the river Sherboro', they became aware of a large Danish ship, and immediately sent their hands below, leaving no more on deck than were necessary to manage the sails. The Danish ship thus remained unaware of the real character of the *Revenge*, and allowed her to approach very near. When close, Captain Cook ordered the helm to be put one way, having an understanding with the helmsman to reverse his orders. The *Revenge*, as if by accident, suddenly fell on board the Dane, and the pirates captured her with a loss of only five men, though a ship of double their entire force, carrying thirty-six guns. The captors rejoiced greatly over their new ship, entered

in and dwelt there, and having first sent their prisoners on shore, burnt the *Revenge*, that "she might tell no tales." In the *Bachelor's Delight*, for so the new vessel was named, our adventurers steered for the Straits of Magellan, but were compelled by westerly winds to double Cape Horn, and, entering the South Seas, plumped upon the *Nicholas*, of London, Captain Eaton commanding, fitted out as a trader, but in reality a pirate, like the *Bachelor's Delight*. The congenial spirits waxed merry together, and sailed in company to Juan Fernandez. The reader will recollect that, when the buccaneers escaped from Juan Fernandez three years before, they left a Mosquito Indian behind them in the hurry of departure. On reading Dampier's account of Juan Fernandez and of the man who was left there for three long years, it is difficult to doubt its being the source whence Defoe derived "Robinson Crusoe." The edition of Dampier before me is of 1698, a date which strengthens the belief that William, the Mosquito man, was the original Crusoe. Defoe shifted the position of his island from the Pacific to the Atlantic, somewhere off the mouth of the Orinoco, but the description of the configuration of the island and its inhabitants, the goats, points distinctly to Dampier's narrative as the material of that wonderful story in which children of every age delight. Buccaneers had good memories for their

companions, and prepared to look out for William, the lost Mosquito man ; but he was more vigilant yet. " He saw our Ship the day before we came to an Anchor, and did believe we were English ; and, therefore, kill'd three goats in the morning before we came to an anchor, and drest them with Cabbage (from the cabbage-tree) to treat us when we came ashore. He then came to the Sea Side to congratulate our safe arrival. And when we landed, a Mosquito Indian, named Robin, first leapt ashore, and running to his brother Mosquito man, threw himself flat on his face at his feet, who, helping him up and embracing him, fell flat with his face on the ground at Robin's feet, and was by him taken up also. We stood with pleasure to behold the surprise, and tenderness, and solemnity of this interview, which was exceedingly affectionate on both sides. This William had lived alone on the island for above three years, although he was several times sought after by the Spaniards, who knew he was left on the island, yet could never find him. When left behind by Captain Watling, he had with him his gun and a knife, a small horn of powder, and a few shot, which being spent, he contrived a way, by notching his Knife, to saw the barrel of his Gun into small pieces, wherewith he made Harpoons. Lances, Hooks, and a Long Knife ; heating the pieces first in the fire, which he struck with his Gun-flint and a piece of

the barrel of his Gun which he hardened ; having learnt to do that among the English. The hot pieces of Iron he would hammer out and bend as he pleased with Stones, and saw them with his jagged Knife, of grind them to an edge by long labour, and harden them to a good temper as there was occasion."

Between Juan Fernandez and the Isle of Lobos de la Mar the adventurers made a prize, but missed another containing eight hundred thousand pieces of eight. Abandoning a design against Truxillo, they sailed to the Galapagos Islands, famous for pirates and turtle ; they also touched at Cocos Island, believed to this day to contain hidden treasures, but Dampier's party and Captains Swan and Eaton encountered nothing but hardships. Dampier, disgusted at the want of success, and probably at the want of ability on the part of the pirate commanders, made a bold and striking suggestion. This was to take a thousand negroes, whom they had captured in their prizes, to go to St. Martha, and work the gold mines there. This plan he believed would attract comrades from all parts of the West Indies, and, united, they would have been a match for all the force Peru could muster. Dampier's plan was not listened to, and the confederates shortly began to show signs of parting company, as they found that they could afford to reduce their force, shortly to be increased by what may almost be called

a piratical migration. The privateers had, in serious truth, exhausted the Atlantic side, and were crossing the isthmus in parties, several hundred strong, to make their fortunes in the South Seas. The object which had gathered together so many choice spirits was the Lima fleet of plate ships, to capture which a force was collected of a thousand men, in ten ships. The enterprise failed completely, and the company broke up in mutual disgust, Dampier following the fortunes of Captain Swan in the *Cygnet*, in the hope of picking up the Manilla galleon. Disappointment still clung to the skirts of the rovers, who found the Spaniards everywhere forewarned and forearmed, till the hardened sinners at last abandoned the American coast altogether, and ran straight for Mindanao, one of the Philippines. Entering into friendly relations with the reigning sultan, they remained for a considerable time on the island, of which and its inhabitants, their manners and customs, Dampier has left a minute account. The people were at first mightily taken with the buccaneers, but after a few months began to appreciate them at their proper value, and to treat them accordingly. Sixteen of the crew were swept off by poison in one batch, and deaths from the same cause followed with appalling rapidity. The crew were anxious to start; Captain Swan, who was in high favour with the rajah, desirous to remain.

Ultimately the ship sailed without him, but the conduct of the company became at last unbearable to Dampier, who left them, and, making his way to Acheen, came home to England round the Cape of Good Hope, "and luffed in for the Downs, where we anchored, Sept. 16, 1691." What Dampier achieved during the next eight years, beyond the publication of his journal, is not accurately known. We find him again, in 1699, entrusted with an expedition of discovery sent by the Government to the coast of New Holland. Among the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and on the coasts of New Guinea and New Holland, Dampier made many discoveries, and described those new lands and peoples with great accuracy; but his usual luck did not desert him. On his return voyage his crazy old ship, the *Roebuck*, went down off the Island of Ascension, where his ship's company lay encamped for five weeks, before they were taken off by some English ships of war. His superiors at the Admiralty—and, for that matter, the public—insisted on thinking his voyage a failure, and no more is heard of Captain Dampier as an officer of the Crown. Not long after his return, King William the Third died, and his death was followed by the War of Succession. There was now again an opportunity for Dampier to try his hand at the old trade, and he obtained the command of two privateers, the *St. George* and *Cinque Ports*,

equipped by a company of English merchants, and intended to cruise against the Spaniards in the South Seas. Here he at last found the long-dreamed-of Manilla galleon ; but when he caught her she turned out a veritable Tartar, and the heart-broken buccaneer saw his visions of wealth disappear in the smoke of her tremendous broadside, which compelled him to sheer off at once. Crossing the Pacific he got into trouble in India, where, having no commission to show, he was thrown into prison by the Dutch. Ultimately he reached home, so poor and friendless as to be obliged to engage, in 1708, to act as pilot under Captains Woodes Rogers and Cook, in the *Duke* and *Duchess*, two privateers fitted out by Bristol merchants. Woodes Rogers on this voyage brought off Alexander Selkirk, or Robinson Crusoe No. 2, who had been abandoned on Juan Fernandez four years before by Captain Stradling, the troublesome colleague of Dampier in his disastrous voyage. The new venture was a splendid success, the ships sailing into the Thames in 1711 with booty in money and merchandise valued at a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Dampier's luck, however, prevented the prize-money from being divided for eight years, so that even this tardy success probably did him, individually, very little good, for not long afterwards he disappears from mortal ken. Whether,



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embarking on fresh enterprises, he, old and weather-worn, was at last devoured by that ocean he loved so well, or whether he, incomparably the greatest navigator of his time, sank into a sort of Ancient Mariner, given to tobacco and rum, and finally dropped into an obscure churchyard, no record tells us. No pen has chronicled the latter days of the daring mariner ; no record exists of his death ; no stone marks the buccaneer's grave.

## SOME EMINENT PIRATES.

IF the difference between an attorney and a solicitor be identical with that between an alligator and a crocodile, the buccaneer and the pirate may be said to be as much alike as a rattlesnake and a cobra, while the privateer would rank lower in the scale of venom than either. Still the privateer should rather be considered as a stage of development than as a separate animal. He is but a pirate by instinct, wanting opportunity or necessity to show him in his true colours. Captain Charles Johnson, in his "General History of the Pyrates," attributes the large number of those actively engaged in the profession, at the commencement of the last century, to the forlorn condition of men-of-war's-men and privateers-men at the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht—a similar phenomenon to that which occurred at the peace of Ryswick. In either case a large number of men, buccaneers and privateers, who had during war-time carried some kind of commission, found themselves out of work. Return to the regular mercantile marine offered few induce-

ments. In the words of Captain Bartholomew Roberts : " In an honest Service there is thin Commons, low Wages, and hard Labour ; in this Plenty and Satiety, Pleasure and Ease, Liberty and Power ; and who would not balance Creditor on this Side when all the hazard that is run for it is, at the worst, only a sour look or two at cloaking. No, a merry Life and a short one shall be my motto." This man, who fought like a tiger and talked like a sea-lawyer, was brilliantly successful while he lasted, taking more than four hundred sail ; but was cut off untimely by a grape-shot—and had his wish. It was said that nobody ever heard of a Dutch pirate, the fishery being so lucrative as to withdraw Mynheer from the free and sporting existence to which Englishmen took so kindly ; but, whatever may be the merit of a great fishery, as providing an outlet for national energy, there can be no doubt that " Privateers in Time of War are a Nursery for Pyrates against a Peace." Men accustomed to occasional spells of wealth and liberty, extravagance, and excess, disdained to throw off a wild life and become respectable citizens, and when the Spanish Main and Guinea Coast became too hot for them, sailed into the Indian Ocean and preyed upon the Great Mogul, or anybody else they encountered. In the early part of the great piratical epoch, there was much pretence made that the deeds of Captain

Jennings and others were merely reprisals on the Spanish *Guarda-Costas* ; but, when we reflect on the life the buccaneers and their successors had led the Spaniards for about fifty years, it is not to be wondered at that they showed scant ceremony to foreign ships. In the beginning, no doubt, as in the time of Drake, the Spaniards were the aggressors. But there is no disguising the truth that, after a very few years, privateering, buccaneering, and piracy became regular professions ; that vessels were armed and equipped at London, Plymouth, and Bristol for slaving and piracy ; that they were manned by desperadoes of every country ; and that the governors of Jamaica and North Carolina, and the planters and merchants of many English settlements, lent aid cheerfully to the pirates—harboured them, ate, drank, and traded with them—bought their plunder of them, and, no doubt, cheated the drunken freebooters remorselessly.

Madagascar and Providence were the last great haunts of the pirates. Up to the time of the king's proclamation, in 1717, giving the rovers of the West Indies a year in which to surrender and receive pardon, the late privateers, who, since the peace of Utrecht, had become legally as well as actually pirates, made the Island of Providence their headquarters. The numerous keys or islets of the Gulf of Mexico afforded them ample accom-

modation for careening their ships, and hiding out of the way of cruisers ; while the situation was favourable for sallying out, and infesting the course of merchant ships trading between Europe and America. Not content, however, with picking up merchantmen, they occasionally ventured on enterprises worthy of their predecessors the buccaneers. In 1716 one of these ventures was crowned with complete success. About two years earlier the Spanish galleons or plate fleet had been cast away in the Gulf of Florida, and several vessels from Havana were at work with diving engines, to fish up the silver on board the galleons. The Spaniards had recovered some millions of pieces of eight, which they had carried to Havana ; but they had then about three hundred and fifty thousand pieces of eight, in silver, on the spot, and were daily taking up more. Captain Jennings fitted out two ships and three sloops, at Jamaica, Barbadoes, etc., and found the Spaniards at work on the wreck, the money being deposited in a store-house on shore, under the guard of two commissaries and about sixty soldiers. The rovers came directly upon the place, brought their little fleet to an anchor, and landing about three hundred men, drove off the guard, seized the treasure, and carried it to Jamaica, picking up a rich Spanish ship by the way, with sixty thousand pieces of eight and a valuable cargo.

This was done in time of full peace : but the government of Jamaica, on complaint being made to them, made an uproar, of which the issue was that the pirates were allowed to escape with their booty, and to make their peace on the appearance of the king's proclamation in the following year.

It does not appear that Jennings relapsed into his old trade ; but the great majority of the rovers unquestionably did so. Among these were the famous or infamous Teach (*alias* Blackbeard), Edward England, Charles Vane, and several of the most celebrated rovers of the time. The career of Blackbeard, as narrated by Captain Johnson, throws a curious light upon the manner in which his Majesty's colonies were then governed. Teach went into business again at once, and—having “cultivated a very good understanding” with Charles Eden, Esq., the governor of North Carolina—with an excellent prospect of success. His friend, the governor, made no scruple of convening a court of vice-admiralty at Bath Town, which condemned his captures as lawful prizes, although he had never held a commission in his life. “These proceedings,” adds his biographer, “show that Governors are but Men.”

Blackbeard was a typical pirate, possessed with a mania for getting married. His friend the governor, after the manner of the plantations,

married him to his fourteenth wife—a young creature of sixteen—whom he treated scandalously. It is not on record that Blackbeard, like Bluebeard, slew his wives. On the contrary, he had, at the period referred to, about a dozen living in various places. Obviously he was a man of domestic instincts modified by a roving life, and liked to have somebody to welcome him home wherever he was. His cognomen of Blackbeard was derived from “that large Quantity of Hair which, like a frightful Meteor, covered his whole Face, and frightened America more than any comet that has appeared there for a long time. This Beard was black, which he suffered to grow of an extravagant length; as to Breadth, it came up to his Eyes; he was accustomed to twist it with Ribbons in small Tails after the manner of our Ramillies Wiggs, and turn them about his Ears; in Time of action he wore a Sling over his shoulders, with three brace of Pistols.” This was the regular pirate fashion, and its use is obvious. In boarding, the pistol was the favourite weapon of the rovers, who always wore two or three brace in a silk sling, hung rather round the neck than over the shoulders. Armed thus, the freebooter was nearly as well off as if he had possessed a revolver. He had only to cock and fire, drop one pistol and seize another ready to his hand, without the risk of losing his weapons. This reliance

on the pistol was, doubtless, one reason of the success of the rovers in close fighting. To add terror to his appearance, Blackbeard "stuck lighted Matches under his Hat, which, appearing on Each Side of his Face, his Eyes naturally looking fierce and wild, made him altogether such a figure, that Imagination cannot form an Idea of a Fury from Hell to look more frightful." He was a frolicsome fellow, this Captain Teach, in his grim way. One day, being at sea, and a little flushed with drink, he determined to make an inferno "of his own;" and to that end went down into the hold, with two or three others, and having filled several pots full of brimstone, set them on fire, and was very proud of having held out the longest against suffocation. Another evening, being in a pleasant mood, drinking and playing cards with a few choice kindred spirits, he blew out the light, and crossing his hands under the table fired his pistols, laming one man for life: and when asked the meaning of this, said: "If he did not now and then kill one of them, they would forget who he was." One eerie story of Blackbeard and his crew runs thus: "Once upon a Cruize, they found out that they had a Man on Board more than their crew; such a one was seen several days among them, sometimes below and sometimes on Deck, yet no man in the Ship could give an account who he was or from whence he



came ; but that he disappeared a little before they were cast away in their great ship ; but, it seems, they verily believed it was the Devil."

Like many other great men, Blackbeard did not improve upon acquaintance, and his friends the planters at last got tired of his society. Redress from the governor of North Carolina was hopeless, and the governor of Virginia was applied to. This gentleman at once sent Lieutenant Maynard, with a couple of sloops, to capture the pirate. A desperate fight ensued. After some heavy firing, Blackbeard, after hurling on to the enemy several "new-fashioned sort of grenades"—case-bottles, filled with powder and slugs—boarded him ; but this time met his match, and fell dead, after receiving twenty-five wounds, fighting like a fury to the last. His head was cut off, and hung to the bowsprit of the victorious sloop.

The Captain Bartholomew Roberts previously alluded to, by no means affected the terrific style of Blackbeard. A far greater pirate, he was yet a consummate dandy. He came with his piratical fleet to Whydah, on the African coast, with a St. George's ensign, a black silk flag flying at the mizzen peak, and a Jack and pennant of the same. The flag "had a Death in it," with an hour-glass in one hand and cross-bones in the other, a dart by it, and underneath a Heart dropping three drops of blood.

The Jack had a man portrayed in it, with a flaming sword in his hand, and standing on two skulls subscribed A. B. H. and A. M. H., signifying a Barbadian's and a Martinican's head. On going into action for the last time he made a gallant figure, "being dressed in a rich crimson damask Waistcoat and Breeches, a red Feather in his Hat, a gold chain round his Neck, with a Diamond Cross hanging to it, a sword in his hand," and the pistols slung bandolier fashion. On falling dead on a gun-carriage, he was—according to his request—thrown into the sea with all his bravery upon him.

Roberts may be styled the Claude Duval, as Blackbeard was the Turpin, Low the Blueskin, and Captain Kid the Jonathan Wild, of piracy.

Ned Low was born in Westminster, and was educated in the slums of the neighbourhood, not to read and write, for those accomplishments were unsuited to his genius, but in that peculiarly mean line of robbery, denominated the "kinchin lay." With the capital acquired in this way he took to gaming, in a small way, with the footmen in the lobby of the House of Commons, where he used to "play the whole game"—*i.e.*, cheated all he could. When his dupes objected to his style of play, he showed fight, like rufflers of a higher grade. Genius ran in Low's family. His young brother, when but seven years old, was carried in a basket upon a

porter's back into a crowd, to snatch hats and wigs—both costly articles a century and three-quarters ago. This precocious child enjoyed a short but splendid career, advancing by degrees from picking pockets to housebreaking, and ending his days at Tyburn, in company with Stephen Bunce and the celebrated Jack Hall, the chimney-sweeper. Ned Low himself mutinied during a logwood-cutting expedition, and hoisting the black flag, and becoming one of the most notable pirates of his day, showed, perhaps, more skill than courage in giving the slip to cruisers.

Lord Macaulay's sketch of Captain Kid is so well known, that he may be dismissed in a few lines as a by no means brilliant or successful brigand, although, in posthumous renown, second to none of the craft. Perhaps his advantage over others in this respect is due to his having been hanged at Execution Dock, instead of killed in action, or cast away in remote tropical seas. Kid was an old privateer in the West Indies, and being known as a brave seaman, was recommended by Lord Bellamont, then governor of Barbadoes, and several other persons, to the home government, as one admirably fitted to command a king's ship cruising against pirates, on account of his knowledge of those seas and practice in warfare. The project met with no favour in England, and would have fallen through altogether, had not Lord Bellamont and his friends fitted out the *Adventure*

galley at their own private charge. Kid was put in command and furnished with the king's commission, charging him to hunt down pirates, all and sundry, especially Thomas Tew, and others specified by name. He also held a commission of reprisals, for it was then war time, empowering him to take French merchant ships, in case he should meet any. The *Adventure* galley sailed from Plymouth in May, 1696, carrying thirty guns and eighty men; and, after scouring the North and South Atlantic, tried the Indian Ocean, picking up a French merchantman or two; but of pirates never a one. At last, the patience of Kid, who appears to have meant well originally, wore out; his crew turned mutinous, and he became, according to his defence, a pirate malgré lui. After a fairly lucky cruise he sailed for New York, thinking his offence would be winked at, but was immediately seized, with all his books and papers, sent home for trial, and hanged at Execution Dock with six of his associates. His career prove an exception to the rule, that it is well to set a thief to catch a thief.

Few pirates were endowed by popular imagination with more romantic attributes than Captain Avery. He was represented in Europe as one who had raised himself to kingly rank, and was likely to prove the founder of a new monarchy, having amassed immense riches and married the Great Mogul's daughter,

whom he had taken in an Indian ship. He was the happy father of a large family of tawny princelets. He had built forts and erected magazines; he was living in great royalty and state; and was master of a squadron of tall ships, manned by able and desperate men of every nation. He was elevated, not to Tyburnian, but to dramatic honours: "A play was writ upon him, called *The Successful Pyrate*, and so complete was the popular belief in his greatness, that schemes were proposed for fitting out fleets to capture him, and others for entering into treaty with him, lest his growing greatness should destroy the commerce between this country and the East Indies."

So rapidly had legends accumulated round this man Avery, that, in his own lifetime, he was said to be wearing a crown while he was really in want of a shilling—to be enjoying enormous wealth in Madagascar, when he was really starving in England. The fact is, that the acts and deeds of the Madagascar pirates generally were, at home, attributed to Avery, whose own career was by no means glorious or successful. Like many more of the brotherhood of the Black Flag, he was a West-countryman who commenced life by carrying on a smuggling trade with the Spaniards of Peru. The Spanish government, exasperated but powerless, being ill provided with ships, resolved in an evil

hour to engage a couple of foreign ships to defend that part of the coast. These were fitted out at Bristol, and on one of them Avery shipped as mate. Stirring up a mutiny, he set the captain and some half-dozen of the crew ashore, and at once set sail for Madagascar, where he chanced upon a couple of sloops, also in the piratical business. Engaging them under his command, he went cruising for plunder along the Arabian coast. As he neared the mouth of the Indus the man at the mast-head spied a sail, upon which the pirates gave chase, hoping she might be a Dutch East Indiaman homeward bound. She turned out a better prize. When fired at she hoisted the Great Mogul's colours, and after showing fight was boarded, and proved an immense booty. On board were several persons of the Emperor's court, among whom was his own daughter, bound on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and carrying rich offerings to the shrine of Mohammed. By this lucky stroke the pirates found themselves in possession of jewels and gold galore, a vast sum in money, and wealth of every kind. To show how little honour there was among pirates it is only necessary to cite the behaviour of Avery in this case. First of all he persuaded the crews of the two sloops to put all their share of treasure on board his ship as the larger, swifter, and safer vessel. The men packed their booty in chests, duly

marked and sealed up, and confided them to Avery and his crew, with a faith which would be sublime if it were not comical. That great commander had no sooner got all the loot aboard than he gave the sloops the slip—with the full consent of his own men—nor did any of them feel “any Qualms of Honour rising in his Stomach to hinder them consenting to this piece of Treachery.” Taking advantage of a dark night, they got clear away to Providence, where they sold their ship, pretending she was on the privateering account, and immediately bought a sloop, as likely to create less suspicion in New England. Touching at various ports, they disposed of their cargo by degrees, and some of them went on shore and dispersed themselves over the country, “having received such dividends as Avery would give of them, for he concealed the greatest part of the Diamonds from them, which, in the first Hurry of plundering the ship, they did not much regard—not knowing their value.” At Boston the goodly company was partially dispersed; but Avery, feeling that any attempt to dispose of his diamonds in New England would not only produce bad prices, but probably lead to his apprehension as a pirate, set sail for Ireland, where he disposed of the sloop, and eighteen of his men obtained pardons of King William. Now Avery was an astute but not a bold man. Richly stocked with diamonds, he

found them but as white elephants. He had accomplished four acts in the real drama of "The Successful Pyrate:" he had stolen a ship from its owners; he had taken prizes from the Great Mogul; he had robbed his allies, in the sloops, of their share of the booty; he had financiered and swindled his own comrades out of their dues. The fifth act remained to be played. Ignorance as well as cowardice now weighed down his scale. Dreading to offer his jewels for sale in Ireland he passed over into England, and going into Devonshire—his native county—sent to some people in Bristol whom he thought he might venture to trust. One of these friends, having met the ex-pirate at Bideford, advised him that the safest plan was to "put them in the hands of some Merchants, who, being Men of Wealth and Credit in the World, no Enquiry would be made how they came by them; this Friend telling him he was very intimate with some who were very fit for the Purpose, and, if he would but allow them a good Commission, would do the Business faithfully." The merchants agreed to do the "fence" for Avery, came over to Bideford, took his diamonds and some vessels of gold, advanced some ready cash, and so they parted. Living at Bideford under a feigned name, Avery, doubtless, was jovial enough with money in his pocket and grog enough on board; but when his cash ran short, and he applied to his



friends the Bristol merchants, they doled him out such small supplies, that they were not sufficient to give him bread ; so that at last, being weary of life, he went to Bristol and "had it out" with the merchants aforesaid. He found that a Bristol merchant was to one pirate as a pirate and a half. He "met with a shocking Repulse, for when he desired them to come to an Account with him, they silenced him by threatening to discover him." The rover was brought to his knees ; but they gave him never a groat, and, being reduced to beggary, he put himself aboard a trading vessel, worked—actually worked—his way to Plymouth, and travelled on foot to Bideford, "where he had been but a few days before he fell sick, and died, not being worth as much as would buy him a Coffin." His career leads to the conclusion that he had mistaken his vocation, and lacked that courage which is indispensable to the freebooter. Blackbeard or Roberts would have shot the rascally merchants dead, set their houses on fire, and either have escaped in the smoke or ended their days legitimately on the gallows. Avery, in spite of his great reputation, was but a shabby pirate after all.

The defrauded comrades of the sloops returned to Madagascar, and there fell in with Captain Tew, a commander of very different calibre. This famous pirate was originally fitted out on the privateer

account by the governor of the Bermudas, in conjunction with Captain Drew, with instructions to make the best of their way to the river Gambia, and then, with the advice and assistance of the agent of the Royal African Company, to attempt the taking of the French factory of Goree, on the coast. Tew, becoming separated from his coadjutor in a storm, called his hands together, and telling them that the expedition was very injudicious, and that there was nothing but danger in the undertaking, without the least prospect of booty ; that he could not suppose any man fond of fighting for fighting's sake without a view to his particular interest, or the public good ; and that there was no prospect of either, proposed that he and his crew should do the best they could for their own hand. The crew accepted this view by acclamation, crying out : " A gold chain or a wooden leg." Doubling the Cape of Good Hope, Tew steered for the Straits of Babel-Mandeb, and entering the Red Sea, came up with a mighty argosy bound from the Indies to Arabia, richly laden and heavily armed, with three hundred soldiers on board besides her seamen. Tew now told his men that this ship carried their fortunes, and they wanted but skill and courage to carry her. So it proved, for he boarded and took her without loss, acquiring perhaps the richest booty ever made by a single capture, as, after rummaging and abandoning the

ship, they shared three thousand pounds per man. Encouraged by this success, Tew was for following it up ; but his crew, thinking they had got enough, refused to risk anything, and determined to go to Madagascar. Here they found the ground already occupied by Captain Misson's colony of pirates, duly organised and fortified. Misson, Carracioli, and the other foreign leaders entered into alliance with Tew, and he, finding the island a pleasant spot, entered in and dwelt there. While in Madagascar, they subdued and enslaved the natives, underwent a notable siege from the Portuguese, and lived generally in great glory. The pirates, after a fashion, settled the country, established such plantations as they needed ; fomented, and took part in, native wars ; and became a power in the land for many years. They had a fleet of their own, and, scouring the Indian seas, made them an abode of terror to merchantmen. At last Misson—a man of good French family—and Tew, tired of this semi-savage life, and having accumulated wealth, felt yearnings towards respectability. Bidding farewell to their old comrades, they set sail for America. Captain Misson's ship went down in a gale with all hands ; but Tew, more fortunate, reached Rhode Island without accident. Here his men dispersed themselves, and Tew, having sent to the Bermudas, for his owner's account, fourteen times the value of the sloop in

which he originally put to sea, lived in great tranquillity for awhile. He was rich ; he was respected ; and became a worthy citizen ; but the Nemesis of adventurers had not forgotten him. In a few years his old comrades had squandered their riches, and besought him to lead them on another cruise—if it were only one. Ulysses-like, he too had grown weary of the shore and of respectability, and consented to sail on that voyage, which proved his last. In the Red Sea he attacked a ship belonging to the Great Mogul, and in the engagement fell fighting valiantly, like the doughty old pirate that he was.

During the piratical period there flourished many more sea-dogs than those enumerated. There were even female pirates—like Ann Bonny and Mary Read—and men of mark like Captain Richard England, who escaped the English men-of-war by surrendering to the Spaniards at Porto Bello, just in time to save his ill-gotten wealth. Of this rover and his companions it was said that : “ If they had known what was doing in England at the same time by the South Sea Company and its Directors, they would certainly have had this Reflection for their consolation—viz., that whatever Robberies they had committed, they might be pretty sure they were not the greatest Villains then living in the world.”

## BARENTZ AND HEEMSKERCK.

EARLY Arctic expeditions differed widely from those undertaken at the present day. The pursuit of science, for its own sake, was unknown to the great pioneers of progress. Piracy was the object of the earliest navigators; and these were succeeded by active generations of traders, who, having mapped out the useful parts of the globe, left its ends to the enthusiasm of the learned and adventurous. Three hundred years ago men were in a state of transition, developing or degenerating—as the reader pleases—into men of business. Folks of the Tudor period were, in fact, keenly practical, although the lapse of time has invested them with a halo of romance. Drake was an eminently practical man, and loved to bring home his tall ships deep-laden with doubloons and pieces of eight. Admiral John Hawkins, too, was an eminent merchant in the “blackbird” trade. Martin Frobisher sought El Dorado in the north, as Raleigh had sought it in the south; while the possibility of making a

quick voyage to China and the Indies through Behring's Strait, by sailing westward round the north coast of America, or eastward round the north of Russia and Siberia, attracted many adventurous spirits. Enthusiasts entertained little doubt of finding a good easterly route, practicable during the proper season of the year; and it was only when this course was discovered to be hopeless, that the tide of exploration set almost entirely in a westerly direction. For a long while, however, the eastern and western passages were tried almost alternately; a disastrous expedition in one direction generally driving discoverers to the opposite route. It seems tolerably certain that Sebastian Cabot, whose discoveries with his father in North and South America give him a rank as a voyager second only to that of Columbus, entertained no very sanguine expectations of finding a north-west passage, for, at the mature age of seventy-three, he recommended an attempt to find a passage eastward to Cathay. This worthy old Venetian gentleman was, by a writ of King Edward the Sixth, issued in 1549, appointed grand pilot of England, with a salary for life of one hundred and sixty-six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence, "in consideration of the good and acceptable service done and to be done by him." He was also governor of a body of merchants associated for the purpose of making

discoveries of unknown lands, dominions, islands, and other places. By the advice of Cabot, this society sent out, in 1553, three ships under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby, Knight. The expedition met with very severe weather, the little fleet was scattered by storms, and the admiral successively lost sight of the *Edward Bonaventura*, commanded by Captain Richard Chancellor, and the *Bona Confidentia* (Captain Durforth). Authorities differ as to whether the land described in the far north by this expedition was Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla. The balance of probability appears to be in favour of the latter islands being "Willoughby's Land." Turning again westward, Sir Hugh endeavoured to winter in a harbour in Russian Lapland, where, being badly provided with wood for fuel, and, perhaps, being attacked by scurvy, the whole expedition perished, though it appeared, by the papers they left behind them, that they were still alive in the month of January, 1554. This expedition, although a failure in one respect, was a great success in another. Captain Durforth, it is true, returned alone to England; but Richard Chancellor found the harbour of St. Nicholas, at the mouth of the Dwina, and went on to Moscow to the Czar Ivan Wassiliwitsch, by whom he was most graciously received. The Czar, delighted at the arrival of merchants, who promised to emanci-

pate him from his dependence on the traders from the Hanse Towns, made them ample offers, granted them great privileges, and treated them with much kindness. Chancellor had a quick eye to business, sold his cargo, and taking in other commodities in lieu of those he had disposed of, returned in the year 1554 with a letter from the Czar Ivan to the sovereign of England, where Queen Mary had succeeded her brother Edward. Her Majesty was pleased to grant to the Company of Merchant Adventurers for Discoveries in the North, North-East, and North-West, a charter with many privileges under their governor, Sebastian Calot. Queen Mary and her consort Philip wrote likewise a letter to the Czar, and empowered Richard Chancellor and two others to treat with his highness touching commercial privileges and immunities. The voyage and mission were completely successful. The English company reaped a rich profit from their enterprise, as, although science did not advance, commerce did, and the profits of the Muscovy trade proved a substantial consolation for the lost route to Cathay. Nevertheless, the company had not quite given up the latter project, and, after the death of Chancellor in 1556, sent out the pinnace *Searchthrift*, specially destined for discovery, and commanded by Stephen Burrow. Passing round the North Cape, Burrow arrived at Kola, and worked his way



eastward by the Island of Kolgowostrow, Waigatz Island, and Nova Zembla. It being late in the season, Burrow declined to push on to the Gulf of Obi, and, having wintered in Russia, returned to England, where he was made, in 1557, comptroller of the royal navy. After these failures the north-west passage was tried by Frobisher, but nothing valuable was effected, and the company of Russian merchants became desirous of trying once more to get to Cathay by the north-east. In 1580 they despatched two ships under the command of Arthur Pet and Thomas Jackman, who sailed from Harwich on the 30th May, and, after working through great quantities of ice, arrived at Waigatz, and passed through the straits. Finding it impossible, however, to make way through the ice, they were compelled to return.

Just as the English were beginning to wax weary of the north-east passage, a new-born nation embraced the project with ardour. Emerging independent, sound, strong, and rich from their long death-grapple with the Spaniard, the Dutch determined, in 1594, to send out an Arctic expedition. Believing that Europe and Asia could as easily be sailed round by the north as America had been by Magellan on the south, the government of the United Provinces equipped three vessels—the *Swan*, commanded by Jean Cornelis Ryp ; the *Mercury*, by

Ysbrandtz ; and the Messenger, by Willem Barentz, of Terschilling, an<sup>\*</sup> island off the north coast of Friesland. The two first-named vessels doubled the North Cape, and penetrated as far eastward as Waigatz—described by them as an island covered with verdure and flowers. Pushing onward through the straits for some forty leagues, they returned, fully persuaded that they had found the beginning of the passage. Barentz, instead of passing south of Nova Zembla, kept a north-east course, and reached  $77^{\circ} 25'$  north latitude towards the northerly point of Nova Zembla, named by him Is-Hock, or Icy Cape. Checked by the ice, he returned to Holland in September, 1594. The illusion that a practicable passage had been found, was shared by Cornelis and Ysbrandtz, and at their request the States-General undertook a second enterprise. Seven ships were equipped under the command of Jacques van Heemskerck, a Dutch gentleman of good family ; and Willem Barentz was appointed chief pilot. This expedition was less successful than the preceding one. It was found impossible to pass beyond the seventy-first parallel, and the fleet returned to Holland sorely discouraged. The States-General refused to vote any more public money, and confined their future patronage to the promise of a reward to the possible discoverer of the passage. The town council of Amsterdam, however, came to

the rescue, and equipped two ships, giving the command of one to Heemskereck, of the other to Cornelis, and the direction of the expedition to Willem Barentz. The events of this remarkable voyage were admirably chronicled by Gerard de Voer, an eye-witness.

On the 10th May, 1596, the two vessels left Amsterdam. Sailing northward, on the 1st June they had no night, and witnessed a wonderful figure in the heavens. "The sun being almost south-south-east, on each side of it appeared another sun, and two rainbows passing through the three suns, and afterwards two more rainbows." This phenomenon, which, by-the-way, is not excessively rare, appears to have been taken philosophically by the Dutch, who could not quite agree as to their proper course. Barentz wished to sail eastward, thinking the ships far west of their proper course; but Cornelis's pilot, fearing to get into the Gulf of Waigatz, proved obstinate. Ultimately, concessions were made, and a north-north-east course was kept, instead of north-east or due east. The ships were now clear out of their course, but this diversion led to an important discovery. From the 5th to the 9th of June they were much incumbered by icebergs, but on the latter day found Bear Island, also called Cherry Island on old maps. After effecting a landing, Willem Barentz again vehemently insisted that they were too far to the west, which was true, and a serious alter-

cation ensued. Here they killed a white bear, after a tremendous fight, and named the place Beeren-Eiland in consequence. This inhospitable speck of earth was, in 1608, rediscovered by Stephen Bennet, who named it Cherry Island, in honour of his patron Alderman Cherry. No doubt, however, now exists that the honours of discovery belong to the Dutch. Keeping now a more easterly course, they, on the 19th of June, discovered the coast of Spitzbergen, and then bending westward penetrated to the eightieth degree of north latitude. Thinking this land to be a portion of Greenland, the voyagers were amazed to find grass and leaves growing so far north. "This must be so," saith Gerard de Veer, "as reindeer and other animals requiring vegetable food live there ; while in Nova Zembla, at seventy degrees north latitude, no vegetable-eating creature is found." The same phenomenon was noticed by the Austro-Hungarian expedition, under Payer and Weyprecht. In the extreme north country, baptised by them Franz Josef Land, they were astonished at the plenitude of animal life and especially at the myriads of birds. Evidence collected both on the east and west side appears to point to the fact, that about the latitude of the magnetic pole is the belt of greatest cold, and that north of this the effect of the ceaseless sunshine of an Arctic summer is more distinctly felt. Gerard de Veer was evidently much

pleased at finding the solution of the vexed question of barnacle geese. At Spitzbergen he found millions of them hatching their young, the absence of whom from lower latitudes had given rise to a curious fable.

"Some authors," saith De Veer, "have not feared to write that they grow in Scotland, on the branches of trees overhanging the waters, and that those fruits which fall on dry land come to nought, but those which fall into the water become goslings. Now the contrary is demonstrated; but it is not marvellous that until, now no man should have known where they lay their eggs, seeing that nobody, so far as I know, has ever yet been so far north as the eightieth degree. It was not known that there was land in these latitudes, and still less that the barnacle geese (*rotgansen*) hatched their young there."

After circumnavigating nearly the whole of the Spitzbergen Peninsula, Bear Island was again reached. Here the two ships parted company, Jean Ryp going again northward; Barentz, with his companions, south-east towards Nova Zembla. On the 17th July they made Lombsbay, and then bent northward along the coast, fighting hard against icebergs and bears. The animals appear to have been nowise afraid of them; and, judging from the long and obstinate combats which occurred, were quite justified in their confidence. The men were ill-

provided with firearms, and were clearly poor hands at bear-hunting. On some occasions it took them two hours to finish off a bear with halberds and axes. Rather recklessly they threw their bear-meat away, and thus lost a valuable article of food. On the 15th August they arrived at Orange Island, after having doubled Icy Cape, and were there beset with ice, and in great danger of losing the ship. By dint of hard work, they reached the island; but the shouting of the mariners awoke a huge bear, who prepared to attack them. They shot him through the body with an arquebuse, after which he took to the water. They now followed him with axes and struck at him in the water, till, after incredible labour, he was demolished. After killing this bear, who took an unconscionable time in dying, they had some terrible buffeting with huge hummocks and icebergs, and some singularly awkward ice-fields. However, they held on bravely round the northern shore of Nova Zembla, doubled Cape Desire, Cape Head, and Cape Flushing. Arrived at Icy Bay, on the eastern shore of the island, they were already feeling their hope of accomplishing their task revive within them, when a terrible storm arose, and, driving over the ice from the northward, shut in their ship. One of the boats and the rudder were broken, and although the gallant Hollanders made a desperate fight for their ship, it was all in vain. The ice piled

up tier upon tier, and lifted the ship out of the water, and in the first days of September they were visited by a terrible snowstorm. When its violence had abated, the hardy mariners began to remove provisions and tools from the vessel, and made up their minds to winter where they were. In these days of deadly firearms, it is curious to read that these brave and patient men determined to build them a house or hut, to be better protected from the cold and "from ferocious beasts." In spite of their prudence, it is more than probable that they would, like Sir Hugh Willoughby's crew, have perished from the cold, had they not been fortunate enough to find an abundant supply of driftwood, not only for house-building, but for fuel. One Sunday morning a great kettle full of meat was cooking at a short distance from the ship, when three white bears approached, and the Hollanders stood upon the defensive. One of the hungry visitors popped his head into the kettle and seized a piece of meat, but was immediately shot through the head, and fell, somewhat to the astonishment of the arquebusier, stone dead. "Now we saw a rare spectacle : the other bear stopped, looked fixedly at his companion, as if astonished that he should remain so still, and then went up and smelt him, but finding him really dead, walked off. Meanwhile we, being armed with halberds and arquebuses, kept a sharp look-out lest he

should return. Sure enough he came back, and we stood on the defensive. The bear now stood up on his hind paws to attack us, but while he stood thus one of us discharged his arquebuse and hit him through the paunch, whercat he dropped upon all-fours and fled with a loud cry. We opened the bear who was dead, and stuck him up on his two hind paws, and let him freeze in that posture, with the intention of taking him with us to Holland if the ship should be delivered from the ice. Having arranged our bear, we set to work to make a sledge to draw the wood for our house." At the heavy task of collecting and hauling wood, often through a blinding snowstorm, the gallant Dutchmen persevered through the month of September, their hearts being sad within them at the prospect of cold and darkness. The weather was already so cold and tempestuous, that they were often compelled to shut themselves up in the ship for protection against the rigorous climate, and feared to go out unless in force, on account of the bears, who kept a sharp look-out for stragglers. By the 12th October the house was finished, except the chimney, and the men moved gradually from the ship, taking with them good store of bread, wine, and Dantzic spruce. The first barrel of this latter excellent restorative was ruined by being frozen. A few days after, the ship being very nearly clear of men, the bears proceeded



to visit it, to the great terror of the three persons left behind. The two men scampered off, and the boy disappeared up the rigging. However, the animals yielded to the usual argument of a musket-ball, and made off. Making the best of what daylight remained to them, the little band toiled diligently at removing all sorts of furniture, food, and necessities to the house, well knowing that, when the long night of an Arctic winter should come upon them, it would no longer be possible to work with any effect, and that the problem of existence resolved itself into getting safely over that terrible period.

Towards the end of October they were safely housed, and on the 27th killed a white fox "and roasted him, and found the taste of him to be like unto that of a rabbit." Early in November the sun no longer appeared above the horizon, and as the sun declined daily the white foxes increased in number, to the delight of the frozen-up voyagers, who hunted and trapped them with great industry. At last the sun disappeared altogether. To celebrate the occasion, the crew, having now established themselves in their house, had a bath all round, an operation, which, says Gerard de Veer, "restored our health considerably." Their clock having stopped, it was now impossible to distinguish day from night, but no despair entered into their hearts during this dark period of storms, "for we had

always trust in God, that He would give us some means of returning to our country." Shut up in their cabin, destitute of furs, finding it almost impossible to get warm, and without any means of amusement, the poor fellows had nothing to do but listen to the roaring of the tempest. Yet now and then there was a little excitement. "On the 20th November we washed our shirts, but it was so cold that, having been washed and wrung out, they froze out of the hot water so stiff that, when they were placed before a great fire, the side towards the fire thawed a little, while the other side remained stiff and frozen, so that they could not be separated without tearing them; and we were obliged to put them back into almost boiling water." In the few fine intervals between the snow-storms, fox-traps were built and many animals captured, their bodies eaten, and their skins converted into comfortable caps; but during the heavy tempests, the condition of the seventeen unfortunate Dutchmen was almost unbearable. The smoke was driven back down the chimney into the house, and the poor fellows had simply a choice of being smothered or frozen to death; the cold, indeed, was so severe, that they were compelled to roll themselves up in their bunks with heated stones, to keep their feet warm. At Christmas-tide the cold was intense, and the foxes ran about on the top of the

house, which was now nearly buried in snow. In spite of every effort to warm the cabin, it froze hard indoors, but the hardy Hollanders consoled themselves with the thought that the sun was now coming back to them. Utter misery had by no means deprived them of their natural cheerfulness, for on Twelfth Night they begged that they might be allowed to make merry together in the midst of their wretchedness. They drew their tiny rations of wine in advance and elected a king. "Having, moreover, two pounds of flour, we made pancakes with oil, and every man took a white biscuit, dipped it in the wine and ate it. And it seemed to us that we were in our own country, among our families and friends, and we rejoiced as if it was a mighty banquet, so good was the taste thereof. And we drew lots to make a king, and our master gunner was made king of Nova Zembla, a country enclosed between two seas, and at least two hundred leagues long." Great was the rejoicing when the sun returned, bringing not only light, but hope of liberty. But the patience of the prisoners was severely tried. Intense cold prevailed till May, when the sight of some open water produced tremendous excitement, and many wished to start at once. Wiser counsels prevailed; the boats were dug out, thoroughly repaired, and carefully stored, and on the 14th of June the weary but patient men pushed off on their return voyage,

leaving the ship hopelessly imbedded in the ice. Partly by water, and partly by dragging the boats over packs of ice, they continued their journey, but toil and exposure now began to tell their tale. On the 20th June, 1597, as he was looking at the little map of the voyage—laid down by Gerard de Veer—the chief pilot, Willem Barentz, on being told that another of the crew was very ill, said, “It seems to me that my life will not last much longer;” and, turning round, called to Gerard to give him drink. After he had drunk he became so faint that his eyes turned in his head, and he died, so suddenly that there was no time to call the captain. Tifus, like a soldier on the field of battle, died Willem Barentz, amid those Arctic wastes which he had been the first to penetrate, and which will preserve his name for ever.

After innumerable difficulties and dangers, the survivors reached Kola, in Lapland, towards the end of August, and were brought home in a ship commanded by the very Cornelis Ryp who had sailed with them the year before. On the 26th of October they entered the Meuse, and on the 1st of November arrived at Amsterdam. “We had the same clothing that we wore in Nova Zembla, and, wearing every man a white fox-skin cap, we went to the house of Peter Hasselaer, who had been one of the curators of the town of Amsterdam, charged with

presiding over the equipment of our two vessels. We arrived there in the midst of general astonishment, for we had long passed for dead, and the news of our arrival had spread through the city, reaching at last the house of the prince, who was then seated at table with the chancellor and ambassador of the illustrious king of Denmark, Norway, the Goths and the Vandals. Having been brought before them, we recounted to the ambassador and the burgomasters the history of our voyage. Then each of us retired into his own house, except those who were not of the city, who lodged in an hostelry till we received our pay." Of the seventeen men, but twelve returned. For the captain, Heemskerck, a brilliant career was reserved. He made many expeditions to the Indian seas. In 1601 he fought and took a large Portuguese carack, richly appointed and carrying seven hundred men, and brought her to Holland. In 1607 he sailed as admiral of a fleet of twenty-six ships of war, sent against the Spaniards by the States-General. On the 25th April he attacked the enemy under the guns of Gibraltar, although they were superior in numbers and supported by the fortress. In the middle of the fight his leg was carried off by a cannon-ball, but his wound did not prevent him from encouraging his men and keeping hold of his sword till he died. The Dutch achieved a complete victory.

While Gibraltar has changed hands more than once, the domain of their High Mightinesses the States-General has been split into two little kingdoms, and the deeds of Admiral Heemskerck have been obliterated by those of greater sea-captains than he, but the house built by Barentz, Heemskerck, and their followers, still remains on the bleak shores of Nova Zembla—a sign that what those doughty Dutchmen did, they did in solid, durable fashion. From 1597, when Barentz set off from the spot where he wintered, no vessel visited it till the year 1871. His famous expedition round the northern extremity of Nova Zembla stood alone, and his house remained unvisited for more than two hundred and seventy years. But on the 17th May, 1871, Elling Karlsen, a Norwegian captain, who had been long engaged in the North Sea trade, sailed from Hammerfest in a sloop of sixty tons, called *The Solid*. He reached the Ice Haven of Barentz on the 7th of September, and on the 9th saw a house standing at the head of the bay. He found it to be thirty-two feet long by twenty broad, composed of planks one and a half inch thick, and from fourteen to sixteen inches broad. The materials had evidently belonged to a ship, and amongst them were several oak beams.

Round the house were standing several large puncheons, and there were also heaps of reindeer,

seal, bear, and walrus bones. The interior was precisely as represented in the drawing in Gerard de Veer's narrative, and several articles—such as the clock, halberd, muskets, etc.—were still in their old places, where they had remained undisturbed for nearly three centuries. There stood the cooking-pots over the great fireplace in the centre of the room; the old clock against the wall; the arms and tools; the drinking-vessels; and three of the books which had helped the icebound mariners through that black winter of 1596. One of the books was on "Navigation;" the second, a "History of China;" the third, a "History of the World." Swords and halberds were there; pewter candlesticks; scales, oft used to weigh out scanty rations; a pitcher of Etruscan shape, beautifully engraved; a drinking-cup; and a flute. Taking charge of these interesting relics, Captain Karlsen sailed from Ice Haven on the 14th September, made his way along the eastern side of Nova Zembla, and was met by difficulties similar to those which beset Barentz—a south-west gale blowing the ice off the shore, until a shift to the north-east brought it back and surrounded the ship. Towards the end of the month the position of *The Solid* became very critical, as the young ice was beginning to form; but, fortunately, a south wind set in, driving the ice away off shore, and on the 6th of

October she passed through Waigatz Strait, having thus accomplished the circumnavigation of Nova Zembla. Nevertheless, as a well-informed writer in "Ocean Highways" pointed out at the time, Captain Karlsen very narrowly escaped the fate of Barentz. On the 4th November, 1871, the adventurous Norwegian completed his voyage by anchoring at Hammerfest, where he encountered Mr. Lister Kay, then on his way to Lapland, who purchased the relics of Barentz, and also obtained a copy of Captain Karlsen's log and chart. The Dutch Government having expressed a wish for the relics, Mr. Kay, on payment of the sum he himself had laid out, obligingly ceded them to the native land of the illustrious navigator. A drawing of these interesting memorials may be seen in the map-room of the Royal Geographical Society by all who feel interested in the builders of that lone house, which—fit emblem of Dutch courage in its higher and nobler sense—yet survives among the Arctic snows, standing four-square to the winds of heaven.



## A FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

WHEN the diary of the Right Honourable William Windham, sometime Member of Parliament for Norwich and Secretary of State for War, first saw the light, it was hailed with joy by the survivors of the good old school. Degenerate persons, who took no interest in the noble art of self-defence—so called on the same principle that a whalebone bludgeon loaded with lead is named a life-preserver—and entertained a squeamish feeling respecting bull-baiting, cock-fighting, badger-baiting, and dog-fighting, were informed that they would now have an opportunity of reading the inmost thoughts of “one of the right sort,” of a buck, a blood, a dandy, a Corinthian of the Corinthians. Weak-kneed disputants, whose notion of Windham was that he occupied in his own day a very second-rate political position, and that even as an orator he was, despite the care with which he prepared his speeches, very inferior to Burke, Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan, were reminded that it was not as a politician, not as an

orator, but as a man that his life was exceptionally valuable.

To the due understanding of the man Windham it is necessary to examine him from two entirely opposite points of view, on the principle advocated by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who points out that man is manifold, that he exists first as he appears to himself, then as he appears to A, B, C, and the rest of the alphabet. Seen from the outside, Windham is all the fancy of his contemporaries painted him. No man was more popular in his day. As Secretary at War, he did much towards raising the spirit and improving the position of the British soldier. Although at first the associate of Fox and Sheridan, he became a vehement anti-Jacobin, and a singularly efficient instrument for raising that popular enthusiasm which finally compassed the destruction of Napoleon. Windham was most energetic in upholding a war policy, and the Heaven-sent minister was loud in his praise. "Nobody," said Pitt, according to Lord Stanhope, "can be so well meaning and so eloquent as he; his speeches are the finest productions possible; full of warm imagination and fancy." "The late Lord Lansdowne," says Mrs. Baring, "when last at Felbrigg, in 1861, remarked that Mr. Windham had the best parliamentary address of any man he had ever seen, which was enhanced by the grace of his

person and the dignity of his manners." The late Lord Chief Justice Denman, upon being asked by his son-in-law, the Rev. J. Beresford, to name the best speech he had heard during his life, and that which he thought the most worthy of study, answered without hesitation, "Windham's speech on the Law of Evidence." This is high testimony to the real mental power of a man whose popularity was unbounded, and it is echoed by writers of political opinions very opposite to those of Windham. Lord Holland says: "Whatever were his weaknesses, as a speaker he was delightful. In fancy and imagery he was equal, in taste, and above all in delivery, he was far superior, to the great god of his idolatry—Mr. Burke. If his views were somewhat less comprehensive, his arguments were closer, more subtle, more perspicuous. His pride or noble spirit could occasionally supply something like vehemence or indignation, but real and earnest passion was not his forte." Of his social qualities Lord Brougham gives a striking picture: "In society he was destined to shine almost without a rival. His manners were the most polished, and noble, and courteous, without the least approach to pride, to affectation, or condescension; his spirits were, in advanced life, so gay, that he was always younger than the youngest of his company; his relish of conversation was such, that after lingering to the latest moment,

he joined whatever party a sultry evening (or morning as it might chance to prove) tempted to haunt the streets before retiring to rest. How often have we accompanied him to the door of his own mansion, and then been attended by him to our own, while the streets rang with the peals of his hearty merriment, or echoed the accents of his refined and universal wit."

This is a valuable passage, as indicating what had been reflected upon the mind of the able editor of "Statesmen" by the popular opinion. Otherwise it is worthless as a mere attempt on the part of Brougham to make believe that he was "hail fellow well met" with Windham and the "nice derangement of epitaphs" between the "accompanied" and "attended" is too obvious not to provoke a laugh. No doubt it pleased Brougham to fancy that he had at the outset of his career been intimate with Windham. He was nothing of the kind. In 1808, Henry Brougham was yet but a man with eventualities; Windham was not only "un homme arrivé" at the height of his reputation, but was within two years of his death. He evidently hardly gave Brougham a thought. He only mentions him once as being at a male dinner—a pleasant party, by-the-way—"Present: Lord Henry (Petty), Frankland, Grattan, Sharp, Boddington, Elliot, Lawrence, Ward, Tierney, Rogers, Brougham, G. Ponsonby, Horner." This is all Windham tells us

of Brougham. The latter's sketch, however, is corroborated by a thousand witnesses, and by the record kept by Windham himself of his dinings and junketings. No man apparently lived more in the full glare of publicity. He was always dining out, and meeting people, and wherever he went, made a favourable impression. Doubtless, some of his brilliancy, his dash and vigour, his chivalrous bearing and elegant manner, were inherited from his father, Colonel Windham, who had lived much abroad, having entered the Hungarian hussars in the days of Maria Theresa. There are still extant treatises on the art of war by this valiant soldier, and there is a print of him in his double-jacketed hussar uniform, looking very handsome and dashing indeed, a species of well-bred Murat. He was an excellent horseman and swordsman, slightly made, but athletic. He was fond of every kind of adventure, and in company with Pococke, in 1741, penetrated some of the higher valleys of the Alps, and ascended Mont Blanc. He delighted in theatricals; Garrick and others were his constant guests. He was a very good classical scholar, besides being well acquainted with French, German, and Spanish. From this gallant cavalier and Sarah Hicks, the widow of Robert Lukin, of Dunmow, sprang William Windham, born in Golden Square, then a fashionable place of residence, on the 3rd May, 1750.

Windham, left a minor endowed with abundant wealth, was naturally sent to Eton, and the record he has left of his studies during his manhood gives a singular idea of the range of knowledge imparted in his day at that seat of learning. While yet a very young man he came to London to enjoy himself, and had the exceeding good taste and good fortune to forgather with Dr. Johnson and other members of The Club, at which through life he was a punctual attendant. It was, in fact, at the instigation of Dr. Johnson that he kept the diary, which constitutes not the least of the obligations of posterity to the famous doctor. He was evidently a species of pet or protégé of Dr. Johnson, who, like all sensible old people, liked clever young people. There was much about Windham to captivate the sturdy but soft-hearted doctor. He was remarkably handsome, was brave, strong, and active, gracious in manner, and supple—his enemies always held, far too supple—in wit. Dr. Johnson took kindly to him, and, being nothing if not didactic, impressed upon this gilded butterfly the necessity for self-culture and improvement, urging him at the same time to keep a diary, and record therein his work and his reflections. It would seem that, before Windham set out for Ireland as secretary to Lord Northington, then lord-lieutenant, he “expressed to the sage some modest and virtuous doubts, whether he could bring

himself to practise those arts which, it is supposed, a person in that situation has occasion to employ." Johnson at once "shut down" on this over-sensitiveness with, "I have no great timidity in my own disposition, and am no encourager of it in others. Never be afraid to think yourself fit for anything for which your friends think you fit. No one in Ireland wears even the mask of incorruption. No one professes to do for sixpence what he can get a shilling for doing;" and added, "You will become an able negotiator; a very pretty rascal. Every day will improve another. *Dies diem docet*, by observing at night where you failed in the day, and by resolving to fail so no more."

Thus encouraged, Windham commenced his experience of official life. How he carried out the practice of self-examination recommended by Johnson, without the slightest idea that it would be carried to an unhealthy extreme, is seen in his diary, which gives us the inner side of the man Windham. Outside he was, as we have seen, the most popular man of his day, and to judge by the evidence of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hoppner, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, a goodly man to look upon at any age. His essentially noble type of face lost nothing by years. A fine high forehead, clear-cut aquiline nose, a well-shaped mouth, and a chin which by its firm outline belied his character, are features

which stand wear and tear well enough in all cases. In his earlier portrait by Reynolds, however, there is somewhat of the worn look we should expect to find upon the countenance of the "self-torturing sophist." Handsome as the face is, looking out over a high-collared coat of black velvet and a voluminous shirt-frill, it yet has the weary, worried look of a dissatisfied man.

The cause of this weary look is to be found in his system, long persisted in, of self-examination. In sympathy with Burns he exclaims, "What a pity it is that a man cannot for a while stand at a distance from himself, and behold his own person, manner, behaviour, and character, with the eyes of a stranger. What a pity that no one can see himself as he is seen by everybody else. It is from this impossibility that one meets people every day who are as perfect strangers to their own characters as a man would be to his own countenance who had never seen the reflection of it in a mirror." Nevertheless he determined for his own part to endeavour to get over the impossibility, and to construct in similar fashion to a "map of the planets"—that is to say, from partial and occasional observation—a map, as it were, of his own mind. His dominant idea was that of self-culture, and that that praiseworthy pursuit may be so frantically undertaken as to become a perpetual torture is abundantly proved by his



diary. He appears—at least in the earlier section of it, written when he was between thirty-four and forty years of age—to have been perpetually harassing himself concerning his irresolution or want of application, and reproaching himself with wasted opportunities. The same kind of reproach has probably smitten every man of nimble mind, but it was reserved for Windham to put upon paper, with equal but far less revolting candour than Rousseau, the record of how the morning's amusements did not bear the evening's reflection.

Dipping into the diary commenced in 1784, we at once find that Johnson's exhortation towards self-culture and self-examination had produced an extraordinary effect, and also gain a curious insight into the species of reading deemed of an improving character, by the immediate disciples of "the sage." Windham goes out on a winter morning and buys copies of Doletus, Petavius, and Theodorus—authors whose very names are now absolutely forgotten. On the next day he goes skating, an exercise which appears to have afforded him amusement at all times. We next meet him at the play, with the wife of his half-brother, Mr. Lukin—whose children, by-the-way, inherited the name and fortune of the Windhams. It is, perhaps, well to mention that not a single drop of Windham blood flowed in the veins of the gentleman on whom the famous com-

mission de lunatico inquirendo was held some years ago. We have seen that Windham's mother had been previously married. Mrs. Henry Baring tells us that from great personal love to the late Admiral Lukin, his nephew by half-blood through his mother, he left him the whole of his property, on the condition of his taking the name of Windham, and then left the property in remainder to the head of his family, the late George O'Brien, Earl of Egremont. Admiral Windham had six sons—the eldest married Sophia, youngest daughter of the first Marquis of Bristol. They had one son, by whom the Felbrigg estate, which had been held by the Windhams since 1461, was sold.

Windham was a diligent playgoer. One night we find him "in the pit with Mrs. Lukin," to see Mrs. Siddons as Mrs. Beverley; after "Measure for Measure," again seen from the pit, he goes with Miss Kemble into Mrs. Siddons's dressing-room. He is perpetually calling on Mrs. Siddons and Miss Kemble, varying his society by dropping in on Fox afterwards, and having Burke, Horsley, and Sir Joshua Reynolds to dine with him, after which Miss Kemble and Mrs. Siddons come in. When the company is all gone the host emits a groan—"Have not seen Dr. Johnson since 19th ult.; that is, to present day inclusive, nineteen days." Next day he takes himself seriously to task. To appreciate the curious mental attitude

of the man and the polite studies of his age, we must bear in mind that he had, at the time he began to write his diary, already arrived at the watershed of life—a gentleman of rank and fortune, and of “wit and pleasure upon town.” He bewails that from the commencement of his diary to the moment of writing, a space of five weeks and four days, except on one morning, and then only for an hour, “no attempt had been made to resume mathematics; no Latin written; little read; no Greek looked into; no translation; no progress made, in any author; nothing but a little odd information collected, of history, physiology, and biography.” To ordinary men of this age, who shuffle off the coil of the differential calculus before they are twenty, it is curious to observe the brilliant wit and orator of the last age, studying the elements of mathematics in middle life. The age of Windham was not so long ago. He died in 1810, at the age of sixty, and must, therefore, have been personally known to many persons now living. The tremendous pace at which the world has advanced since George the Third was king, deceives us as to the actual measure of time. Compared with other historical spaces, it is but yesterday that Windham—already a member of parliament and a man of fashion—sat in his study trying to get through Euclid. He tried to read Petavius, by-the-way, one morning, and then went

out, a proceeding which seems always to have proved fatal to his industry for the rest of the day. His indecision is wonderful. He starts out — after lying in bed for two hours, reflecting on the advantage of early rising—with the intention of skating; but, after calling in Leicester Fields, for the purpose of proposing to Mrs. Siddons to go, and passing a quarter of an hour with Sir Joshua, goes to Grosvenor Square. He is often in company with George Lukin, his half-brother on the mother's side, afterwards Dean of Wells, and his wife, née Katherine Doughty. His affection for this lady was very sincere; she is, indeed, the only woman mentioned with any tenderness in his diary. Then he sets off to Felbrigg, tackles Petavius again, and makes tremendous efforts to go on with his translation of Thuanus, as he and Dr. Johnson are pleased to call De Thou. Next comes a very characteristic memorandum: "Saw a tight battle at the corner of Russell Street." This is the key-note of a certain harmony which runs through Windham's entire diary. He never missed a prize-fight; the attraction of Dr. Johnson's society and that of Mr. Burke was undoubtedly great, and he was never tired of squiring Mrs. Lukin about; but all these occupations were set aside if a prize-fight were to the fore. Down at Felbrigg he rose about eight, and at times walked before breakfast, taking Horace with him,

reciting an ode or two, and returning home to breakfast and logarithms. He chronicles with some pride his progress in mathematics, discusses the merit of a hat-tax, reads Pitt's India Bill, goes to see Miss Kemble in "The Guardian," and after the play goes to Bolt Court to leave his compliments with Johnson. In town he cannot find time for mathematics, and complains constantly of what he calls the "feel," a species of hypochondriacal attack to which he was subject. Nothing can be at once more strange and interesting than this complaint of the man about town of a "feel." That he was fractious at times, as an intellectual sybarite is wont to be, is put on record; and on one occasion he deplores his having said more than he ought to Mrs. Lukin, probably on account of her husband's stupidity in bringing his hulking boy to breakfast, to "stuff him with chocolate and spoil their conversation." The slightest matter regarding Mrs. Lukin always affected him profoundly, albeit he was not demonstrative as a rule about women. Of his own marriage, not perpetrated till he had reached the age of forty-eight, he tells us nothing. There is not a line of love or courtship, hopes or fears; the first mention of his changed state being of a discouraging nature. A fortnight after his wedding, his wife, Cecilia Forrest, is alluded to as follows: "August 2nd, 1798. Drawing-room. Presentation at dinner. Lady Pal-

merston, Lady Mary Fordyce, Malone, who came in by chance. Lady M. stayed till late. Cecy, when I came down, had singed her feathers. Slight ill-humour." Despite her faculty for singeing people, Cecy seems to have been a most excellent wife to her eccentric husband, and to have been almost as popular as himself. She was a particular friend of the queen and the princesses, and apparently made Windham as happy as it was in his nature to be. He was an intense lover of novelty, and never rested until he had been up in a balloon and under fire at the siege of Valenciennes. The oddest effect is produced by his doubts of his own courage—he being really one of the bravest of men. He dragged a mutinous militiaman with his own hands to the guardhouse, and stood at the door of it with his drawn sword, confronting alone a rush of the prisoner's comrades to the rescue with fixed bayonets. For moral courage he was equally conspicuous, yet he is perpetually analysing and anatomising his mind and body, counting his pulse while he is up in a balloon, and calculating how long it will take him to become perfectly calm under fire. Brave himself, he loved courage and endurance in men and animals. Perhaps the most eccentric, if not the most famous, of his speeches is that in defence of bull-baiting. According to Windham, those who did not like bull-baiting were either Jacobins or Puritans. Methodists hated bull-

baiting as they hated all moral amusements, and Jacobins, eager to give the lower orders a character for seriousness and gravity, discouraged what they chose to consider as idle pastimes. Bull-baiting occasioned excess, but so did horse-racing. "He did not object to the practice of horse-racing, since there were so many individuals to whom it was a source of pleasure. But he might be allowed to remind the House of the observation of Dr. Johnson, who had expressed his surprise at the paucity of human pleasures, when horse-racing constituted one of the number. To horse-racing he was no more a personal enemy than to boxing; though in making this observation he was far from wishing to disparage boxing so far as to put them on an equal footing, or to insinuate that so poor, mean, and wretched an amusement as the one was at all to vie in importance with the other, which is connected with ideas of personal merit and individual dignity."

He ridiculed the idea of cruelty as equally derogatory to the bull, the dogs, and the spectators. "He believed the bull felt a satisfaction in the contest, not less so than the hound did when he heard the sound of the horn which summoned him to the chase. If the bull felt no pleasure, and was cruelly dealt with, surely the dogs had also some claim to compassion; but the fact was, that both seemed equally anxious in the conflict; and the bull, like

every other animal, while it had the better side did not appear to feel unpleasantly ; it would be ridiculous to say he felt no pain ; yet when on such occasions he exhibited no sign of terror it was a demonstrable proof that he felt some pleasure."

He was a keen critic of the art pugilistic. In 1787 he dines with Malone, and then goes to Tot-hill-fields, where he "between six and seven saw, very commodiously from a dray, a smart battle between Jack Joseph—a soldier, who showed upon his back floggings which he had received to a distinguished amount—and one Hardy, I think a carpenter." In the following year we find him squiring dames, but never losing a fight. Thus he was present at the fight between Fewtrill and Jackson, and, in fact, at every great boxing-match of his day.

On the 12th June, 1791, he spent a happy day in his own peculiar fashion. Being at Bath, he "went to the Abbey Church. Walked after church with Wilberforce, who had arrived the night before, and whom I called upon as he was at supper—our conversation on religious subjects. He adopts, as I understand, the Trinitarian doctrine, but not in any absurd way. I had settled with Mrs. Lukin to go to Marlborough in the evening, but having in the meanwhile met with Elliot, he prevailed upon me to stay that evening, to which indeed I was further in-



clined by having received intelligence of a boxing match that was to take place on the 'Tuesday.' The "mill" came off, he tells us, in a very quiet manner, without crowd or noise, and he enjoyed himself very much. Once, and once only, he records his being weak enough to give up a prize-fight for another amusement. On the 1st April, 1792, he says: "I let myself foolishly be drawn by Boswell to explore, as he called it, Wapping instead of going, when everything was prepared, to see the battle between Ward and Stanyard, which turned out a very good one, and would have served as a very good introduction to Boswell."

In June, 1805, when at the height of his fame and power, no influence was strong enough to wean him from his favourite pastime. On the evening of 'the 4th he left Lady Lambert's masquerade in Argyle Street early, with a view of going with Lord Albemarle to the fight between Belcher and Ryan; and on the 20th went to Blackwater with Horner, Ward, Ponsonby, and Kinnaird, to see Pearce, the Game Chicken, and Gully, T. Belcher and Dutch Sam, and Ryan and Caleb Baldwin fight; but these great events did not come off; the fight that actually took place being between Cribb and Nicholl, with a "petite piece between a Jew and a jackass-driver."

It is difficult to imagine that this amateur of prize

fighths could be the same man who in the privacy of his own library took himself severely to task for want of application and incapacity for continuous thought ; who was fastidious, not to say squeamish, as to the company he met, and whose delicate taste protested against the presence of that jovial warbler Captain Morris in a Twickenham villa ; “ that he was not here in his element, and afforded to me a strong proof how much particular performances depend for their effect on circumstances.” It is, again, very difficult to reconcile Windham on a dray witnessing a pugilistic encounter in Tothill-fields, with Windham reproving a waterman, “ but not enough,” for boasting of cruelties practised on seals “ under notion of fun.” But neither of these affords a more remarkable contrast than the gay, the gallant, the witty Windham, as he appeared to others, and the hard student demanding of himself a rigid account of the employment of every day, and losing his life at last from an injury received, neither in battle nor in duel, but in the attempt to save a friend's library from the flames.

## A SAINT OF THE REVOLUTION.

MADRID—the Madrid of the last century, not yet enlivened by pronunciamientos. Wide, airy Madrid, hottest of cities in summer, coldest and gustiest in winter. Impecunious Madrid, despite the possession of mines in Mexico, mines in Peru, mines everywhere—but never a spare dollar till Cabarrus, Count of Castile, etc., introduces a paper-money circulation. Successful Cabarrus rolls in his carriage—the saviour of his country—a brilliant financier, and a happy father. The beauty of his daughter is the talk of Madrid. Térézia Cabarrus is young, handsome, wonderfully educated for her time. She speaks three languages perfectly—Spanish, French, and Italian—and can construe a passage in Virgil. Grandees of Spain contend for the hand of this prodigy of sixteen, but stern Cabarrus carries her and her brothers off to Paris, to “finish their education.” The Cabarrus family arrive in Paris just at the period of philosophic simplicity, which, with its Florian fables, Trianon dairies, Voltairian witticisms, and Rousseau theories, masks a tremendous mine.

Térédia is in all the splendour of Spanish youth—life leaping in her veins like vine-sap in April—a life not merely of animal spirits, but of keen, active intellectuality. Térédia sings and dances out of her own spontaneous vitality. As Alexandre de Lameth puts it, “Nature cries to her ‘Sing,’ and she sings—Nature cries to her ‘Dance,’ and she dances.” A damsel of frank, joyous, healthy temperament, a flower gaily expanding to the sun. Not a beauty of the pale, vaporous kind, given to sweet melancholy, to tender reverie, to tears, but a heart of fire in an envelope of faultlessly-modelled ivory. A lovely face, exquisitely-chiselled features, lit up by magnificent black eyes; a mouth unduly voluptuous, but for the intelligence of its upturned corners. A superb figure, tall and graceful. Raven-black hair covers the beautiful head, and curls over the luminous pallor of the low, broad brow, like a crown of youth and beauty. The sweetly-rounded chin betrays a trace of firmness, as the Cupid’s-bow mouth reveals a capacity for other employments than eating and kissing.

She has wooers in plenty, and it is as much as Madame de Boisgeloup, her chaperon, can do to keep them at bay. There is the Prince de Listenay among others—loving and sincere, but dull, having no chance against the Marquis de Fontenay—a grave, middle-aged Adonis—gambler, and libertine

to the backbone. The marquis begs the hand of Mdle. Cabarrus "without a dowry," and his request is granted. All Paris goes to the brilliant fêtes at the Château de Fontenay.

Already before the outbreak of revolution, this beautiful woman for one instant has a glimpse of the man with whom her fate is destined to be intertwined, until she snaps her bonds. It is the mode for ladies of the first fashion to have their portraits painted by Madame Vigée Le Brun. Her studio is the haunt of high and well-born critics, and particularly of the self-dubbed Count de Rivarol, a man of genius, a wicked wit, occupied just now in laughing at Mirabeau and his followers. As this doubtful count discourses of bull-fighting with Madame de Fontenay, a young man comes in quest of him—a young man from the publisher Panckoucke, with a handful of proof-sheets, and a remonstrance from the long-suffering publisher. The young man is tall and well-grown, graceful, and of elegant speech and manner for a plebeian: first an attorney's clerk, and then a printer's reader. Rivarol is immensely amused at the inability of the printer to comprehend his whimsical paradoxes, involved in illegible writing. During the heat of their argument another arises as to the accuracy of the likeness of Madame de Fontenay, who, apparently struck by the manner of the printer's reader, asks his opinion. He gives it freely

and frankly, with immense audacity, for the printer's reader is Tallien—"le beau Tallien" of M. Houssaye—"foxy-faced" Tallien of Mr. Carlyle. Not beautiful, certainly, nor yet quite a fox, but a strapping youth with staring, bold features—the tremendously long nose communicating the foxy look. Tallien talks Velasquez to the French *élégants* and *élégantes*, till Madame de Fontenay asks him if he has studied under that master? Tallien will not allow Rivarol to laugh at him; he merely bows to the beautiful Spaniard, and makes his escape.

Between their first and second meeting the Bastille has been taken, and the monarchy humbled to the dust. But the Marquis de Fontenay is without prejudices, and gives a grand *fête* to the party in power. Mirabeau is there, with Chamfort, and Vergniaud, Barnave, Robespierre, and Camille Desmoulins. The *fête* is in the pastoral style. In the park the orchestra play the familiar airs of "*Le Devin du Village*;" young girls, robed in white, present the guests with bouquets on their arrival. M. Florian is there, the apostle of innocent games and innocent stories, and enjoys the realisation of his dreams. The worshipful company, "sea-green" Robespierre and all, dine together in the park under the chestnut trees. The day is breezy, blowing even M. de Robespierre's hair out of curl; but every one is playing at happiness. The beautiful marchioness is

christened "Notre Dame de Fontenay," M. de Robespierre applauding, and all goes well — a notable lying-down of the lion with the lamb.

Tallien has advanced a step in the world. He is now secretary of Alexandre de Lameth, one of the three brothers all in love with Madame de Fontenay. One day, Tallien, in search of his master, finds Mesdames de Fontenay and de Lameth together. These ladies inquire of him how it fares with a flower-girl, knocked over by a horse at Cours la-Reine. Tallien only knows that she is named Manon, is very well known, and that her accident will probably make her the fashion. Madame de Lameth sends this audacious young man to cut a branch of roses for Madame de Fontenay. In presenting it, he contrives to break off a rose for himself and coolly appropriates it. As soon as he is out of sight, the fair Spaniard wants to know all about him, and receives a terrible account of the young secretary—witty, idle, dissipated, good for nothing. Madame de Fontenay is thoughtful.

A few short months of the strange time which did the work of ages, and Tallien again appears on the scene as editor of the *Journal des Sans-culottes*—the printer has become a writer. Soon his paper changes its name, and becomes *L'Ami des Citoyens*. Events march swiftly; the sack of the Tuileries, in August, is followed by the massacres of September.

Tallien is already a member of the Paris Commune, and for a third time is seen by Madame de Fontenay, thundering from the tribune, but neither her beauty nor his courage will ever wash away the name of *Septembriser*, of the assassin of helpless prisoners. Tallien becomes a member of the Convention and distinguishes himself by his dash and vigour. The king, the Girondins, and, after them, Danton and Camille Desmoulins, have fallen, and Tallien, one of the first to cry for vengeance on the Girondins, is sent to revolutionise Bordeaux, denounced as a reactionary town. Here he again meets Madame de Fontenay, whose husband is anxious to escape from France, for times are getting hard with all but the chiefs of the Mountain, and even they are beginning to look askant at each other. Those suspected of moderation are purging their reputation in seas of blood. Republican armies, some clad in complete Carmagnole costume—"red nightcap, tricolour waistcoat, black plush short trousers, and black plush spencer, enormous moustaches, enormous sabres"—have marched southward with portable guillotines. The Fontenays are gravely compromised, and hope to reach Spain by way of Bordeaux. Here madame is told that an English ship is about to be put to sea with more than three hundred passengers—royalists, reactionaries, and others of Bordeaux and the neighbourhood—but that the captain refuses to sail, unless he



has three thousand francs more. She pays the money and retains the list of passengers in preference to a receipt, but soon finds this a dangerous document. The captain of the ship talks of the beautiful lady who had made good the passage-money. The mob, all-powerful, discover and surround her. She is equal to the occasion; flaunts the list in their faces, and swallows it. There is a frightful uproar in the great square of Bordeaux—the square in which dwells Tallien, that he may see the guillotine at work from his windows. Tallien, the proconsul, witnesses the scene of Térézia Cabarrus and the sans-culottes, and rushes to her rescue in time to save her from actual violence, but not from prison.

Now commences the drama of the Lion in Love. Tallien, the terrible proconsul, ruling Bordeaux with the edge of the guillotine, is vanquished by the velvet eyes of a woman of twenty. Release from prison is followed swiftly by the divorce of the Marquis de Fontenay and his escape into Spain. Térézia is the bride of Tallien, busy in erasing names from the hideous lists prepared by the revolutionary tribunal. Tallien pauses in his work of “sans-culottising” Bordeaux; and Térézia delivers orations in favour of liberty and the Republic, saving meanwhile hundreds of lives. Her oratorical costume is charming; a green riding-dress with natty little cape and enormous buttons, her hair curled and powdered and

surmounted by a tricolour plume : under the firm little chin is a voluminous white necktie, bordered with lace and tied in a huge bow—truly an orator very likely to persuade.

From the prison at Bordeaux to the clubs of Bordeaux, and thence to the Convention itself, is not a long journey in April, 1794, or, as the sans-culottes have it, the month of Floréal, in the year 2 of the Republic, one and indivisible—nor is it far from thence to the prison and the guillotine. Madame Tallien is permitted to expound her doctrines, evangelical and republican, before the Convention, under the presidency of Robert Lindet. She is eloquent, above all, beautiful, and her discourse, praying that she may be allowed to visit the sick, and comfort the wretched in the prisons of the Republic, produces a strong impression on all save one steely-hearted sceptic. Sallow Robespierre, no longer sea-green but sky-blue since the fête of the Etre Suprême, fully intends that she shall see the inside of a prison again, and quickly too, but in the character of a prisoner. He has long hated Tallien, but fears for once to strike openly. He strikes the young tribune through his wife ; Térédia is arrested on a warrant of the Committee of Public Safety.

Notre Dame de Fontenay, otherwise, according to the Bordelais, Notre Dame de Bon Secours, is in evil case in a filthy dungeon of La Force, her bril-

hiant life suddenly eclipsed ; and Tallien is compelled to simulate a frenzy of sans-culottism to save his own life. Meanwhile he works unceasingly to counterminc the schemes of his enemy, living the while in an agony of fear lest the woman he loves shall be hurried to the scaffold. Térczia is not alone in her cell. She has two companions, one the beautiful Creole, Joséphine Tascher de la Pagerie, widow of guillotined Beauharnais, fated one day, according to the black fortune-teller, to be "queen and more ;" and the other, the Duchess d'Aiguillon. Their dungeon is that in which the assassins of September massacred a number of priests. Two of the murderers, tired of the slaughter, had rested for a moment, and placed their sabres against the wall. The profile of these two sabres from the hilt to the end of the blade, printed in blood on the damp plaster, forms a horrible object of contemplation to the three handsome young women shut up in this hideous slaughter-house. Floréal, the month in which Térczia pronounced her oration before the Convention, has for the most part been passed in prison, so have Prairial and Messidor ; and it is stifling hot in a cell in the dog-days, Thermidor, memorable month in the history of France, having just commenced.

On the fourth day Tallien finds lying on his table a poniard, the poniard of Térczia Cabarrus—an

eloquent message. There is no time to lose. On the seventh of Thermidor comes a letter from the Citizeness Fontenay to the Citizen Tallien. "The chief of police has just left; he has come to announce that to-morrow I shall be brought to the tribunal; that is to say, to the scaffold. This bears little resemblance to my dream of last night—Robespierre was no more, and the prisons were opened; but, thanks to your astounding cowardice, there will soon be nobody in France capable of realising it." Térézia is recommended to be calm, but calmness is hardly possible under the circumstances. She knows that her turn has come, for on the seventh the gaoler had told her that it was unnecessary for her to make her bed, as it would soon be wanted for another.

Robespierre has miscalculated the power of his opponents. The three proconsuls, Tallien, Barras, and Fréron, accustomed to command, refuse to obey. Barras, a soldier, looks scornfully down on talkers; Fréron is furious for revenge; Tallien frantic with anxiety and despair. They are all ready to strike, but destiny and Térézia Cabarrus have placed the weapon in the hand of Tallien. On the eighth of the month of Thermidor, Robespierre determines to face his enemies in the Convention, and pronounce a long-winded oration on the old theme, death to traitors and the rest of it.

For the first time shouts of dissent arise, and the dictator retires abashed. He consoles himself in the evening in the Jacobin club, but is too clear-headed not to see that, in spite of the applause of the Jacobins, his reign is at an end. He weeps, the sky-blue or sea-green Incorruptible, and cries to the painter David, "It is time to drink the hemlock." David throws himself into his arms, exclaiming, "I will drink it with thee"—meaning to vanish from Paris before the next morning.

At last the famous morning dawns; the Convention is met, and as Robespierre failed the day before, St. Just, with his cherub face, essays once more to chant the hymn of the guillotine. Then Tallien springs to the front, and, waving the naked dagger of Térésia, denounces Robespierre; and the Reign of Terror is at an end. The fallen dictator strives to speak, but his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth as they shout, "The blood of Danton chokes him." All is over. Sans-cullotism is dead. The guillotine itself vanishes before the poniard of a pretty woman.

Not very dull during the Reign of Terror—for dancing and junketing went on apace even then—Paris breaks out in grand display of joy now that the incubus of revolutionary virtue has been removed. Notre Dame de Fontenay of old Paris, Notre Dame de Bon Secours of Bordeaux, has

become Notre Dame de Thermidor. Paris is delighted to owe its emancipation from the gloomy virtues and the guillotine to the wit and force of character of the charming Térézia, who becomes the Grecian goddess of fashion—oddest\* but most beautiful incarnation of Notre Dame of anywhere. Public balls there are in abundance, but of the sans-culotte order, and it behoves Citizen Tallien and Citizeness Beauharnais to organise something better than Carmagnole caperings. The Bal Richelieu is started, and receives the odd name of the Bal des Victimes. The mode is set by Madame Tallien and many who, like her, have cut their hair short while in prison, as if anticipating the “last toilette” at the hands of the executioner. The coiffure à la victime becomes the rage, and suits Madame Tallien’s delicate style of beauty to perfection. She receives in the most graceful style at the “Thatched House,” as it is called, at Chaillot; but there is no dancing, nothing but dining, supping, and deep play. The powder has disappeared from the jet-black hair of Térézia, whose diaphanous robe is modelled on the tunic of a Grecian statue. The dress is fastened at the waist and at the shoulders with antique cameos. Golden serpents, enamelled with black and emerald-headed, enhance the beauty of arms without any sign of gloves. The partners of these classically-attired victims are arrayed as no human being was ever

before. Robespierre's sky-blue coat and his enormous bouquet are replaced by inconceivable garments of gray or drab, with swallow-tails of extraordinary shape; yellow buckskins, tied at the knee by a mass of ribbons à la "sixteen-stringed Jack," top-boots pushed down very low at the back, a cravat made of some three or four yards of muslin, a broad-brimmed hat, and an enormous walking-stick loaded with a pound of lead at least. Of all the guys of the period perhaps the strangest are the sublime directors themselves, in costumes of marvellous richness and vulgarity.

All these gay and giddy Parisians crowd the salon of Madame Tallien at the little "Thatched House"—hidden by a row of poplars and a clump of lilacs. The citizeness reigns a queen, but the citizen is not made of the stuff of kings. He is a revolutionist to the tips of his fingers, he loves the revolution for itself, but has no real political sagacity. Had he made a bold bid for power at the height of his popularity, when he returned victorious from Quiberon to celebrate the first anniversary of the ninth of Thermidor, he might have succeeded in living down clamour, and would certainly have retained the affection of his ambitious wife. But his position is now difficult—the old Terrorists, scotched, but not killed, await their opportunity, and while the mob cry, "Vive Tallien," his colleagues,

the chiefs of the reactionary party, look coldly upon their bold and brilliant instrument. They cannot forget that he is one of the men of the massacre. As the blood of Danton choked Robespierre, so does the blood of September stain the hands of Tallien for ever. Even his wife, who had seen him but twice before these dreadful days, is assailed by ribald shouts of "*Notre Dame de Septembre*"—as if the blood he had shed had splashed over her.

A strange union this marriage, brought about by love and fear, celebrated at the foot of the guillotine, dissolved by wealth and unsatisfied ambition. A curious mixture of passion and politics, of jealousy and vanity, of fashion and fanaticism. Bitter quarrels, then coldness, then fury and redintegratio amoris, till jealous quarrels again make the "*Thatched House*" couple a by no means dull Darby and Joan. The citizeness-queen—still unforgiving of his want of ambition at the right moment—leaves Tallien to fight it out with Terrorists and Reactionaries, and goes abroad—the delight of giddy Paris—carrying with her everywhere an atmosphere of gaiety and good-nature. She revives the good old merry traditions, spreads a carpet over the sawdust of the guillotine. Entering the ball-room with her beautiful prison friend, the widow Beauharnais, and Madame Récamier, all stepping lightly on golden sandals, and dressed in the severest of Greek styles—



Madame Tallien leads the shawl-dance immortalised by Madame de Staël. The citizeness is all-powerful.

Citizen Bonaparte disports himself in the salon of Madame Tallien, who takes his part when Albitti and Saliceti suspend him. He admires the beautiful citizeness exceedingly, pretends one evening to be a fortune-teller, and tells General Hoche, to the great fury of that brilliant soldier, that he will die in his bed. Here Bonaparte meets his good genius—, Joséphine—and makes love to her, but not till he has failed to impress Madame Tallien, who, liking the bronze artilleryman well enough as a friend, can hardly see in him the future ruler. Bonaparte is only one among the many distinguished men who burn incense before the new goddess of resuscitated France. Barras, Chénier, Fréron, Garat, Chérubin, Méhul, Vernet, and Duplessis Bertaux all haunt the salon of Madame Tallien.

Meanwhile Tallien's popularity wanes. The men of September, the relics of the Mountain, are pointed at. Accusations—some vague, others precise—are levelled at "foxy" Tallien, who, in his present case, shows far less ability than Barras and Fréron. He harps on an old string. Paris and France have had enough of republican orations, and have learned to disbelieve in Tallien "Bell the Cat." Thibaudeau attacks him unsuccessfully; yet he is daily losing ground; his friend Barras is fighting for his own hand. This

General Barras, count, etc., of the old stock, by degrees fills the place of Tallien; the star of the tribune is eclipsed by that of the soldier. A very minor star as yet, Bonaparte awaits, at the hands of Madame Tallien, the command of the thirteenth Vendémiaire, and the "whiff of grapeshot" which concludes the state of transition.

From the Thatched House *Térézia* passes on to a superb hotel in the Rue de la Victoire; thence to one still more magnificent in the Rue de Babylone; but where is Tallien? He has lost everything, fortune and power, because he has lost his wife. This woman, having once tasted power, cannot resign it. She reigns still in her salon, while Tallien is in Egypt with Bonaparte's troupe of savants. Why look farther for Tallien, and watch for the grey-haired man, half-blind and prematurely old, who, too proud to accept succour from the wife who has divorced him, crawls on to the quays to sell, bit by bit, his library, till a pension of a hundred louis from the mercy of Louis the Eighteenth kills him? Madame's life is far brighter. She marries the Count de Caraman, a Belgian nobleman, soon to become the Prince de Chimay, and bears him many children. We see her, in the year 1824, at the Château de Chimay, a lady of the period of the Restoration. How changed from Notre Dame de Thermidor! Her beauty, or what is left of it, is lost in leg-of-mutton

her classic head is disfigured by a pyramidal sciffure. The woman, too, is grown to the proportions of a Rubens. Alas, for the classic grace of the Directory! there is nothing left of it but the camcos on her shoulders. She is happy, adored by her husband and her family, playing the parts of Mdlle. Mars in her own private theatre. She is well received everywhere but at court, which is closed to her, not as Princess de Chimay, but as Madame Tallien, as Notre Dame de Septembre. Nothing can efface the stain of her union with the celebrated revolutionary. She has done all that is possible to conjure away the image of her early love. Her children—Tallien's children—she has had privately christened in her maiden name; but no sooner is the end of her life-web come, than these very children hasten to unravel the false weft which proclaims them Cabarrus. By special appeal to the French courts, they obtain permission to resume the name of their father; one more proof that human nature, or, at least, French nature, loves a name written large in history, even if the page be blotted with tears and smeared with blood.

THE END.





